The Tribune.

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THE TRIBUNE,

Published every Friday Morning.

THE DESERONTO NEWS CO.
(LIMITED.)

Publishers and Proprietors.

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Deseronto, Ont.

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THIS HOTEL IS ELEGANTLY FURNISHED throughout, in the latest styles. Large and convenient Sample Rooms; and every accommodation and comfort for guests. The Bar is supplied with best imported and domestic Liquors and Cigars. Charges moderate First-class Livery in connection. Good Yard and Stables attached.
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TIME TABLE No. 6.

IN EFFECT MAY 18th 1885.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.		No. 2. P.M.	No. 4. P.M.
Napanee	Leave	1 05	5 30
Napanee Mills	"	1 20	5 45
Newburgh	"	1 30	5 50
Thompson's Mills*	"	1 37	5 57
Camden East	"	1 40	6 00
Yarker	"	1 55	6 15
Colebrooke*	"	2 00	6 18
Galbraith Road*	"	2 05	6 20
Moscow	"	2 10	6 30
Mudlake Bridge*	"	2 20	6 40
Enterprise	"	2 30	6 45
Wilson's Crossing*	"	2 35	6 55
Tamworth	Arrive	2 50	05

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.		No. 1. A.M.	No. 3. P.M
Tamworth	Leave	7 00	3 15
Wilson's Crossing*	"	7 15	3 30
Enterprise	"	7 25	3 35
Mudlake Bridge*	"	7 30	3 40
Moscow	"	7 40	3 50
Galbraith Road*	"	7 50	4 00
Colbbrooke*	"	7 55	4 02
Yarker	"	7 58	4 05
Camden East	"	8 10	4 17
Thompson's Mills*	"	8 15	4 22
Newburgh	"	8 22	4 28
Napanee Mills	"	8 35	4 35
apanee	Arrive	8 50	5 50

*Stop only when Passengers at or for.

R. C. CARTER, H. B. SHERWOOD, E. W. RATHBUN,
Asst Gen. Mgr. Superintendent Gen. Manager

WANTED—A good comptent girl to do general housework.
Apply to
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A comfortable house is offered for sale on Second Street, Village of Deseronto. For particulars apply to
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Nov. 12-85. Deseronto, Ont.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

PARTIES WISHING TO HAVE LETTERS POSTED after hours will pleas leave them at Egar's Drug Store, Main St. Deseronto.

STOVES FOR SALE.

3 LATEST PATTERN BASE BURNER Coal Stoves for sale very cheap.
Apply to H. C. JEFFERS,
The Rathbun Company. 11-15

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WANTED AT THE CHEMICAL WORKS. The market price will be paid for same.
9 E. C. FRENCH.

FOR SERVICE.

A THOROUGHBRED SUFFOLK BOAR Took 1st Prize at the Midland Fair, Kingston, and at the leading Eastern Township and County Fairs.
TERMS.—$1.00 to be paid at time of service.
MICHAEL KENNEDY.
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THE UNDERSIGNED HAS FOR SALE five Milch Cows all due to calve before the 15th of April and bred to a Durham Bull (Registered) which he will exchange for good Store Cattle 3 years old.
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12 P. E. County

E. HARRISON,

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NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

Notice is hereby given that Charles Watson Kirk of the Village of Deseronto has pursuant to the provisions of Ontario Statute 48 Victoria, Chapter 26, made an assignment of all his estate and effects real and personal to Joseph Newlands Henderson of the City of Montreal in the Province of Quebec, accountant, for the general benefit of the creditors of the said Charles Watson Kirk.

D. H. PRESTON,
Solicitor for the said Trustee.

Dated this 19th day of November, 1885

FIRE INSURANCE!

We beg to advise those desiring Insurance that w are Agents for

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THE COMMERCIAL UNION INSURANCE CO'Y OF ENGLAND;
THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY, OF TORONTO, ONT.;
THE BRITISH AMERICAN INSURANCE CO'Y, OF TORONTO ONT.,
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The standing of these Companies is such that all may be satisfied that in case of loss the settlement will be prompt and equitable.

Farmers will find it to their interest to insur with us.

Record kept of all Policies and Notices sent insurers before expiration of same.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,
6-L Deseronto, Ont.

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Shareholders of the Deseronto Navigation Company, Limited, will be held at the Rathbun Company's general office at Deseronto, on Monday, the First day of February, A.D. 1886, at seven o'clock, evening, for receiving the report of Directors, for the election of Directors and other general business.

F. S. RATHBUN,
Deseronto, Ont., Secretary.
Dec. 28th, 1885.

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the Deseronto News Company, Limited, will be held at the Rathbun Company's office at Deseronto, on Tuesday, the Second day of February, A.D. 1886, at seven o'clock, afternoon, for the election of Directors and other business.

Deseronto, Ont., S. RUSSELL,
Dec. 28th, 1885. Sec'y-Treas.

NEW YEAR WISHES.

What shall I wish thee?
Treasures of earth?
Songs in the springtime,
Pleasure of mirth?
Flowers on the pathway,
Skies ever clear?
Would this ensure thee
A Happy New Year?

What shall I wish thee?
Where can be found
What shall I wish thee?
What can be found
Bringing the sunshine
All the year round?
Where is the treasure
Lasting and dear,
That shall ensure thee
A Happy New Year?

Faith that increaseth,
Walking in sunshine;
Hope that aboundeth,
Happy and bright;
Love that is perfect,
Casting out fear—
These shall ensure thee
A Happy New Year.

Peace in the Saviour
Sweet at his feet!
Smile of his countenance
Radiant and sweet;
Joy in his presence,
Christ ever near—
These will ensure thee
A Happy New Year.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

MUNICIPAL NOMINATIONS.

The Nominations for the positions of Reeve and Councillors of the Municipality of the Village of Deseronto, came off at the Town Hall at 12 o'clock, noon, on Monday, Dec. 28th. There was a good attendance of electors who evinced a lively interest in the proceedings. Mr. Robert N. Irvine, the Clerk, having called for nominations, the following persons were nominated:—

FOR REEVE:—W. R. Aylsworth, Esq., nominated by R. Geddis, seconded by R. M. Cronk.

FOR COUNCILLORS:—Geo. Stewart, nom. by Wm. Jamieson, sec. by Jas. McCreight; R. H. Baker, nom. by Geo. Carter, sec. by W. E. Stafford; James Ganlt, nom. by A. A. Richardson, sec. by Jno. McCullough; John Edwards, nom. by B. Brewer, sec. by John Marrigan; Wm. Irvine, nom. by Dr. Newton, sec. by A. A. Richardson; D. R. McRae, nom. by R. Geddis, sec. by J. T. Greatrix; A. S. Valleau, nom. by W. W. Carter, sec. by B. Brewer; John Hoppes, nom. by F. McMaster, sec. by Geo. Farnham; James Cameron, nom. by B. Brewer, sec. by A. S. Valleau; T. H. Nasmith, nom. by R. Geddis, sec. by M. Nealon; Godfrey Colp, nom. by R. M. Cronk, sec. by C. Goodmurphy; Mr. T. Roach, jr., was also nom. by John Hoppes but begged leave to decline the honor before the nomination was seconded.

Dr. Newton, the Reeve, with the Clerk's permission, proceeded to give a statement of the Receipts and Expenditures for the past year. The total receipts were $7,165.39 and expenditures, $7,007.50, leaving a balance on hand of $157.89. The assessed value of the village was $270,000, and the net debt $6,000. He said that the previous year the assessment was 21 mills, but the people having demanded a market, an extra amount was required this year and it had been raised to 23 mills. On reviewing the work of the year he thought more had been done than in any previous year. The Council came into power with a debt, and went out with a balance to their credit. A market had been established, a cemetery secured, and the Rathbun Company were improving Central Park. In building plankwalks the Council had been compelled to put them where required. In reference to the sewers on Fourth-street it was never the intention of the Council to put two drains on that street. (At this point Mr. Edwards interrupted the speaker concerning the cost and character of this work.) Proceeding, the Reeve stated that other streets were worse off than Fourth-street. It was time enough when the town was rich to put two drains on one street. The Council had put down a sewer on Mill-street, as they would have been compelled to do so by the board of health. The market had cost a considerable sum but it was giving entire satisfaction. At the meeting of the County Council he found that body determined to raise the equalization; a compromise had been effected and Deseronto was fixed at $150,000. The County Council thought it should be higher and would appoint arbitrators.

Mr. E. W. Rathbun then addressed the meeting, stating that to Dr. Newton belonged the credit of the present sewerage system. Even were a new system adopted the present sewers could all be utilized. He thought that one drain on a street was in the meantime sufficient. He regretted that any legal technicality should prevent the Doctor from carrying out the sewerage system to completion. If, however, Dr. Newton could not run there was no better candidate for the position than Mr. Aylsworth. The position of Reeve was not a tempting one as it involved much worry, annoyance and ingratitude. The ratepayers owed a debt of gratitude to Dr. Newton and Mr. Aylsworth who had been so assiduous in their attention to public duties. In reference to the proposed Town Hall By-law, there was no doubt a new building was desirable, but prudence dictated withholding the measure for the present. He thought it well for the Council to secure a site for the new building and prepare the ground. He hoped that the ratepayers would not be influenced by any sectional feelings in their choice of councillors. They could trust any property owner to work for the best interests of the village. He thought the new council should endeavor to get the boundary road put in good condition so as to enable farmers to reach Deseronto with more ease and comfort, and that a plot should be secured for a hospital, so that the Board of Health might be ready for any eventuality. He concluded by stating that if there were no legal impediments he would be happy to nominate Dr. Newton, for Reeve.

Dr. Newton thanked Mr. Rathbun but he was not legally qualified and must therefore refuse to be nominated. He found the position an expensive one and could not afford it, and besides it entailed much ill will and abuse. He had worked for the good of the village and not without success. As a town Deseronto was pre-eminently healthy thanks to sewerage improvement. There was now but little typhoid and other sickness as in former years. He hoped the new council would continue the sewerage system. No blame could be imputed to the late council for the town hall by-law, which was only offered to the approval of the people, who might accept or reject it as they saw proper. He was sorry the matter had been dropped as land was now cheap and labor low. As regards the Bounties road he had tried to get the county council to move in the matter, but in vain. Both he and Mr. Aylsworth had done their best to get counties to attend to that road.

At this stage of the proceedings the Clerk declared the nominations closed and that, as there was no other candidate, W. R. Aylsworth, Esq., was elected Reeve. He then read the names of the candidates nominated and the time and place of polling, a poll having been demanded by Dr. Newton.

Mr. John Edwards was the next speaker. He had served one year in the council and considered that he had been poorly used and that he had had a rough time of it. He considered that the council had been extravagant. He, for example, had been appointed with Mr. Irvine as a committee on roads and boardwalks. He had ordered stuff, having first tried to get it as cheaply as possible. He then asked Mr. Irvine if he had secured the services of a man to do the work, and was informed that Mr. Stuart would do it at 12cts a rod. He objected to the price and a carpenter offered to do it at 8cts, but the offer was not accepted and Mr. Stuart was given the job having come down from 12 to 8cts He thought that the other man should have got it. Although the sidewalks had been built they had never been measured, and although everything may be all right, he considered that was not business. He stated that payments of moneys were made without any attention been paid to the regulations of the council as to the manner in which payments should be made. Work which had been sanctioned had been left undone, and other work done which had not been sanctioned. Whatever he said or did had been voted down. He told the council the people did not want a new town hall and had moved to prevent the submission of the by-law. He would, if, elected, continue to work in the best interests of the people and with a view to economy in all matters.

Mr. Wm. Irvine being next called on stated that Mr. Edwards complained of being badly treated while in the Council, but he had no reason for such a complaint. It was not true that Mr. Stuart had, as Mr., Edwards insinuated, been paid 12 cents a rod for boardwalks. Stuart had asked 12 cents, but he told him it was too high, and that Mr. Edwards said it could be done for less. Stuart had come down to 8 cents, and as he was an old corperation employee he thought it proper to give him the work, more especially as he had done it previously in a satisfactory manner. If Mr. Edwards wished to know the price paid, he could easily find out by examining accounts, &c. In reference to Fourth-street he was strongly opposed to two drains on that street. It was charged that the two drains could be made for a less sum than was paid for one. He would answer that charge. The council had advertised for tenders. Three were received, and Mr. Stuart's being the lowest was accepted. After the tenders were opened Geo. Smith offered to do it for $100 less. But he thought it was unfair and unbusinesslike to accept an offer made after the tenders were opened, and he would not belong to a council which would do such a thing. Mr. Evans here asked the speaker why he put the drain on the east side as the petitioners originally intended. Mr. Irvine replied that the petition preserved to the council asked for two drains. The council thought one sufficient, and as the majority favored the west side, on the west side it had been laid down. In order to take away the water at the Methodist Church a culvert had been made, and the condition of things there was much improved. The council with the extension of the village to the west had a great deal to do. He had not intended to run but would consider the matter. He thanked the ratepayers for former support.

Mr. Wm. Evans stated that he and others had got up a petition for a drain on Fourth street, it being the intention to have it on the east side. At the suggestion of a councillor, he had put in a clause asking for two drains. The council only would give one, and that on the west side, thus defeating the original intention of the petitioners. As a consequence he and his neighbors were still living in the water. He had offered to pay the expenses of an engineer to decide which side was best, but all to no purpose. He still thought that Fourth street should be attended to. The water instead of coming west should be diverted east and thus benefit that section of the village.

Mr. Aylsworth, the Reeve elect, next addressed the ratepayers. He thanked them for having for the fourteenth time placed him in such an honorable position. He would not make many promises, as his past record was before them. He had during his former term done all he could to advance the interests of Deseronto. He had succeeded in getting the county to assume the road to Marysville, and that road was now a good one. He and Dr. Newton had done their best to get the boundary road attended to, but had as yet failed. He doubted the power of the council to expend money on that road without submiting a by-law to the people. The greatest pleasure in being Reeve was in being a member of the County Council. Municipal councils had great power over the pockets of the people and in that respect representatives to such bodies were more important than members of larger legislatures. While in the County Council he had taken an independent position and had gained much for Deseronto by so doing. He had succeeded in keeping the equalization down; last year it had been raised $20,000. The expenditure on bridges had been less last year which showed that in former years the Bridge Committee, of which he had been a member, had kept the bridges in good repair. He thought the County Council did right to assist Hungerford. Dr. Newton had done well in the county council. There was always a fight over the county equalization and it could not be expected that Deseronto could continue to fare so well. As a member of the school board he would say that body had been economical, had a surplus this year, but they would require more money in future, and taxation would not be any lower in consequence. He favoured the securing of a hospital so as to be in readiness for any emergency. There were only 460 acres in the corporation limits, and it would have to be got elsewhere. The present town hall was never intended for public meetings, only for a council chamber and court-room. It was well worth its original cost. The Reeve was not always to be held responsible for the acts of the council, but he would do his duty and desired before sitting down to again thank them for having elected him by acclamation.

Mr. A. S. Valleau thanked his mover and seconder, but he must insist on withdrawing from the contest. He would not therefore be a candidate. He objected to the increase of the assessor's salary, to the expense of entertaining the Hungerford Council, to the grant for the military camp, and to the printing and other expenses for the town hall by-law, as the present building was suitable enough for present purposes. By economizing a little here and there much could be saved to the ratepayers.

Mr. James Cameron was the next candidate to address the meeting. He thought it useless to recount the various charges against the council. He had no doubt the members of the council thought they had done what was wise and right, but people might have good reasons to differ from them. It was well on such occasions to outline the future policy of the corporation and give suggestions. The council had suffered several defeats, but even these had their bright side. He agreed with Mr. Rathbun that the present was not a suitable time to proceed with an expensive town hall. The present market arrangements would do for three or four years longer. A suitable location for the new building should be secured, as if the village continued to grow as in the past, land would be both difficult and expensive to obtain. He considered that the council acted in the market and other matters only as they were forced to it and then only partially carried out their measures He favoured the expenditure on sewers but thought too much credit was given to the retiring Reeve and that much credit was due to old councillors. He considered many of the expenditures foolish and did not believe in onesided contracts. The council had been run too closely on political lines, and measures were carried only to gratify political friends. He considered that the retiring Reeve had gone back on his old principles and had not pursued an independent course. He was of the opinion that no man could be Reeve without Mr. Rathbun's support. He objected to the legal expenses connected with the market by-law. If he ran he would not desire to get in on any political conspiracy and if elected he would be impartial and pursue an independent course.

Mr. Nasmith desired to retire, and thanked his friends for their support given him during the past three years. He observed a disposition on the part of the public to put in only property owners and that the council should consist only of these. He felt this unjust to the great number of ratepayers who were not property owners. He had been blamed for the proposed town hall by-law, but he had broad shoulders and would not shirk the responsibility. He was sorry the by-law had been dropped because he looked made with a view to the best interests of Deseronto. It was absolutely necessary to get good legal advice on the market by-law as lawyers of Belleville had given their opinion against appropriating a street for market purposes. As to the personal abuse to which he had been subjected he would dismiss it without a word, as it came from those who had for years been grumblers and who would continue to be such for years to come.

Mr. George Stewart was the last speaker. He had been asked by many to come out, and had consented and was going to go right through. He was certain that he would sit in the next council.

The proceedings were brought to a close by three hearty cheers for the old and new Reeves.

IT IS SIMPLY MARVELOUS.

Mrs Theron Burr, of Adrian, Michigan, writes that West's World's Wonder or Family Liniment cured her daughter of Rheumatism, which she had been afflicted with since childhood. It is infallible. Price 25 cents and 50 cents per bottle. For sale by W. G. Egar. 1-m

THE WEDDING BELLS;

OR,

TELLING HER FORTUNE.

By the Author of "PROVED OR NOT PROVED," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

RICHARD BURKE'S STORY.

"I have said that in what I am going to tell you there is much to sadden and pain you," Dick began, in a low voice; "but I want you, while you listen to the short story, to remember always that if Grant Ellison had known that his mother had found such a devoted and affectionate daughter in Clara Frith his misery would have been infinitely less great. When he—he—spoke of her," he added, hesitatingly, "it was always as being alone and childless. He did not know she had found a better child and sweeter comforter than he could ever have been!"

"As if I could be to her, much as I love her, what he was!" said Clara, sadly.

"His own life was miserable and desolate to a degree unusual even in the wild, rough life in the bush. He had been brought up in such luxury and extravagance, that he was totally unfitted for the hardships he endured; and those with whom he was forced to associate were nearly all of them beneath him in station and uncongenial society."

"But he had his wife?" Clara said, softly.

"His wife!"—and a deep flush stained the speaker's pale face for a moment—"his wife was not with him."

"How was that?" said Clara, quickly.

"She—she—she had left him!" he answered, hoarsely—"left him at Melbourne with another man, a rich sheep-farmer; but I will not insult your ears by speaking of her," he continued, as Clara sank back in her chair very pale and trembling. "She was utterly worthless, and before he had known her six months his miserable domestic life had fully expiated his deceit and disobedience."

"Oh! poor fellow—poor fellow!" sobbed Clara.

"Do you pity him," Mr. Burke said, grimly. "Surely he deserved his fate, hard as it was, for"—his voice softened and shook alittle as he went on—"it was a hard one. I myself, and Grant Ellison has no sterner judge than I am, cannot deny that. He had loved this woman madly; he had sacrificed for her his name, his prospects, his future; he had given up all, even his honor, for her—ay, and he would have given his life willingly to save her a pang—and she repaid his gifts by the basest treachery a woman was ever capable of!"

He spoke with a sudden passion, which showed that although hitherto he had feigned calmness, it was a composure he was far from feeling, and assumed merely to cover a strong latent emotion.

"How could she—how could she," Clara said, pitifully, "when he loved her?"

"At least she had nothing to reproach him with," Mr. Burke continued, struggling with his agitation. "He had given her his all, and he would have worked with all his might so that she should lack nothing, although he knew that she had had no love for him—that she was unworthy, selfish, mean, and vain. He had left her at Melbourne in comfort, with all the money he had in the world, sufficient for her to live upon in luxury for several months, while he went up-country to get work. Six months after, when he was lying sick unto death at a sheep-station in Menindie, he heard casually from a new hand that she was gone with his informant's former master to Sidney! Forgive me," he broke off, earnestly—"forgive me if I speak thus to you!"

"The news almost killed him," continued Mr. Burke in a moment, while Clara's tears fell fast. "It brought him to death's door, and for months he who had gloried in his strength was reduced to the most pitiable weakness; he could not move a limb, he could scarcely speak, he lay helpless and emaciated; and during all that time the rough but kindly men about the station nursed him with a tenderness of which I cannot speak."

"Was it then you knew him?" Clara said, looking up at him for a moment, although the tears in her sweet eyes made his face seem blurred and indistinct.

Mr. Burke hesitated a little.

"I knew him then," he answered quietly, in a moment. "He recovered at last; death does not come to the miserable, I think; it did not come to him then, for he passed through many years of misery after that."

"Were you with him when he died?" Clara said, tremulously.

"No," he answered, slowly.

"Do you know—can you tell me——" Clara began, but he interrupted her gently.

"There is no need to ask more, my child," he said. "I have told you all, and more than all, you need know; and the time of which I speak was a time of misery to myself not inferior to his, and it hurts me to go back to it."

"Forgive me," Clara said, hurriedly. "Forgive me. I did not know. May I ask you just one more question?" she inquired, after a moment's hesitation. "Then we will not speak of this again."

"Ask, my child."

"His wife; did you ever see her?"

"Yes. I have seen her."

"She was very beautiful?"

"She was more beautiful than any woman I have ever seen before or since," he replied, quietly. "More beautiful even than—than—Lady Ellison was in her youth."

"I think that is almost impossible," Clara said, in a low voice. "Poor, darling mother!"

"You are 'better to her than ten sons,'" he said, turning to her for a moment and putting his hand on hers, but Clara shook her head.

"He was her life," she said, tremulously. "You do not know how she loved him."

"I think I do," he said, tremulously. "And he loved her—oh! believe that he did; and in all he did afterward he was actuated by but one wish—to undo in a measure the misery he had caused. Has she ever told you of that last parting?"

"No, only that he came."

"Let me tell you, then. He came to Ashurst some days before he left England, and hung about the village, hoping to see his mother. He dared not send to her; he feared his father's anger not for himself but for her."

"Sir Douglas loved her dearly," Clara said. "But he was very proud and resolute."

"Grant knew his father well; he knew he should never be forgiven, but as the days went on and the time of his departure drew near, he was almost in despair. One night, a fair summer night like this, he stole to the grounds and up to the drawing room windows. His mother was there and alone. From where he stood he could see the beautiful room, which was so familiar to him, and which had never seemed so beautiful and so dear as then, and his mother's beautiful, sad face—his mother whom he loved, and whom after that night he was never to see again. Presently she came to the window, and then she saw him. Do you think she waited to blame him, to reproach him? Ah! no; she threw herself into his arms and clasped him to her heart."

"Dearest mother!" Clara said, softly.

"She went out into the air with him, and for an hour they sat talking over the future, she hiding her misery not to add to his pain. His father was away, as you are aware, so that no one knew of that interview. He told her his plans, and she prayed that he might prosper; and then she lifted her eyes, and looked him straight in the face."

"And are you happy, my darling?" she said, steadily; and how wistful, and eager, and tender the mother's face was no words of Grant Ellison's could depict."

"Did he answer her?" Clara asked, her face beautiful in its rapt, moved attention.

"He could not; he knew even then that there was no chance of happiness for him in his domestic relations. He put aside the question, smiling; but she understood the reason. She took his head in her arms, and pressed it against her bosom, and he burst into tears then, as he had often done in his childhood."

"How they must have suffered!"

"And then he had to leave her, and she begged him to be true to her, and he said that if he lived she should hear from him. But he broke his word. He could not write to her of his wretchedness, and he felt that it was better she should think him dead."

"And he said he would come back?" Clara asked eagerly.

"He said: 'If I live I will come back to you, mother,'" said Mr. Burke, unsteadily. "But she could hardly hear him; she had only strength to suffer. He lifted her in his arms, and carried her back to the drawing room; she tried to smile at him, but her head fell on his shoulder and her eyes closed. She never saw him go; he never knew how he got away."

"And he is dead?" faltered Clara.

"He said, 'If I live I will come back to you, mother,'" Mr. Burke said, huskily. "But, you see, Grant Ellison has never returned."

There was a long, long silence then. Clara's face was hidden, but her imagination had conjured up that last parting between the mother and her son, and her heart bled for that long-past misery.

Richard Burke's face was deadly pale in the moonlight, and his strong hands had closed over the rail of the balustrade with a grip which showed how moved he was at the remembrance of the man he had known and liked on the Australian sheep-farm.

Presently he turned to Clara, and spoke in his usual manner.

"You must go back to the ball-room now," he said, cheerfully. "I have kept you out here an unconscionable time; but I hope you do not feel any chill, do you?"

"Oh! no," Clara said, rising; "but I cannot go back to the ball-room. You see, Mr. Burke," she added, trying to speak lightly, "I have been doing honor to your talent as a *raconteur*, and my red eyes would tell tales; besides I am not in a humor for dancing now," she added, brokenly.

"I have grieved you," he said, gently, taking her hand in his.

"Oh! no—please do not think so! One or two things you have said have made me very happy," she said, confusedly.

"You do not despise me now, do you? You know why I deceived you, and you forgive the deception?"

"Would you really have been glad if he had lived?" he asked her, looking down earnestly into the flushed, tear-stained face.

"Glad! Unspeakably, unutterably glad!"

"To lose Charnock and your heirship?" he pursued, with the same intent gaze.

"It would have been his by every right," she said, eagerly. "If sir Douglas had lived, he would have altered his will, I am sure."

"But if not?" he queried.

"I would have given Grant back his own."

"You are generous; and yet, Clara, I know few who could dispense with their heirship so well as yourself."

"You are flattering me."

"No, indeed," he answered. "Clara, there are two questions I wish to ask you. Will you forgive me if one seems indiscreet?

What is it?"

"We will keep that for the last. The first question concerns your adopted mother. Her loss of sight—is it incurable?"

"I believe not—I hope not," she answered, earnestly. "You know it came after an illness. The London oculists give hope if she ever can make up her mind to undergo an operation, but she hesitates, and while her health is so delicate we dare not press her; but when she is stronger, I hope—I believe—she will recover her eyesight again."

"Heaven grant it!" he said earnestly, still holding her hands in his.

"And the other question, Mr. Burke?" the young girl said, after a pause.

"The other question concerns yourself," he answered, a smile curling his lips under his heavy mustache. "You will not be angry?"

"Angry with you—oh! no," said Clara, with a simplicity which showed that she intended no flattery.

"You are sure you will not?"

"Quite sure."

"Then I will risk it. Are you engaged to be married?"

The color deepened in the soft cheek.

"I am not," she said, steadily.

"And if a friend of mine—a friend whose happiness is as dear to me as my own—asks me if you are still free, if you are free to be wooed and won, may I tell him 'yes?'"

The deep, rich tones were very grave, and tender, and sweet. Clara's head drooped a little, and the small hands fluttered in his clasp.

"You may tell him 'yes,'" she said, in a voice which rose scarcely above a whisper, and a sudden, swift glance of passionate delight flashed into Richard Burke's dark, gray eyes.

He said nothing, but bowed his head low before her, bending lower and lower until it touched her hands, upon which he pressed his lips in one long, lingering, reverential kiss. She made no effort to prevent him, but stood perfectly still and motionless before him until he released her hands; and then, gathering up her white gauzy draperies, she fled away from him with the speed and lightness of a fawn.

CHAPTER XI.

For a few minutes Richard Burke stood still where Clara had left him, his face pale with the intensity of his emotion, his eyes bright with the softest lovelight.

"My little darling," he said, tenderly to himself, as he bent over the balustrade—"my pure, sweet, ingenuous darling—can it be possible that such happiness is in store for me? Dare I offer her such a past as mine?"

He stood for some minutes silent and thoughtful, his face alternately grave to sadness, and brightening with a sudden, swift flash of joy; then he roused himself with an effort, and turned toward the windows to re-enter the house. As he did so there was a slight sound behind him; he turned rapidly just in time to see a dark shadow disappearing under the portico. Mr. Burke leaned over the balustrade and looked keenly around, but there was no sign of any one about.

"One of the servants probably," he said to himself, but nevertheless he waited for a few minutes, and then, seeing no one about the terrace or area, he re-entered the house, closing the window carefully after him.

Meanwhile Clara, still trembling and agitated from her interview on the terrace had managed to escape through the hall unseen and to reach her room. There she sent her maid with a message to Lady Mary, begging her to excuse her as she was very tired; and when the girl had gone to give the message, she went herself to wish Lady Ellison, who had left the ball-room a couple of hours previously, good-night.

"Is my mother asleep, Ferris?" she said, softly, at the door, but Lady Ellison's voice answered her from within.

"Ferris is down looking at the dancing, my darling. I have been waiting for you."

Clara went in quietly; thankful that Lady Ellison could not see the traces of emotion on her face.

Her adopted mother was in her bedroom, while the dressing room through which Clara passed bore marks of the maid's desire to see the dancing. Lady Ellison's rich dress was thrown carelessly on the sofa, her laces were scattered over the table, and her dressing-case and jewel-box were still open; but Clara, although her eye took in these details, paid no heed to them. She passed on into the bed-room. Lady Ellison was in her dressing-gown, sitting in an arm-chair beside her bed.

"My darling!" she said, turning her face toward Clara as she entered, and holding out her hand.

The girl went to her side, and kneeling down, put her head caressingly on the blind lady's shoulder.

"Dearest mother!" she said fondly, her eyes filled with tears as she spoke at the thought of the son who had lived and died in such misery.

"Are you going to your room, Clarie?" she said, tenderly. "Is the dancing over?"

"No, but I am very tired. Why are you not in bed, dear?"

"I was not sleepy. Besides, I wanted to see my little girl. Did I dream that a great many people told me that my daughter was the belle of the ball?" she added, smiling, and putting up her hand to stroke Clara's cheek, but the girl caught it quickly, and held it in both hers.

"You dreamed it, mother!"

"Did I? Perhaps so, dear; but the voices sounded very real and lifelike, and they resembled my friend Ted's, and Lord Henry Gale's voices, and Lord Ashurst's and Mr. Burke's. My darling, how you started, and how hot your hands are! Are you well, Clarie?"

"Quite, mother, darling, but oh! so tired! If I sit here much longer I shall fall asleep on your shoulder. Let me help you into bed, dear, and then I will go to my room."

"Thank you, dear," said Lady Ellison, when she was in bed. "Have a good sleep, my dearest, and good-night."

"Good-night, mother. Am I indeed your dearest!" Clara answered, as she went away; and having allowed her maid to loosen her hair and replace the pretty ball-dress with a white wrapper, she dismissed her, telling her she required no more attendance that night.

As the maid was leaving the room she called her back.

"What time is it, Baxter?"

"Nearly half-past twelve, miss."

"Is that all? I thought it was nearly three."

"The dancing is to be over at one, Miss Clara. Her ladyship and Mr. Fetherstone wished it to be a very early party."

"Very well, you may go, Baxter."

When she was alone Clara, although she had complained of such great fatigue, seemed by no means anxious to retire to bed. She opened her windows, and sat looking out into the still, moonlit night in deep thought, recalling again and again the events which Mr. Burke had related to her, the tears running swiftly down her cheeks as she thought of Grant Ellison's sad fate—of his great love repaid by base treachery—his faith with betrayal. Then, from Grant Ellison her thoughts naturally turned to Richard Burke, and her heart beat quickly at the recollection of the tenderness which had come into his voice two or three times when he spoke to her—of those one or two sentences which came back to her now with a thrill of delight—of those last low-spoken words—that long, lingering kiss. Clara stooped her head as she thought, and with the prettiest and shyest of gestures she laid her cheek down where his lips had rested, and went into a dream of which the hero was tall and grave and stately, with earnest gray eyes and a splendid chestnut beard, and from which she was awakened by hearing steps and voices on the stairs and passages. Good-nights were exchanged, and after a few minutes a quiet tranquillity settled over the house—the deep, unbroken stillness of repose. A few minutes after the clock struck two.

Clara rose slowly and finished undressing; but while she plaited up her hair her cheeks grew hot at the remembrane of the subject of that dream, for our little heroine was by no means susceptible to the tender passion, nor given to sentimental musings over ideal lovers. Hitherto her heart had been untouched by any of the adoration offered to her frequently; but now she felt that her heart was hers no longer. She was not sorry; she was not ashamed. He loved her surely, or he would not have spoken thus; and Clara covered her face with her hands as she thought of her answer to his question and the avowal it contained.

"He has been unhappy," she said, softly, to herself; "but I will make him so happy that he will forget all the unhappiness of the past."

Half an hour passed; the clock struck the half-hour after two, then three, but Clara still lay wakeful and sleepless on her pillow. She was not used to sleepless nights, and she grew impatient and restless, trying one by one every means of becoming sleepy of which she had heard at various times. She counted steadily up to a hundred; she repeated her multiplication-table; she drank some water; and finally jumped out of bed, half-laughing, half impatient.

"I will take a turn in the passages," she said, slipping on her dressing-gown. "I will go very quietly, and disturb no one."

She opened her door noiselessly and stole out. The long passages were very silent; the gas, turned down very low, made a dim light. Clara walked two or three times up and down the passages, then she went down a short flight of steps which led into the picture-gallery, on to which opened a suite of rooms, in which were situated the bed room and dressing-room occupied by Lady Ellison, the passage leading to the bachelors' wing being on the opposite side. At the foot of the steps Clara stopped, and stood looking, with wide-open, dilated eyes, at something or somebody in the picture-gallery. As she looked every shade of color faded out of the girl's face; her breath came in swift, hurried gasps; her hands were pressed to her breast, as if she were trying to stifle the rapid heart throbs. For fully five minutes she stood there, motionless, breathless, stupefied; then she turned and fled, with fleet, frightened steps, back to her own room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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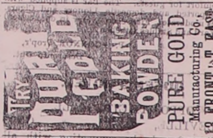

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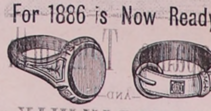

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AN UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY.

A TALE OF CANADIAN BACKWOODS LIFE.

A delapidated, old and ruined sawmill is, or at least was, until a short time ago, standing surrounded by a few ancient log dwellings more delapidated, if possible, and time-worn and storm-worn than itself, on a small tributary of the Grand River in Ontario. These old buildings had not been used for many years; and when I last saw them they had reached an advanced stage of sorry decrepitude. The clap-boards, which had once covered their log sides, had long ago dropped away; the roof had in many instances fallen in; and the windows, innocent of glass, were almost hidden by a rank profusion of weeds growing undisturbed in the garden plots surrounding the forlorn houses. The yard was over grown with thistles; the mill itself had dwindled to a mere skeleton; and what was now left of it—merely the black beams and rafters—stood out gaunt and repulsive from amongst the decaying ruins around. The old, steel, upright saw remained still fixed in its rotten wooden frame, but it was nearly eaten away by rust, and like the mill, was but the ghost of its former self.

In short, the whole locality possessed an exceedingly depressing and repulsive aspect, which was considerably intensified by the near proximity of a lonely, dark, evergreen swamp of cedar and tamarac, from whose depths issued the inky waters of a sullen stream, which flowed across the clearing with a calm, imperturbable course, until, coming in contact with the mill machinery, they were teased into a dull angry roar.

A brooding melancholy had taken possession of the deserted place and claimed it for its own. This decaying collection of ruined mill and old log huts was called Millhollow, and was once a promising and thriving little settlement. Its origin was almost precisely like half the villages and towns in this country; its location was good, and indeed there was no reason, in the ordinary course of circumstances, why Millhollow should not become as protentious as have some of its contemporaries. But the little settlement was not destined for any such future; its history was to be short and calamitous, ending in desolation and decay.

The present writer was naturally interested in these old ruins, particularly as he, almost from early boyhood, had heard vague hints from several old wise-acres who called themselves the first settlers, of a certain uncanny event in connection with their history. A brief holiday was taken advantage of to hunt up the records, the results of which, gleaned with care from many diverse sources, he thinks curious enough to present to the public.

Forty years ago this Christmas, or thereabouts, James Sampson and his wife Matilda, came to Millhollow from London. A few years previous to their arrival some one had cleared a little land by the side of a small stream in the midst of a dreary swamp, and built himself a log house, which he left a few months afterwards, driven away it is said, by the loneliness and mosquitoes. This house Mr. and Mrs. Sampson took temporary possession of. Being a man of some means, Mr. Sampson immediately purchased a considerable tract of land surrounding the clearing and set about building a large saw-mill and a more commodious and comfortable residence. These completed he energetically proceeded to provide lumber needed by the rapidly arriving settlers, to build their houses, on the road some miles away, known as the "old London road." He prospered at this business exceedingly. There was a ready and ever increasing market for all his mill could produce. A few years went swiftly past, and still the thrifty miller found his mill busy, and cash (in kind) flowing rapidly in. Any one passing through Mill Hollow in those days, and noting on every hand the signs of busy industry would hesitate to believe that a few more years and all would become silent again as before the advent of the first settler. Superstition and crime are most potent factors in retarding the healthy growth of a community, and Mill Hollow was destined to know something of each. In these early days, however, could be heard the sharp whir-r-r of the steel saw, the roar of the mill-stream, the quick strokes of the woodman's axe, the commingled sounds of a multitude of men unloading logs, piling lumber, and the thousand and one things incident to a settler's life in a new country.

Mr. Sampson had built his mill nearly in the centre of a clearing of about fifteen acres in extent, and surrounding it at short intervals he had also built about twenty log houses to accomodate his mill hands and their families. His own house was precisely like any one of these all but in size; it was as large as any two of the others in the settlement. All the houses had little garden plots of perhaps a quarter of an acre in each, surrounded by strong, though rude, rail fences, unlovely in themselves but furnishing very necessary protection to the poultry, pigs and cows from the wolves and bears of the wilderness. The river which supplied the motive power to the mill, emerged from the Cedar Swamp at the right-hand, ran through the centre of the clearing in an almost straight course, and re-entered the Swamp again at the extreme left. On one side of the mill was a great heap of saw logs cut from enormous white pine trees. On the other side were neatly built piles of newly-sawn lumber awaiting transportation to the London Road. Scattered here and there over the clearing were rude sleighs used for hauling lumber and logs in winter, and heavy ungainly waggons for the same duty in summer. In short, Millhollow was a typical backwoods settlement, of which there were, at that time, scores throughout Ontario.

This was Millhollow several years after the arrival of the Sampson family. The owner seemed well content with what had been accomplished. Cut off though he was from every semblance of civilization by miles and miles of lonely forest, he had lived those years in blessed tranquility, and he often said in the hearing of his mill hands that he was heartily glad he had come. So was not, however, Mrs. Sampson. She was a woman of an entirely different mental disposition from her husband. Where he was reserved and quiet, she was lively and sometimes even boisterous; where he was refined and affectionate, she was somewhat coarse; where he was humble she was proud. In short the couple had very little in common, and it was a very fortunate thing that no children were born from their union. Mrs. Sampson had never been satisfied to live in the backwoods. In point of fact she hated the life with abiding hatred. But her husband, city-born as he had been, was resolved to persevere in his determination to remain buried in the wilderness, and the wife was forced to submit, so far, to her husband's will.

With the light of after events before us, who knows but Mr. Sampson was prompted in this by a wise instinct of self preservation which failed only by reason that he had not gone deep enough. But of this anon. In the meantime it will be sufficient to note that the settlers became aware that Mr. Sampson had conceived an intense antipathy to city life, and that his wife Matilda loved it, though why this feeling had arisen in his case he never divulged. It was seen that they were a strangely assorted couple, something out of the common indeed, in the ill-assortment, and curious eyes were in consequence oftener upon them than would otherwise have been the case. It was remarked that Mr. and Mrs. Sampson never alluded to their earlier life by any chance. Thus it began to be suspected that this part of their lives was under a cloud and tabooed by common consent. The neighbors were perplexed at this reticence, and never neglected the slightest opportunity to obtain a clue to the fancied hidden mystery, if mystery there was. But Mr. Sampson's secret, did not immediately unroll itself, and guesses and surmises proved a waste of valuable time.

At last, however, an event occurred which excited the settlers considerably, and gave rise to a good deal of whispering at the expense of Mr. Sampson. A stranger came to the settlement and hung about the place for weeks, appearing at irregular intervals, coming, from nobody knew where, and departing just as mysteriously, but always keeping out of Mr. Sampson's sight.

Mrs. Peters, the gossip of the place, declared, but few paid any attention to the story at the time, that she saw this stranger, who was as ill-favored as to looks as could well be, being endowed with a forbidding hooked nose, ungainly figure, wide mouth, strong jaws, small, hard grey eyes, a livid disagreeable looking scar on one cheek, in earnest conversation with Mrs. Sampson for over two hours behind the mill. Her curiosity prompting her to watch the pair closely, she stole out of her house making a circuit of the mill to the opposite side, her intention being to get behind a clump of bushes a short distance from where the pair were standing, and over hear what was being said.

But when she reached her vantage point she found to her chagrin that Mrs. Sampson was gone, but the stranger was still there with a mocking smile on his lips and his face directed toward the dwelling of the Sampsons. Mrs. Peters had not been at her post twenty seconds when she heard footsteps approaching from the direction of the mill. The stranger, evidently hearing them too, looked surprised and apprehensive, glanced this way and that, and finding that he could not get out of sight drew himself together and immediately was confronted by Mr. Sampson. The latter had been wholly unaware of the stranger's presence, for Mrs. Peters saw him suddenly come to a full stop and heard him ejaculate in consternation and anger:

"My God! Redlaw, you here? Man, or rather devil! take heed that you do not cross my path once too often. I have suffered much from you, and there's a limit to human endurance. Why did you seek us out? What do you expect to do? But I need not ask you—I need not ask you. Begone! and allow me and mine to live our lives in peace."

The stranger turned away with a derisive laugh, and as he strode off Mrs. Peters heard him say:

"Humbug; You've had your innings, Sampson. I've sworn to have mine if I have to follow you to the pit."

The stranger was not seen again in Millhollow, but it was noticed by Mrs. Peters that Mr. Sampson was a changed man thereafter. He grew moody and careworn; eating little or nothing, and moved around like a man just recovering from a severe illness.

A few weeks after the stranger's final disappearance occurred the tragdy which thrilled the whole county with terror and dismay.

The owner of Millhollow was done to death, and his wife was nowhere to be found. This shocking event was discovered the following morning after its occurrence by Mr. Brooke, the foreman of the mill. He usually reached the mill in the morning a few minutes before anybody else to prepare for the daily routine, and this particular morning was no exception to the rule.

The foreman observed nothing unusual until he reached the stairs which led to the bottom of the mill, and on these he was horrified to see several pools of blood. At the same time he observed the outline of a human form lying in the sawdust at the foot of the stairs. Rushing out at once and calling help, Mr. Brooke went back to further investigate, which resulted in finding Mr. Sampson lying in a pool of blood cold and stiff.

He had been stabbed in the neck from behind and his body flung down the stairs under the floor of the mill amongst the black timbers and heaps of moist sawdust, where it had evidently lain all night. When this discovery was made, the workmen selected one of their number to break the sad tidings to the widow who was supposed to be at home. The messenger, a few moments later, returned hurriedly with the intelligence that the house was deserted, and Mrs. Sampson nowhere to be found.

Although an immediate hue and cry was raised, the murderer was not discovered, which was not remarkable, as he had several hours' start, and the swamp was dense, and many miles in extent, sufficiently large, in fact, to hide an army of murderers.

The authorities at the county town bestirred themselves, and sent officers here and there, but all to no purpose. The murderer defied all pursuit. Neither could anything be learned of Mrs. Sampson—she had disappeared as effectually as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up. The settlers bethought themselves of the recent visit of the mysterious stranger, and a serious effort was made to trace him up, but it led to nothing.

Suspicion pointed to a guilty complicity of the wife and the stranger, but suspicion was not necessarily fact, and the pair, if they were guilty, had covered their tracks so well that it availed nothing. Time, meanwhile, sped along as usual, and the settlers gradually returned to their avocations. Mr. Brooke, as foreman of the workmen of the mill, assumed charge as before the murder, and the mill was started once more and would run until it was known what had become of Mrs. Sampson.

The tragedy continued, as a matter of course, the all-absorbing topic in the settlement. The mill-hands rarely entered the mill without shuddering, and not one of them, even dare-devil Dick Hart not excepted, ever cared to venture to the gloomy recesses under the upper floor where the murdered man was found amongst the slimy debris. The spot was too suggestive. The dim uncertain rays of light which struggled feebly through the interstices of the logs and clap-boards, were just dim enough to shed an uncanny glamour around; and the never-ceasing gurgling of water from the mill-race intensified the feeling of dread which every one felt the moment the cheerful day light above was left behind the trap door of the upper floor.

II.

On Christmas evening, several months after the occurrence of the tragedy, Mr. Brooke, the foreman, his wife and family, and several of the mill hands including the redoubtable Dick Hart, were gathered after supper around the immense open fire place, in which great logs of wood roared and flamed and sent out volumes of genial warmth and light throughout the capacious apartment, which served the double capacity of living and sitting room in Mr. Brooke's abode.

It had been snowing heavily all day, and now as the night had settled down the storm was greatly increased. The wind howled outside over the dark and gruesome forest, and came in heavy and well sustained gusts against the staunch log house, rattling the windows as if it would shake them out of their frames, and roaring sullenly down the cavernous chimney. Every one felt thankful of a roof on such a night, and no honest man cared to be abroad. The conversation at Mr. Brooke's turned, after a time, as was natural, upon the late tragedy, which, although it already had been discussed from almost every point of view, was still a subject of absorbing interest to every resident of Millhollow.

"I think it very strange," Mr. Brooke began, "that the authorities have yet made no headway in tracing that stranger who was here shortly before the murder."

"Bless your life, where are they to look?" answered old Sol Peters, removing his pipe from his mouth with a jerk. "Who knows but that fellow may be a thousand miles off by this time. I believe he got 'tin' enough from Sampson to carry him to China."

"I don't think he got much money," said Dick Hart, "for I've heard Mrs. Sampson say that the old man always hid his money somewhere and never carried much around with him."

"Do you think Mrs. Sampson shared her husband's fate?" queried Mr Brooke of nobody in particular.

"No," said Dick Hart as if he had been personally appealed to. "No; you can depend upon it whereever that hook-nosed stranger has gone Matilda Sampson will not be far away. I believe the murder was a put up job between them, and they have gone away together, and the authorities are a parcel of jackasses or they would have been caught before this."

"I am sometimes half inclined to think as you do" Mr Brooke said quietly, "yet we may be doing an innocent person a great wrong by our suspicions."

"Why its as plain as a pikestaff," answered Hart. "Matilda Sampson and Hook-nose are lovers. They probably understood one another pretty thoroughly in the 'old country.' Mr. Sampson, to avoid trouble and Hook-nose together, comes to Canada and hides himself in the backwoods. For some years there is peace. But finally Hook-nose hunts up his old flame, who by this time is tired of mosquitoes and her husband's company, and is quite ready to go anywhere or do anything to escape them. The precious pair plot to put Sampson out of the way, and take what money he had saved, for their own use. The plan succeeds, and they are gone. That's my unravelling of the mystery."

This opinion evidently coincided with the ideas entertained by the other settlers, as no one called it into question, and all grew solemn over the enormity of the crime thus presented, and shook their heads and gave each other significant looks.

Old Sol Peters, once more removing the ever-present pipe from his mouth, startled the whole company by asserting that he would not be at all surprised if Mr. Sampson should walk in upon them at any moment.

Mrs. Brooke, looking horrified, threw down her knitting and stared at the imperturbable Peters, then ejaculated:

"My goodness, Mr. Peters, what do you mean? You surely don't think the poor man is wandering around such a night as this? But, fudge! didn't we bury him?"

"Yes, we put his body, poor man, into the ground; but do you suppose, as long as his murderer stays unhung, that his spirit can rest quiet? No. He'll come one of these days and ask us if we're not ashamed of ourselves to be resting and sleeping and enjoying ourselves, leaving the villain who struck him, to live on his ill-gotten gains in safety. Perhaps you will not believe me, but I know of more than one poor mortal coming back from the other world because of some uneasiness regarding personal affairs in this."

From which the intelligent reader will infer that old Sol Peters did not belong to the modern materialistic school, but, on the contrary, he had filled his mind full of old wives' fables and superstitions until half the children in the settlement avoided him as they would the devil.

Being what he was it was not strange that Peters could not be induced to enter the mill after the occurrence of the murder. He would cheerfully undertake any kind of work outside as long as he was not required in the mill. Dick Hart, however, was made of different material. It mattered little to him whether he was inside or outside the mill, and he was popularly believed to fear neither man nor the Evil Spirit. He even enjoyed hearing other people relating stories of the supernatural, and so now, after Peters had solemnly warned the company what they might expect, he leaned back in his cosy seat, puffed little clouds of tobacco smoke above his head for a minute, and then winking at the rest of the company, he entreated Peters to tell them the particulars of some such occurrence as he had mentioned.

Peters, after hemming and hawing for a little, finally complied in a low grave tone as follows:

"I really have seen several visitants from the other world. The first time was many, many years ago, though I remember the event well enough, and it is the one I shall tell you about. I was a young man when it occurred and it naturally made a deep impression upon me,—an impression which had a good deal to do with making me what you see me to-day, a devoutly religious man, living in the blessed hope of one day coming face to face with dear friends long passed away from this troubled bustling life of ours. I feel sure I shall see and know them and that they will see and know me. With that I am content; what more indeed could one desire.

"Well, as I was saying, when I was quite a young man, my brother Adam, who was older than I was, went to sea. He was a middy on H. M. S. *Hector*. Five years later his vessel was ordered to the West Indies and took part in several engagements with the French. We heard this from several seamen who had been sent home with wounds which prevented them from serving His Majesty any further.

"But none could tell us anything of Adam, and as we received no letters or other intelligence, we did not know for several months whether he was alive or dead, and we naturally grew very uneasy about him. My mother, then well up in years, worried a great deal over the long silence, and one day she said that Adam, alive or dead, ought to know of some way of relieving the anxiety we felt for him. The night after she said this, I felt very miserable thinking about my brother, and tossed about for hours without being able to go to sleep.

Finally, I think it must have been towards morning, I sank into a sort of uneasy slumber from which I was suddenly awakened by some one saying close to my ear, 'Brother Solomon, Solomon' I looked around the room; as it was still dark I could see no one, and believing that I was the victim of some troubled dream, I soon closed my eyes, and was about to sink once more into slumber, when I heard the same words as before, spoken very distinctly close to my ear. Instantly every faculty I possessed was fully awake. The room suddenly became light from a full moon which had burst through the scurrying clouds for a brief moment, and I became painfully conscious that there was somebody in the room beside myself, and *that* somebody was actually lying on the bed by my side with an arm flung across my body.

I was very much frightened and was about to cry out for assistance, when I chanced to notice that the figure was clothed in seaman's toggery. Then I bethought myself of the words, 'Brother Solomon, Solomon,' and the idea occurred to me that the figure was possibly my brother Adam come home from sea. I put out my hand and touched the figure on the shoulder, before I knew scarcely what I was doing, and said 'Is that you Adam?' Without answering the figure turned itself towards me and raised its hand, and I instantly saw that it was really my brother.

"It was Adam, but, indeed, greatly changed from the Adam who had left us long ago. His face was pale and leaden-looking, and swollen in a frightful manner; his hair seemed to be wet and all matted together; and there was a great cut on the temple from which blood was still oozing. It was an awful, awful sight that I saw there in the pale moon light.

"I could not bear to look at it, and buried my face with a shudder, among the bed clothes. When I recovered sufficient courage to again confront my ghastly bed fellow, I found that the figure had arisen from the bed and was standing close by, with folded arms, gazing down at me. As soon as my eyes met his he turned away and was moving without a sound toward the open window when something gave me courage to call his name. At the sound of my voice the figure stopped, gave me a long, lingering look with his great mournful eyes, then slowly pointed with his right hand to the gaping wound in his forehead. After standing for a momont thus, its figure gradually got more and more indistinct and finally altogether faded away without my being able to see whether it had left the room by the window or the door, or had sunk through the floor. Then I got up and searched the room but nothing was there. If any of you, I think, had seen what I saw that night you would never doubt but that the dead can, and sometimes do, come back from the other world."

"That's a very singular story," admitted Hart, puffing away more rapidly at his pipe, "but did'nt you find some blood about next morning?"

"Not a particle," Peters declared indignantly,—"But the fact of Adam having been in the house does not depend altogether upon me. He showed himself to my mother, and pointed out the wound in his forehead as he had to me, and then faded away just as mysteriously. My mother never recovered from the shock she received that night, and just before she died a letter was received from one of the surgeons of the *Hector*, giving us the sad particulars of Adam's death. He died, the letter said, from a cutlass stroke, in the head received while trying to board a French man-of-war, and the date of his death was the day he appeared at his home covered with blood, and wet with sea-water of the West India seas."

"You tell a pretty strong ghost story, and that's a fact," said Dick Hart, as the old man concluded, "but it's not so very late yet. Couldn't you tell us another?"

"No, no, Hart; one must do you," said Mr. Brooke; "don't you see Peters is not equal to any more?"

And, in truth, Mr. Brooke was right Peters was looking as if very little more would upset him altogether. He was trembling nervously, and pale as death, as if the occurrence he had been relating had only just been experienced. His story, told as it had been with simple candor, and, evidently, with entire belief in its truth, was having its effect upon the party.

Sudden silence fell upon all, and no one seemed in a hurry to break it. This interlude within, served but to give emphasis to the turmoil of the elements outside of the house, which seemed to grow more violent as the evening wore away. Every fresh gust seemed stronger and more resistless than its predecessor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A seal plush bonnet has the brim bordered with natural beaver.

FARM.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

A large proportion of the most successful bee-keepers in the United States are ministers. Several rectors of the Established church in England give instruction in bee-keeping to their parishioners.

Many prominent sheep raisers in Tennessee have resolved to abandon the business, owing to the want of a dog law, asserting that 300,000 sheep cannot be maintained against 500,000 dogs.

Hogs differ as much as other animals in their ability to take on fat. Thirty young hogs of improved breeds will gain much faster on the same amount of food than old and unthrifty animals that belong to no recognized breed.

It is claimed that the sugar beet in California does not exhaust the soil. A beet raiser reports raising on his ground from fourteen to twenty-nine tons per acre in four years, planting on the same ground each year without fertilizers.

Theodore Roosefelt does not believe in the big thousand acre farms of the West, and says that in almost every case these farms have really bankrupted most of the rich men who tried to run them, but who have had to back down before the enterprise and industry of the small farmers.

The experiment of milking cows three times a day was tried at the Iowa agricultural college, and the average daily gain of the herd was four pounds, or half enough to pay for the extra trouble and expense. The increase in milk is not considered sufficient to pay for the labor and expense; even when cows yielding over twenty quarts daily are used. The only advantage is that the cows will have to be kept in the barnyard and soiled, thereby effecting a greater saving of manure.

A London paper claims that "there is no better way of securing a heavy crop of peaches and nectarines than by putting a colony of bees in the house when the trees are in blossom." The English grow peaches in hot houses, but a hive may also be useful in the orchards here.

A correspondent kills Canada thistles by pouring a small quantity of benzine around the roots. He claims that one application will do the business thoroughly. This isn't exactly the time of year to try it, but it may be well to make a note of it for future reference.

One of the most wasteful practices, says the *Stockman*, is the too common one of feeding on the ground. Go where you will and you will find farmers feeding their sheep on the ground in the worst weather that ever stormed. Not only out of consideration for the dumb animals, but as a matter of economy, troughs should be constructed in which to place the feed.

Prof. Cook, in his paper on Economic Entomology, says the reason why imported insect pests are for a time more destructive than native species is in the fact that they have fewer parasites or predaceous enemies to contend with. In the course of a few years these enemies increase in such numbers as to hold them in check. He said that new insect pests are learning to feed upon plants heretofore not disturbed by them, so that the entomologist has constant work before him.

The famous Lorillard farm in New Jersey contains 1000 acres. The barn has stalls for 56 horses; 40 hands and 15 teams are employed in the farm work. In one building are 200 stalls for cattle. The pigpen is 408 feet long and holds 300 hogs. The corn crib holds 10,000 bushels of shelled corn. The stable in which the yearlings are housed contains 68 box stalls, and the centre of the three sections of the building is covered with glass, and affords a dry place where the colts can exercise in wet weather.

CATTLE HEALTH.

The *Western Rural* has some positive ideas on the treatment of animal diseases. Most of these diseases can be cured in the feeding-box before they break out. A great deal of the work that veterinarians are called upon to perform is really needless. A diseased condition of animal life is produced by some violation of nature's laws. The great study of the people should be not how to cure diseases so much as how to prevent them. In the olden times cattle and horses seemed to require much less doctoring than at present. The single cow of to-day that is treated almost like one of the family is hardly ever sick. Animal health is easy to maintain, if those who handle stock will use judgment and care. The farmer's children are generally models of health, yet they get little doctor's care beside what their mother gives them. Her remedies are simple, yet they succeed because they are given in time, and because constant attention is given to the children's condition. If farmers would doctor their animals on this same principle there would be much less disease. There are too many herds of cattle in this country that are pampered into disease. They get too much care. Their owners mean to give them the best possible treatment, but the matters of feeding and shelter are badly overdone. These with the victims of exposure and rough treatment, and those weakened by inbreeding, make up a grand army of invalids that yearly increases. Buck Fanshaw stopped a riot before it had a chance to break out. His example is worthy of imitation in the stock business. It is well to cure diseases before they break out, and this can only be done by careful treatment.

A Lesson in Morality.

"Now see heah, you Junius Brutus, you jes walk turkey ober to dis side ob de structur, an' esplain ter yo's po' but hones parunt how's yo kim by dat er squash," said old Gabe Snowdown to his youngest picaninny, who had just staggered into the cabin under the weight of a huge cow pumpkin; "did yer conflaberate dat fraum dem po' white trash down de road, yo, son of Belias?"

"Wull, I jest did, daddy, an' I creeped er long er half mild' in de shade ob de fence comin' home, cos de sun am po'ful hot ter day."

"Huh! Go laung, yer good fer-nothin' niggah. I jes ergusted with yer. Hain't yer ole daddy tole yer offen enuff dat no hones' niggah evah totes hum fixins at dis time er day?"

Oftentimes woman will dissuade her son from marrying, but it is suspected that she is influenced by remembering how big a fool the boy's father made of himself when he married.

The Tribune.

FRIDAY, JAN. 1, 1886.

PRAY THE OLD YEAR OUT AND THE NEW YEAR IN.

As on December's frosty air
Rings out the midnight peal,
Oh, let us in the house of prayer
With reverent faces kneel!

There bid the dying year farewell,
In humble posture low
Whose joy have made our heart to swell,
Its grief our tears to flow.

O dying year! we can but weep!
At thought that we must part;
And oh! thy mercies long shall keep
Their record on our heart.

Our future path before us lies
Untraversed and unknown,
Wisdom the sight to us denies,
Known but to God alone.

But ah, in Him is all our trust
Who holds the heavens secure,
And though the mountains fall to dust,
His love to us is sure.

Then let us, while the old year's knell
Tolls deep through midnight air,
Greet, while our hearts with praises swell,
The glad New Year with prayer.

And while in gratitude we bend
For blessings of to-day,
Forgive our sins; dear Christ, our friend,
And bless our future way!

THE local legislature meets for the transaction of business on the 28th day of January. The coming session will, we trust, be different from those of the past few years, by an absence of those trifling party squabbles, cabals and conspiracies of which the country has had more than enough. It is time now for our public men to undertake some practical legislation.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CORRECTION.

Deseronto, Dec. 29th, 1885.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

SIR,—I notice by your last week's issue you gave the result of the Indian Elections upon the Reserve, and you close up by saying the first four were elected, thus leaving out Chief Sampson Green, which I presume is an error or oversight. Chief Green was elected against the Culbertson party, the Evangelists and Cecelites combined, and it is said with the free use of bottles of fluid, not supposed to be Adam's Ale.

Yours truly,
SCRIBBLER.

THOUGHTS FOR NEW YEAR'S.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

With the present number of THE TRIBUNE we step over the threshold of the New Year. The old year behind us spent, worn out and done with, what it has had to give us it has given. It is like an empty box with its contents poured out before us. Perhaps it has not been to any of us just what we expected or wished for. To some it has brought many sorrows, many failures, and many disappointments. Its good things were not so good as we looked for and many unexpected evils came with the good. And if it has been so with our circumstances, it has been so no less with our performances. As the past lies before us with its failures, omissions, shortcomings, wasted opportunities, lost seasons, blank pages, with no record of good, its foul pages with their record of evil; as we look upon it there must be a feeling of dissatisfaction and shame. But the new year has come and all of us look upon its advent with peculiar interest. It is the unprofitableness, disappointments, and failures of the old that brings out kindly greeting and hearty welcome which we give to the new, and as we step over its threshold the feeling which more or less takes possession of us is hope. The new year comes to us with smiles and receives our joyous welcome because it comes laden with the boundless treasures of hope. But what is hope? What security have we that we shall not be disappointed? Well hope is an instinct of the human heart; it springs from man's consciousness of the boundless power and goodness of *God* and unbounded confidence in the love and resources of his Creator. Whatever present troubles may press upon us there yet remains in all its fulness the goodness of God. In that is our trust. Temporary clouds may hide the sun shining but when the clouds have blown away the sun will be seen shining as brightly as ever. So that we have a right to feel that behind any dark shadow of sorrow, of disappointment, of failure, or of desolation; behind it there yet remains shining in all its glorious hues the infinite, eternal and unchanging love of God and in that unchanging love may our hope be anchored, and being so anchored it cannot be removed.

Yours Truly,
Deseronto, Dec. 29, 1885. SENEX.

DISTRICT.

Wm. Kimmerly, of Napanee, had his right arm broken recently by a fall from a ladder.

Mr. Abrams, of Gananoque, has been very unfortunate during the year. In May one of his cows dropped dead, value $80; in June, a horse, $150; in August, another horse, $75; and on Tuesday, a third horse, value $80.

Mr. & Mrs. Pell have been arrested by Chief McKinnon being charged with burning their residence near Canifton. Several boxes of furniture alleged to have been destroyed were found at Trenton and other places.

On the evening of the 24th, Mr. Wm. West, of Hungerford, was coming towards Belleville, when near the Wesleyan Church, west of Plainfield, his horse became frightened, upsetting the cutter and dragging him about forty rods. When picked up he was found to be badly bruised.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Mr. W. H. Waller, Registrar of Carleton County, died on the 23rd inst.

The navigation receipts of Toronto for the season show an increase of $490 over last year.

Sir Ambrose Shea, a native of Newfoundland, has been appointed Governor of that island.

The riots at the Polish Church, Detroit, culminated on Friday night in the shooting of a man.

The late Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Cobourg bequeathed one third of his property to his wife.

Schaefer won first prize in the Chicago billiard tournament on Saturday night by defeating Slosson. Score, 800 to 600.

Sergt. Gilchrist, who got one of his legs broken at the fight of Duck Lake, died at Regina barracks on Saturday of heart disease

It is reported that King John, of Abyssinia, is engaged in the occupation of Massowah, and is preparing to make war upon the Italians.

The Newfoundland executive has issued a proclamation forbidding an orange procession in Harbor Grace and other parts of Conception bay.

It is probable that the Brisson cabinet will resign, and that Mr. DeFreycinet will form a ministry after the election of M. Grevy as president of the republic.

MUNICIPAL NOMINATIONS.

THURLOW.—The entire Council were elected by acclamation. Reeve—H. Ashley; 1st Deputy—N. Vermilyea; 2nd Deputy—Jeremiah Hurley. Councillors—Ross and Caldwell.

SIDNEY.—Henry G. Bleecker, Reeve; J. M. Farley, 1st Deputy; John Holgate, 2nd Deputy. Henry Fenn and John S. Dench, Councillors, all by acclamation.

HUNGERFORD.—For Reeve—R. Gordon and P. Murphy. A. McGowan, 1st Deputy, Jas. Clare 2nd, both by acclamation. For Councillors—Henry Monck, W. Dempsey, W. Morley, R. Tufts.

HUNTINGDON.—For Reeve—M. Robertson and Jas. Haggerty. For 1st Deputy—Jas. Foster, John Gordon and John Fox. For Councillors—Richard Porter, George Reid, Wm. Hawkens, David Fleming and John Sears.

TYENDINAGA.—For Reeve—J. C. Hanley and Wm. McLaren. For 1st Deputy—F. West by acclamation. For 2nd Deputy—J. Milligan and L. Phillips For Councillors—George Munro, John Meagher and L. Brown.

BANGOR ET AL.—For Reeve P. J. Green. Councillors—H. D. Dennison, Robt. Murdock, J. Steel, M. Ryan, elected by acclamation.

MONTEAGLE AND HERSCHEL.—For Reeve—John Fitzgerald and Edward Bartlett. For Councillors—M. Hickey, Jas. McAlpin, P. Ward, Jno. Parsons, C. Jordison, John Pettibone, Wm. Hennessy, H. Lawson, S. Hayvett, D. Ryan, W. McDavitt, Geo. Thompson, sr., W. Rutledge.

CARLOW AND MAYO.—For Reeve—Wm. McMunn, R. McLean. For Councillors—W. D. Parkhurst, Jas. Wilson, W. Rankin, J. Sutherland, A. Whyte, A. A Grant, W. Hynes, A. Patterson, W. Allison, A. Stewart, J. Stewart, R. D. Wilson.

MADOC VILLAGE.—For Reeve—C. F. Aylesworth, elected by acclamation. For Councillors—W. Kerr, N. M. Maybee, C. G. Wilson, J. Waystock, F. Rollins, B. O'Hara.

ELZIVER.—J. Tuttle, Reeve; W. Thompson, J. D. Breeze, A. Jeffs, H. James, councillors, by acclamation.

MARMORA.—A. W. Carscallan, elected Reeve by acclamation. Councillors, M. Sullivan, R. Laycock, R. Champion, J. Bailey, W. Hilton, J. Hamilton.

HOW TO USE A GRINDSTONE.

A grindstone is one of the worst used implements on the farm or in the workshop. Few take the trouble to think about their work, and consequently, the great majority of people fail to get the most and best use from their tools. The few who do think, will agree with us when we say, that a grindstone is both badly used and badly chosen. It is too small; took thick; it is not evenly and truly set and centered; it is not properly speeded, and is turned either too fast, and made to throw the water around or too slow, and so fails to do its work well; it is not well taken care of, and it is badly used.

A grindstone, to do good service, should be at least three feet in diameter and two and one-half to three inches in thickness, having a bevel on each side of the face for grinding on. It should be quite free from hard spots of iron pyrites, which are injurious to tools, although these may be taken out with a sharp-pointed punch. If it is not centered truly, it will work out of shape, and soon require trueing up. It should run as fast as possible, as it does work both better and more quickly. To prevent it from throwing water, a piece of bagging should be fastened to a staple fixed across the frame on each end, but not so close as to grind it out; this will catch the excess of water and yet keep the stone wet enough, and clean it. The stone should be kept in the shade, and never in water, which softens it and makes one side wear faster than the other. The water-box should have a hole in it, to let out the water and keep the stone dry when not in use. In grinding, it should mostly turn from the tool, and if used otherwise, great care should be taken by the one who holds the tool, not to gouge the stone.—HENRY STEWART *in American Agricultrist for January.*

MARRIAGES.

HALL—HODGIN.—On Wednesday, Dec. 23rd, by the Rev. R. H. Leitch, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Samuel Hall, son of Adam Hall, Esq., to Miss Emma A., eldest daughter of Jas. Hodgin, Esq., all of Thurlow, near Plainfield.

BEDELL—DAVIES. — By the Rev. W. H. Peake, at the Parsonage, Shannonville, Dec. 17th, Cornelius A. Bedell, of Thurlow, to Ida A. Davies, of Tyendinaga.

HUDGINS—SHERRY.—By the Rev. W. H. Peake, at the Parsonage, Shannonville, Dec. 23rd, Moses P. Hudgins, of the Township of Richmond, to Sarah J. Sherry, of Thomasburg.

DESERONTO MARKET.

Deseronto, Dec. 29th 1885.

BARLEY, 55 to 65 cents per bushel.
OATS, 30 to 35 " "
BUTTER, 19 to 21 cents per pound.
LAMB, 5 to 6 " "
BEEF, 3 to 4 " "
LARD, 9 to 11 " "
EGGS, 18 to 20 cents per dozen.
POTATOES, 50 to 70 cents per bag.
HAY, 8 to 10 dollars per ton.
CHICKENS, 20 to 35 cents per pair.
DUCKS, 50 to 60 " "
GEESE, 50 to 60 cents each.
TURKEY 60 to $1 "
Hides 5 to 7 dollars per cwt.
Pelts 50 to 75 cents each.
Tallow in rough 3 cents per lb.
Tallow rendered 5½ "
Hogs, live weight, $4.00 to $5.00 per cwt.
Hogs, dead, $5,00 to $6.50 " "

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CHEMICALS
FANCY SOAPS,
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FANCY POWDER FOR THE TOILET.
PIPES,
CIGARS,
TOBACCO,
SPONGES,
PATENT MEDICINES.
RAZOR STRAPS,
LAMP GOODS,
Horse & Cattle Medicines.
OFFICE OF DR. NEWTON.

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House Finish.

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GLAZED WINDOWS
And parties building will find it greatly to their *advantage to buy their Sashes Glazed and Primed* ready for use. Send for prices.

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SHINGLES
Cheaper than ever.
Call or write before purchasing any of the articles required for new building or for repairs.

RARE CHANCE FOR HOLIDAY SHOPPERS.

LATEST NOVELTIES AND BIG BARGAINS IN
ELEGANT CHRISTMAS GOODS
OUR ASSORTMENT INCLUDES A FULL LINE OF
Jewelry of Every Description,
WATCHES & CLOCKS,
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We Meet all Wants at Prices Low.—COME.
A MERRY CHRISTMAS.
GEO. E. SNIDER.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

BUY USEFUL PRESENTS.

Buy a Parlor Set for a present.
Buy a Bedroom Set for a present.
Buy an Organ for a present.
Buy a Sewing Machine for a present.
Buy a nice pair of Oil Pictures for a present.
Buy a nice pair of Chromos for a present.
Buy a nice Easy Chair for a present.
Buy a nice Fancy Table for a present.
Buy the Children a nice Sleigh for a present.
All the above are offered very cheap at
DALTON'S FURNITURE WAREROOMS
ST. GEORGE-ST., DESERONTO.
I have also a large range of **CARPETS** which I am **Selling at Cost.**

JOHN DALTON.

Deseronto, Dec. 3rd, 1885.

Cheap! Cheap! Cheap!

THE DESERONTO NEWS COMPANY
Offers BOOKS and STATIONERY of every description at exceedingly low prices.
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BAY OF QUINTE
Railway & Navigation Company.

CHANGE OF TIME.

THE TRAINS OF THIS ROAD MAKE sure connection with all G. T. R. trains both East and West, and with Steamers of the Deseronto Navigation Company for all Bay and River ports.

1885. TIME TABLE. 1885.

DESERONTO & GRAND TRUNK LINE.
BAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS	EXP. WEST.	MIXED EAST.	MIXED WEST.	EXP. EAST.	EXP. WEST.	MIXED WEST.	EXP. EAST
	NO.1	NO.3	NO.5	NO.7	NO. 9	NO.11	NO.13
	A.M.	A.M	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Deseronto leave ..	3:30	7:45	7:45	12:20	4:45	9:30	12:00
East End, " ..	3:35	7:50	7:50	12:25	4:50	9:35	12:05
Deseronto Jun. ar.	3:50	8:05	8:05	12:40	5:05	9:50	12:20

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	EXP. EAST.	MIXED WEST.	MIXED EAST.	EXP. WEST.	EXP. EAST.	MIXED EAST.	EXP. WEST.
	NO 2	NO. 4	NO. 6	NO.8	NO.10	NO.12	NO 14
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Deseronto J. le've	4:05	9:00	9:00	1:00	5:30	[illegible]:10	12:40
East End	4:20	9:15	9:15	1:15	5:45	[illegible] 25	12:5[illegible]
Deseronto arr've.	4:25	9:20	9:20	1:20	[illegible]	0:30	1:0[illegible]

Trains Nos. 1 and 13 run daily, (Sundays included.)
Sure connections to and from Bay of Quinte Ports
Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

This Time-table shows the times at which the Trains may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several Stations; but, as the regularity of Trains depends on connection with other lines, the Arrivals and Departure of the time stated are not guaranteed, nor will the Company hold itself responsible or delay or any inconvenience arising therefrom.

R. C. CARTER.
Deseronto, Ont. Gen. Manager

THE LIGHT RUNNING
NEW HOME
SEWING MACHINE
SIMPLE
STRONG SWIFT

THE ONLY SEWING MACHINE THAT GIVES
PERFECT SATISFACTION
HAS NO EQUAL
PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR
NEW HOME
SEWING MACHINE CO.
ORANGE MASS.
30 UNION SQ.N.Y. CHICAGO ILL.
ST. LOUIS MO. ATLANTA GA.
FOR SALE BY

MACDONALD.

From Our Own Correspondent.

No snow.

Holidays fast going by.

Miss Joyce, of Picton, is visiting at her uncle's, Mr. John Joyce.

The Sabbath School Jubilee on Christmas evening was a grand success. $36 was taken at the door though the admission fee was only 15cts.

Miss Mary Clark, of Belleville, is spending her holidays at our worthy postmaster's, Mr. H Goodfellow.

Times are pretty lively here at present over the election of councillors for North Frederickaburg. Messrs. John Carscallen and Ervin Parks are candidates for the Reeveship, and Messrs. Chas. Lloyd and Thos. German for deputy Reeve.

Mr. Hiram Parks, of Deseronto, spent a few days last week at Mr. W. R. Miller's.

Miss Libbie Gray, of Bath, and Miss Nellie Thistleworth, of Napanee, are the guests of Mr. John McWain.

SHANNONVILLE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Miss G. Lake has returned home having spent six months pleasantly in Toronto.

A tea-meeting under the auspices of the Methodist Church will be held in the Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening, Jan 13th, the proceeds to be in aid of the parsonage fund.

The Christmas Tree and Concert under the auspices of the Methodist Sabbath School held on the evening of the 23rd was a decided success notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. After the gifts were distributed to the children, Mr. Geo. Honey on behalf of the school presented Mr. L. E. Mills, the superintendent, with a beautifully bound photograph album, and Mr. D. Lazier on behalf of the young peoples' prayer meeting presented Mr. Honey, leader of the same, also with a beautiful album and card. The programme then opened with a song by Miss Mabel Roblin entitled "Come Birdie Come" which was rendered very nicely. Several dialogues, songs and recitations followed and it was closed by the tableau, "There is Poison in the Wine Cup." The proceeds amounted to $25, which after deducting necessary expenses, will be appropriated for the benefit of the school.

MELROSE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

On Monday Dec 28th the nomination of Reeve, Deputy Reeve and councillors took place in the Town Hall. As the Clerk was unable to attend Mr. Chas. Simpkins was appointed in his place. The nominations for Reeve were Messrs J. C. Hanley, Wm. McLaren, Thos. Deasy and John White For first deputy, Mr. Frank West, who was elected by acclamation. For second deputy Patrick Nash, John Milligan and Lester Phillips. For Councillors, Lewis Brown, Geo. Munroe, J. C. Meagher, John Egan and Elisha Barber. After addressing the electors, Mr. Deasy and White resigned. Mr. Nash resigned as second deputy and John Egan resigned as councillor. Elisha Barber not being present his mover and seconder withdrew the nomination. The following are the men to be balloted for. For Reeve, J. C. Hanley and Wm. McLaren For second deputy, John Milligan and Lester Phillips. For Councilors, Lewis Brown, Geo. Monroe and J. C. Meagher.

One evening last week the young people got up a party and went to Mr. Jas Frazer's who keeps bachelor's hall in the Salem Neighborhood. They had an abundant supply of oysters and as Don Carlos, of the Mowersonian club at Read, furnished the music, it would naturally be supposed that they had a good time. People were pleased to see Mr. Wesley Reid, of Shannonville, among the guests.

The family of Mr. Philip Badgely, is again visited, with diptheria. A few months ago one of their children died and to-day, Tuesday, they buried another who died from the same fatal disease. It is said that the present outbreak was caused by their using tome bed clothing that the other child lay on. It seems strange as they disinfected it and it has lain in their drivehouse since. They have the sympathy of the whole neighborhood in their affliction.

READ.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Monday last was the all important day of Nomination, when the various candidates for municipal honors appeared before the public. Your old correspondent was not present on the occasion, and regrets exceedingly to learn that he has incurred, through no fault of his own, the ire and the wrath of one or two more or less important individuals.

Mr. Frank West was returned by acclamation as first deputy Reeve. Messrs. Nash, Philips and Milligan were nominated for second deputy Reeve. We regret to say that Mr. Nash has retired from the contest. A gentleman who is so well known and so popular will be a loss to the Township. The retirment of Mr. Nash reflects credit upon himself and his friends. Messrs. L. Brown, G. Munroe, J. C. Meagher, John Egan and E. Barber were nominated for Councillors. The two latter have retired. Mr. Hanley gave a full explanation of Township affairs, showing that Tyendinaga never stood in as good a position financially. The debt has been completely wiped out, and the rate of taxation lowered since he and his colleagues have been in office. There were several other interesting speeches made on the occasion. Each condidate for municipal honors endeavored to gain the approbation of his constituents. The old Read correspondent, when last I saw him, did not seem much broken down under the rather silly insinuations of the Melrose orators.

Miss Annie McHenry has been engaged as teacher for the ensuing year.

Messrs. Malone, Callaghan and Murray have arrived from Dakota.

Professor Denyes who was not present last Sunday owing to professional engagements, will meet the choir on Sunday next as usual.

One day last week as Mr. Wm. McLaughlin was driving to Napanee, a man with a load of dynamite was driving ahead of him, when suddenly the sleigh stopped and a box of the dangerous explosive fell off close to Mr. McLaughlin, but fortunately did not explode. Mr. McLaughlin is a promising young man and is about to be married, so on all accounts he is to be congratulated on his narrow escape. "Alls well that ends well."

There was a ball at Erinsville on Monday evening, and one at Marlbank on Wednesday evening, another at Stoco on Friday evening; and the great social event of the season will be held in Hanley's Hall on the 8th January. Very successful reunions took place at Christmas at Mr. Lawerence McDermott's and Mr. James Jordan's.

Mr. Hugh McGibbon's celebrated mare, the well-known successor to Goldsmith Maid, made the fastest time on record on the 7th con., between Heffernan's Corner and J. Culhane's, Mr. John Gafney being time-keeper.

Mr. Joseph Walsh, of Cleveland, Ohio, is visiting his relatives for the Christmas holidays. Our friend Joe looks well and seems well pleased with our American cousins.

The Rev. Father Meade we are happy to learn is improving in health.

Miss West, of Belleville, has been visiting her relatives here.

MASONIC INSTALLATION.

At the regular meeting of Craig Lodge, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., No. 401, the following officers were duly installed by Bro. Robert Longmore, D. D. G. M., of Prince Edward District, assisted by Bro. C. Z. Perry, P.M., of Napanee, and Bros. R. J Craig, P. M. and J. P. Sills, P.M., of Deseronto.

Bro. R. Geddis, I. P. M.
" Dr. Clinton, W. M.
" A. H. McGaughey, S. W.
" Isaac Allum, J. W.
" Rev. R. J. Craig, Chaplain.
" W. Stoddart, Treas.
" W. D. McRae, Sec'y.
" G. A. Browne, S. D.
" George Gordon, J. D.
" Wm. Evans, M. C.
" G. W. Wright, I. G.
Bros. W. R. Aylesworth, } Stewards.
" John McCullough, }
Bro. John Gough, Tyler.

After Installation the brothers proceeded to the O'Connor House where a sumptuous repast was provided. After doing ample justice to the good things spread before them, Bro. Clinton proposed the toast, "The Queen and Craft," which was responded to by Bros. Longmore, D.D.G.M., and Perry, P. M., Bro. Longmore said he wa proud to respond for the Queen and Craft. It was an honor to belong to a country ruled by such an estimable lady. He would base his remarks more particularly on the Craft. After reviewing the history of Masonry from the building of King Solomon's temple down to the present time, he retired by wishing the brethren of Craig Lodge a Happy New Year.

Bro. Perry in his remarks said it was a pleasure to be present, and he felt proud of Craig Lodge which was a branch of Union Lodge.

Bro. Allum than proposed the J. W. toast, "Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again." After singing "God Save the Queen" the company retired well pleased with the evening's programme.

FAMOUS MEDICINE MEN.

Messrs. Root & Tinker, of New York City, who have published from time to time handsome lithograph portraits of the prominent journalists of the United States and Great Britain, have just issued a very attractive engraving, 22 by 28 inches, of the leading Proprietary Medicine Manufacturers of the United States, including Dr. J. C. Ayer, C. I. Hood, Dr. Hostetter of "Hostetter's Bitters," John Hodge of "Merchants Gargling Oil," Mr. Scott of "Scott's Emulsion," Dr. J. H. Schenck, H. E. Bucklen of "Electric Bitters," Mr. Powell of "Iron Bitters," Dr. Tutt, Dr. Brandreth of "Brandreth's Pills," and H. H. Warner of "Warner's Safe Cure" and "Tippecanoe" fame. We doubt if a more attractive looking group of eleven men could be got together from any walk of life. As is quite appropriate, the central figure is H. H. Warner, the background of whose vignette is his trade mark of an iron safe, inscribed with the names of the famous Warner's Safe Remedies. Mr. Warner is the most prominent as well as the most successful proprietary medicine manufacturer this country has yet produced, and his zeal in the prosecution of his business grew out of the fact, in large measure, that he himself, when given up to die as incurable of an extreme kidney disorder, in 1879, was cured by the remedy to which he has given world-wide fame—"Warner's Safe Cure." The sale of the "Warner's Safe Remedies" has been so widely extended that warehouses and laboratories for their manufacture have been established in all quarters of the globe, not the least prosperous being one in far distant Australia. People have erroneous notions, both of the motives and character of proprietary medicine men. As a rule they are solid, substantial trust worthy citizens, who win the success that comes to them purely on the merits of the goods they produce and of the work they perform. This is especially true of the central figure of this group. This picture hanging side by side with prominent journalists, religious, political and foreign, will probably attract more attention than those famous editorial writers, because there is hardly a person who walks the street who has not either used some of the remedies manufactured by these men or had their interest stimulated in the gentlemen themselves by the record made by their remedies among personal friends. This picture is sent out with the compliments of Mr. H. H. Warner, who, besides having won such distinguished fame as the manufacturer of "Warner's Safe Cure," is well known as the founder of the "Warner Astronomical Observatory, Rochester, N. Y., and the "Warner Astronomical Prizes," for cometary discovery, so eagerly sought for by astronomers all over the world. Mr. Warner is a self-made man, and those who know him best say that the success he has won thus early in life (he being at present not over 45 years of age), is in all respects eminently deserved, for he is a man of very broad views and wide-extended liberality.

Important Notice!

COME ONE! COME ALL!

Come quickly and save money.

Now is the time to secure bargains in

GROCERIES, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE

Having rather too large a stock on hand I have concluded to sell for a short time at prices that will be hard to beat. Call and be convinced.

13 lbs. Sugar for $1.00.	China Tea Sets White and Gold, $5.50
14 " " "	White Granite Tea Sets, 44 pieces, 2.50
15 " " "	Colored Tea Sets, - 3.00
17 " " "	White Granite Chamber Sets - 2.25
20 " Currants "	Coiored Chamber sets - - 4.00

Labrador Herring per doz. 20c. Lamps complete from 25 cts. up.

Full assortment of Boulter & Dunning's Canned Goods,

A FEW FANCY CUPS and SAUCERS FROM 25 CENTS UP.

TRY THE

GREAT BON TON SOAP.

P. S.—Coal Oil 20 cents per Gallon.

J. T. GREATRIX,

DESERONTO.

SANTA CLAUS'

HEADQUARTERS FOR

BOOTS AND SHOES

FOR THE HOLIDAYS IS

T. N. CARTER'S,

OPPOSITE THE O'CONNOR HOUSE,

Where he has a Large Stock of Boots and Shoes, suitable for the Holidays, which he sells so cheap that everyone can buy a pair for a present for their friends.

A LARGE LOT OF

RUBBER GOODS Just Received,

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Head Quarters for FELT BOOTS, OVERSHOES, and MEN'S HEAVY RUBBERS for Felt Socks.

First Class Boots and Shoes Made to Order in the Latest Styles and

At Reasonable Prices.

Deseronto. Dec. 17th, 1885. **T. N. CARTER.**

1885. FALL 1885.

THE BIG STORE TO THE FRONT.

BUSINESS BOOMING IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

FURS! FURS!! FURS!!!

A large assortment at the most reasonable prices.

Ladies' Astrachan Jackets; Persian Caps, Muffs and Boas; Seal Caps, Muffs and Boas; Mink Caps, Muffs and Boas; Black Fur Capes

A splendid assortment of Woolen Goods at remarkably low prices for Women and Children, unsurpassed by anything in the Trade.

Flannels of every description and quality now in Stock at the BIG STORE, and we respectfully solicit an inspection of these Goods; they are special value and will excel in make and prices anything previously offered to the public in Deseronto.

The Tailoring Department is now replete with the most fashionable and varied makes of goods that can be obtained in the European and Continental Markets, and we wish to impress upon our friends, that, as the best of Trimmings only are used in the making up of Garments, we can guarantee a style and finish which will stand comparison with any House in the Trade. Mr. Stoddart, who is already well known for his superiority in making a good stylish fit, is in charge of this Department, and will be pleased to have an opportunity of exhibiting these special goods to his friends, and quote prices for same.

BOOTS & SHOES.

In this Department the BIG STORE still maintain their well known reputation for keeping only the best quality and the most fashionable Goods manufactured, their facilities for buying, and the immense quantity of Boots & Shoes disposed of, enable them to offer at more advantageous prices than can be done by other competitors who profess to sell the same class of Boots. Do not be induced to purchase inferior Goods simply because the price is low; such articles are dear at any cost. The Big Store do not impose upon their customers trashy goods, but sell only first-class articles, and this principle has won for them their well earned reputation which is so generally known and appreciated by their Customers and the Public.

HIS RE is the head rendezvous for Groceries and Provisions of Sterling Quality and finest brands, Canned Goods of every description in the market being on sale, but space will not permit us to enumerate in detail the specialties obtainable, but suffice it to say that for all Provisions seasonable and of the best quality, we recommend THE BIG STORE as unsurpassable.

HARDWARE, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, VULCANISED CHIMNEYS, RUBBER GOODS PAINTS, OILS, SALT.

We must not omit the astounding fact that the sales at the BIG STORE during the month of October were the largest since the erection of this establishment, which proves beyond doubt that in their endeavors to supply their Customers with the best goods at the most reasonable prices, they have won the confidence of the public, and now beg to thank their Customers for the very liberal support hitherto accorded them, and in the future solicit a continuance of the patronage so gratuitously bestowed upon them during the past

THE BIG STORE,

A. A. RICHARDSON,

Deseronto, Nov. 5th, 1885. MANAGER.

DRY GOODS & MILLINERY.

MRS. DALTON

Has now completed opening her large importations of FALL and WINTER GOODS, which will be offered at prices to suit the times.

GREAT BARGAINS! GREAT BARGAINS

DRESS GOODS!! DRESS GOODS!!!

In great variety—Very Cheap—Call and Inspect them

—FLANNELS! FLANNELS!! FLANNELS!! -

all colors and all prices, exceedingly LOW.

CLOUDS, CLOUDS, CLOUDS,

CHILDRENS HATS, AND KNITTED CAPS AND HOODS.

Ladies' Wool and Cotton Underclothing,

Men's and Boy's Wool Shirts and Drawers at a bargain.

THE MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

Is now open and comprises all the novelties in HATS, BONNETS and TRIMMINGS for the coming season, and all exceedingly CHEAP.

MRS. DALTON, St. George Street.

NEVER FAILS TO GIVE SATISFACTION

McCOLL'S LARDINE

MACHINE OIL

Our "English" Wool Oil—something new—finest in the market. Our Cylinder Oil,—600 fire test—much superior to tallow.

GIVE OUR TRAVELLER A TRIAL ORDER.

McCOLL BROS. & CO., Toronto, Ont

The Mysteries of Sleep

The mystery of sleep is one with which we have become familiar through long acquaintanceship. We forget that it is as great a marvel as death. More than that, the experience of seeing gorgeous pageants spread before us in these periods of quiescence, of being delighted by sweet sounds and sights, or terrified by goblins, is a calmly accepted one. Dreams, like the growth of the plant from the seed, are not often food for wonderment, simply because we are so accustomed to them. The *National Review*, in considering the general subject, draws attention to the fact that the dreamer in possession of all his senses describes his dream as depending upon that of sight.

In that most famous vision upon record, Jacob *saw* the ladder upon which angels ascended and descended. The dreamer in the harvest-field of Canaan, three thousand years ago, declared,—

"Behold! we were binding sheaves together, *and lo! my sheaf arose* and stood upright; and *behold!* your sheaves stood round about."

Dives in his palace *beholds* new tables spread with a thousand dainties; Lazarus *sees* the very dogs that licked his sores.

Shakespeare, in the vision of Clarence, presents a succession of pictures to the eye, and when Dido dreams of her lost Æneas, it is to the sense of vision that his image addresses itself.

Now, what must be the dreams of those who have been blind from birth? Since they have never beheld a real object, how shall the brain conceive of one?

It is clear that whatever comes to the blind man must come by touch or hearing, without a gleam of fancy or imagination. Yet if questioned, he will tell you that he has just as much imagination as other people, and dreams quite as often as they do.

"I often dream," said a blind boy, "about people. I dream of my brother. I know he is there; I hear his voice; I am in the places where we used to be before he died."

"But how do you know you are in a certain place?"

"The impression of the place is with me; I feel I am there. Sometimes I dream that I am walking in the fields; I tread on the grass, I smell the fresh air."

"If I dream," said a blind man, "that I am in the basket-shop where I work, I know I am there by the size of the room, the length of it."

"But how can you judge as to the size or length of what you cannot see?"

"Oh, the sound tells me pretty well. I am in my own old place where I work."

"You *sit* on your own box, then?"

"Yes, *I touch it*, and if the dream goes on, I get my tools out."

"When I dream," said a blind tramper, "it's jest the same as I am now; I dream of hearing and touching. The last dream I had was about a blind chap that's in prison just now. I went into his wife's house—I knew it was hers by the *sound* of my foot in it, and whether it was clean or dirty. As we sat a-talking, I heard a voice at the door, and I said,—

"'Bless me, if that ain't John!' But he took no notice.

"'Halloo!' said I, 'is that you?' And *I took him* by the sleeve; it was his shirt-sleeve I felt, and I was half afraid of him, and surprised he was out weeks before his time."

"It is, therefore, not with the blind man as with the rest of the world, that in dreams the senses wake to keener, swifter intelligence; his visions exist as a mere string of more or less vague and faint impressions.

Having never seen a definite image, he cannot comprehend one, even in his waking moments. Hence arises a tendency to scepticism, which leads him to doubt the existence of things he cannot touch, as in the case of Nicholas Saunderson, one of the most gifted blind men that ever lived.

"If," said he, as he lay dying, "you would have me believe in a God, I must feel Him."

"Touch, then, your own frame," was the answer, "and find God there in His noble handiwork."

"All this," said the dying man, "may be enough for you, but it is not for me; what relation is there between His handiwork and God? The world eternal! Time, matter, space, are but a point. God of Newton, *give me light!*"

Struggling with Robbers.

While Farmer Thomas Kendrew was driving from Scranton to his farmhouse in Moscow one night lately after he had sold a load of produce, three highwaymen sprang out of a thicket near where the road pitches down a steep hill. One of them seized the horses by the bits, a second grabbed the farmer by the arm and undertook to pull him out of the wagon, while a third hit him on the head. The blow did not stun him, however, and when he had pulled off his overcoat and freed his imprisoned arm, he found that the robber who had struck him had got into the wagon. Kendrew then seized his whip and struck the horses with all his might, and the robber at their heads was thrown head over heels into the ditch. The horses ran down the hill at a terrible gait, followed for a short distance by the second highwayman who yelled at the one in the wagon:

"Choke the old devil to death, or crack his skull."

Meanwhile a struggle had begun between Farmer Kendrew and the desperado in the wagon. The robber tried to knock the farmer out of the wagon, but the farmer grabbed his arms and forced him down on his knees. By this time the horses had reached the bottom of the hill and were running as fast as ever over a level stretch of road. The desperado realized that his companions were too far behind to be of any assistance to him and that the farmer would be too much for him unless he could suddenly disable the latter, and so by a desperate effort he loosed his arms and attempted to hit Kendrew on the head with a slungshot.

He missed Kendrew's head, but hit him on the shoulder instead, and then the farmer got behind the highwayman, grabbed his arms with a vise-like grip rushed him to the hind end of the wagon and pitched him out on the frozen ground. The horses were still running, but they kept in the road and when Farmer Kendrew had disposed of the highwayman he crept out on the tongue, got hold of the reins, and quieted the animals down to a trot. Kendrew was only slightly bruised, and he said next day that it was a mighty lucky escape.

A Freshman wrote home to his father: "Dear papa—I want a little change." The parent replied: "Dear Charlie—Just wait for it. Time brings change to everybody.

HEALTH.

The Drunkard's Nose.

One of the most beautiful features of the face is a shapely, fine curved nose. If this be deformed, the whole face is injured, however perfect otherwise. But a bad nose is the portion of every habitual tippler. It takes on a hated red (more and so as the years go on), becomes coarse with pimples, or swells out with disgusting and livid protuberances—"toddy blossoms," is the apt and picturesque language of the common people. The tippler may try ever so hard to conceal his habits, but his nose is an emblazoned signal, proclaiming the fact to every newcomer.

The explanation is this: The alcohol increases the action of the heart and arteries about one fifth, thus driving the blood to the surface faster than the veins can bring it back. Hence the countless capillaries, whose minuteness makes them normally invisible, are distended with impure blood, are kept in a state of permanent congestion, and give rise to pimples and blotches.

But the nose is not alone in its dishonor and suffering. Every organ of the body is in a similar condition. The head therefore aches; the sleep is disturbed; the appetite is poor; the liver is disordered; the tongue is coated; the throat is dry; the heart has spells of palpitation; the back and limbs suffer frequent pains; and the lungs become inflamed from the slightest exposure. This is not a mere deformity, nor simply a prominent sign of a degrading habit; it is a note of warning to its possessor that his whole system is diseased, and is getting ready for a drunkard's grave.

Says the *Medical Reporter*, "It is a medical fact that as the influence of alcohol reddens the dram-drinkers' nose, and changes its appearance, so it reddens and changes the appearance of every organ of the body; and as the nose thus effected is not in a natural or healthy condition, so every organ of his body is changed from a natural and healthy condition to an unnatural and diseased condition; and as the skin of the nose takes on unhealthy action, so the substance and coverings of the internal organs take on diseased action, which results in the full development of incurable diseases, such as insanity, diseases of the heart, Bright's disease of the kidneys, hobnail liver, and slow inflammation of the stomach. All these diseases exist at the same time in the dram-drinker, but the organ most diseased is apt to take the lead in the morbid action."

How a Cigar May Communicate Disease.

A man of information was smoking and chatting with a physician on a Hudson River ferryboat when a stranger stepped up and asked for a light. "Let me give you a match," replied the man of letters, adding, after his petitioner had withdrawn, "I don't know how you feel about it, doctor, but for my part I very much dislike to put the end of my cigar back into my mouth after it has been fingered by Tom, Dick, or Harry. I always carry matches with me, and make it a point to offer one instead." "And quite right you are," said the doctor. "I believe that some of the worst diseases can be conveyed by one to another through the contact of his fingers with a borrowed cigar. I personally know of a case where varioloid was transmitted by means of a two-dollar bill, and I firmly believe that varioloid and things much worse can pass from a man's fingers into a cigar, and then into the smoker of it."

It is said that in California cigars are manufactured by leprous Chinamen; the idea is startling!

Relief for Toothache.

For ordinary nervous toothache, which is caused by the nervous system being out of order or by excessive fatigue, a hot bath will so sooth the nerves that sleep will naturally follow, and, upon getting up, the patient will feel very much refreshed and the toothache gone. For what is known as "jumping" toothache, hot, dry flannel applied to the face and neck is very effective. For common toothache, which is caused by indigestion, or by strong, sweet acid or anything very hot or cold in a decayed tooth, a little piece of cotton, steeped in strong camphor or oil of cloves, is a good remedy. Care in the diet, especially when the bowels are disordered, is helpful to mitigate toothache. If the tooth is much decayed, nothing is better than its extraction.

A Pistol Shot From The Pulpit

The Rev. Elijah Hammett took charge of the A. E. Zion Church of Macedonia, N. J., two and one-half years ago. There has been a bitter feeling between him and the family of Peter Rock, the wealthiest colored man of the neighborhood. One Sunday last summer Mr. Hammett was making some statements from the pulpit regarding "Children's Day," and Mr. Rock arose from his pew and exclaimed: "That thar ain't the rule." Mr Hammett ordered Mr. Rock to sit down, but Mr. Rock walked toward the pulpit exclaiming: "I don't allow no man to tell me to sit down." Mr. Hammett informed Mr. Rock that if he approached another step he would knock him out. Mr. Rock retired.

Last Monday was the opening night of the church fair. On Thursday evening Mr. Hammett accused some of the men connected with the cigar and temperance drinks counters with not having turned in the proper amount of money. About ten minutes later he was informed that a gentleman wished to speak with him out on the steps in front of the church. He went out and was confronted by Charles and Peter Rock, sons of old Peter Rock. They, and others who joined them, abused and threatened the minister. He backed into the church and they followed him up the aisle to the pulpit platform. Here the minister put his hand in his breast pocket and said, in a loud voice, "Come another step at your peril." Several knives and pistols were out now. Peter Rock, Jr., made a lunge for the dominie, and quicker than a wink his Reverence whipped out a self-acting 42 calibre pistol and sent a bullet into Peter Rock, Jr.'s, thigh. The other assailants departed in great haste.

Peter Rock, Sr., got an officer, and they took his Reverence into custody. He was locked up in the county jail at Freehold until Friday, when he was released on bail. Chas. Rock, Peter Rock, Jr., Wm. Dickinson, and a man named Michell are in the county jail awaiting trial.

"I don't fear no man," said the pastor yesterday. "I am ready for them, and will let them know that 'cause a man's a preacher they can't cut him up."

FOREIGN ECHOES.

Forty years ago 93 per cent. of all marriages in England and Wales took place in the churches of the Establishment. Last year, according to the report of the Registrar General, the proportions elsewhere than in the churches has risen from 7 to 30 per cent.

The outrageous inequality of sentences in England has given rise to the suggestion that a Board of Revision, consisting of retired Judges, should meet once a week, and submit their report to the Home Secretary monthly of cases in which they deem interference desirable.

The effective strength of the German army for the budgetary year 1885-86 is put down at 18,150 officers, 427,274 men (including 51,413 non-commissioned officers) 1,686 physicians, 783 paymasters, 619 veterinary surgeons, 93 saddlers, 81,773 horses.

It is now known that Queen Victoria really wrote to the German Emperor entreating him to use his influence in favor of the brother of her latest son-in-law, Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. This is strange, considering that he is by no means an object of solicitude at the court of Berlin.

Among the German speaking universities that of Vienna has the largest medical faculty, the number of professors and other teachers being 134. Berlin has 100 instructors and Munich 42. The smallest is that of Rostock, with 11 teachers; but even there an instructor is provided for every eight or nine students, there being but 92 medical scholars in the university.

Some English clergymen of the Established Church get for themselves but little of their income from their livings. In the case of a benefice worth £1,262 per annum, the various deductions for rates, taxes expenses for collecting rents, annual repayment for loan from the Queen Anne's Bounty Fund, brought the total down to £742; and if, out of that, the unhappy parson paid the stipends of four assistant clergy, his income would fall to just £45.

As almost every member of the English Cabinet is a peer or relative of one, it may be interesting to see what peers and their relatives have received from the state between 1859 and 1884. Dukes, £9,760,000; marquises, £8,305,950; earls, £48,181,202. These are large sums, and no ten thousand families of those who are not peers have received one hundredth part of the amount. It may be an excellent plan that the executive should be in the hands of the aristocracy, but cheap it is not. These Brahmins know how to take care of themselves and their relatives.

A writer in the *English Illustrated Magazine* says there is no such thing as debate in the House of Lords in the sense that it exists in the Commons. The number of peers who are successful in making themselves heard might be counted on the fingers of both hands, but these, happily, are the members whose opinions are looked for. When Lord Salisbury, Lord Granville, and perhaps a couple of of peers not sitting on the front benches have spoken members just leave the house, and if any outsider wants to make a speech he finds himself without an audience and so desists.

Admirers of Shakespeare will read with interest that by order of the trustees of the British Museum, a photograph has been taken of the original deed of mortgage by William Shakespeare and others to Henry Walker of London, vintner, of a dwelling house at Black-friars, dated March 11, 1612-13, with autograph signature of the great poet. Accompanying the deed is a letter of Albany Wallis to David Garrick, stating that the document had been found among the title deeds of an estate of Black-friars, belonging to the Rev. Mr. Fetherstonhaugh of Oxford, who presented it to Garrick, April 18, 1768.

In a recent speech in his cathedral city the Archbishop of Canterbury, alluding to the preposterous notions prevalent among the peasantry in England as to the advantages they are to reap from disestablishment said: "There is a parish where there is a devoted clergyman, whose family are constant in their attention to the sick and sorrowing. One of them discovered that many of the cottagers she visited were in favor of disestablishment. She asked several 'Why?' but could get no answer. At length a man said, Well, mum, I know it's a pity, but it would be very convenient to have a cow. We do want a cow, mum.'"

In St Giles's House, the ancestral home of the Earl of Shaftesbury, there is a monument to which the late owner could hardly (men)tion without emotion. This is a large bust of the Earl. "Presented to Emily, wife of the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, by the operatives of the manufacturing districts of the north of England, as a token of their esteem and regard for the persevering and successful efforts of her noble husband in promoting by legislative enactment a limitation of the hours of labor of children, females and young persons employed in mills and factories. Aug. 6, 1859." On this occasion 7,000 persons are said to have kissed the Earl's hands.

The London *Athenæum* states that the story of Goldsmith's arrest by his landlady and Johnson's sale of the "Vicar of Wakefield" are in danger. It is impossible that this account received from Johnson himself should not be substantially true: yet in his introduction to Mr. Stock's new facsimile of the first edition, Mr. Austin Dobson shows that it will have to be reconciled with certain inconvenient facts. He holds that the book as early as the 28th of October, 1762, became the property of three persons, one of whom was Benjamin Collins, the Salisbury printer. This exonerates Mrs. Fleming, Goldsmith's Islington landlady, from her traditional reputation for asperity as Goldsmith, at that date, had not gone to Islington; and it fixes some time anterior to October, 1762, for the composition of the book, which was a point hitherto in some obscurity.

The fees of extra Royal Knights of the Garter, as paid by the treasury, and also the bill for the insignia and robes, amount to about $4,500. The insignia are always given with the understanding that when the Knight dies they are to be returned, but they rarely are. When the late czar died, his insignia were given up a member of the royal family, who retain them, although he had a set of his own. There is an understanding that when a member of the English royal family dies, his representatives can keep the insignia of the garter, if they pay the value, so that they are usually returned, but the Queen kept Prince Albert's. The insignia of an ordinary Knight are always returned after his death, and the custom is for his successor to deliver them to the Queen at a special audience.

ASHORE IN A SNOW STORM.

A Night of Terror on a Steamer in Saginaw Bay.

It has been definitely ascertained that the propeller Oconto, Capt. G. W. McGregor, was lost in Saginaw Bay. The Oconto left Oscoda on Friday, Dec. 4, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, having on board twenty-two passengers and a crew of twenty-five men. She very soon after encountered a terrible gale, with snow. The sea broke over her constantly. The starboard bulwarks were s'ove in, and all the upper railings, two of the lifeboats, and all the light freight on the hurricane deck were washed away. The sea became so heavy that the vessel could not make any headway against it, and the officers lost their bearings soon after night set in. Finally a light was sighted. Everybody took it for the Tawas harbor. In fact, it was the Charity Island light. The Captain at once headed the ship for the entrance, as he supposed to Tawas harbor. The next minute came a terrible shock, and the lights about the ship were extinguished. The ship had grounded in about six feet of water. As soon as the vessel struck a number of horses and some cattle which were confined on the main deck broke from their stalls and went galloping and tumbling about the decks greatly augmenting the danger. The passengers and many of the crew were so badly frightened as to be incapable of doing anything to save themselves. Charles Brown, a colored cook, died from fright. Others of the crew, in spite of the darkness and confusion, began dealing out the life preservers.

Contrary to expectations, the ship held together through the night. At daybreak they found that they were about a mile from the shore. Signals of distress were hoisted, and the steamer's whistle was set agoing. At 10 o'clock the lighthousekeeper and his assistant were seen on the beach. A small metallic lifeboat was got over on the lee side, and in it five men went ashore. They found the place barren, but there were two empty fish huts near by, and the boat was sent back and forth until all the passengers and crew were landed. Two ladies and a child were taken direct to the lightkeeper's house, and the men began keeping house in the fish huts. The body of Brown, the cook, was taken ashore and buried. Enough food to last for a week or two was saved from the wreck. Frank Pelper, first assistant engineer, and six others started for the shore in a yawl. Peiper described their trip next day. He said:

We took aboard a compass, two bushels of salt, and some provisions. We started in the midst of cake ice. Every minute or two the spray would dash over us and freeze as it struck. When we got within four miles of Caseville we found that the ice was frozen solid, yet was not strong enough to walk upon. We hoisted our storm signal, and began cutting our way with axes. Two boats started out to help us, but could not reach us. To add to our dismay, we found that the solid ice, detached from the main shore, was increasing in thickness every minute, and that it was drifting down the bay, taking us with it. We cut, pushed, rowed, and struggled like mad, reaching the shore at last at 6 o'clock Monday evening, eight miles below Caseville, having drifted that far in the ice.

Eight more of the shipwrecked crew and passengers reached Tawas, Mich, next afternoon. They left the Oconto at 1 o'clock Thursday afternoon in a yawl. At the time of leaving they had heard nothing of the seven members of the crew who left for shore on Monday in a yawl. The thirty-four persons remaining on the island have enough to eat, but are all very downhearted. All are in the shanty except Capt. McGregor, the first engineer, and one passenger, who are on the boat. The steward, mate, and six passengers walked from Point Lookout to East Tawas, and are completely prostrated.

Lord Randolph's Potato Speech.

An immortal utterance of Lord Randolph Churchill's on seed potatoes illuminated and gladdened the session of, if we remember rightly, 1881. The occasion of its delivery was peculiar. The Government were anxious to bring on a certain Radical motion to which the more active of the Conservative party were zealously opposed. On a certain occasion nothing stood between the Government and this motion but another motion with regard to seed potatoes for Ireland, and the Government fondly hoped that they had squared all the supporters of this motion by promising to accept it if it were allowed to pass by undiscussed. But the Government reckoned without Lord Randolph Churchill. At half past ten on that memorable evening he entered the House and grasped the situation. There were two hours to be disposed somehow or other before the fatal half past twelve, after which the Radical friends of the Government could bring forward their motion. Lord Randolph Churchill was alone, but Lord Randolph Churchill was not dismayed. He could find no allies, but he rose with undaunted mien, and began to address the House on the great and comprehensive subject of potatoes.

Never, perhaps, since the days when an obese Irish member gladdened the heart of Mr. Speaker by a description of the personal charms of a cousin of his, was the House of Commons more delighted or more dismayed. Lord Randolph Churchill gave a clear, but not too brief, description of all the varieties of seed potato known to agricultural men. He displayed an intimate acquaintance with the intricacies of the cooking of potatoes which might have gladdened the shade of Soyer himself. Those who listened to Lord Randolph as he calmly and dispassionately harangued the assembled Senate felt as if a very encyclopædia of potato knowledge was being poured upon their astonished senses. The minutes crept into half-hours, and the half-hours into hours, and still Lord Randolph harangued, still poured forth his apparently unfailing flow of knowledge on this highly favored tuber. At last, just as the hand of the clock crept towards the inevitable half-hour after midnight. Lord Randolph, taken a fresh breath, announced in a cheery tone of voice to the Speaker and to the House that he had come to the most interesting and most important part of his subject, the discussion of a seed potato well worth the careful attention of the Assembly, the much-famed skerry-blue. We need hardly say that Lord Randolph carried his point, and shelved the motion he had so magnificently obstructed.

"It's not glory I am working for," said a young lawyer to an old jurist. "It isn't?" "No sir." "Well, that's lucky, for I don't believe you'd get a smell if you were."

MERRY RIPPLES.

"Well, I don't care if she does talk about her neighbors, there's one good thing to be said in her favor, anyhow." "What's that?" "She never fooled away her time on a crazy quilt."

Said Bobby to the minister at dinner: "Can a church whistle?" "Why do you ask?" "'Cos pa owes $12 back pew rent, and he says he's going to let the church whistle for it!"

A Nevada hunter spent three months looking for a grizzly bear, and the man's relatives have spent three months looking for him. They think he must have found the bear.

All doctors agree that to enjoy good health the mind must be kept in a cheerful condition. But no doctor can give a man points that will make him joyous when his collar don't fit.

A new merchant's exchange building in Memphis was opened with prayer, in the course of which one member said, "They deal in futures here." "Yes, I see," said the other, "and, by George, they might as well open a jackpot with prayer."

An exchange observes that widows are always favorities with men. There are some big chunks of truth in this. A man may abuse his wife every day of his life, but as soon as she becomes a widow he never even looks cross at her again.

"What is the origin of motion?" asked a celebrated preacher. Well, there are many origins. A call to come up and have a drink will bring fifty men to their feet in a second and a spider down a girl's back is the origin of some of the liveliest motion the world ever saw.

At one of the uptown schools, the principal, in a general exercise, wrote the word "dozen" on the black-board and asked the pupils to each write a sentence containing the word. She was somewhat taken aback to find on one of the papers the following unique sentence: "I dozen know my lesson."

"If you are innocent," said a lawyer to his client, an old darkey, who was charged with stealing a ham, "we ought to be able to prove an alibi. At what time was the ham stolen?" "'Bout lebben o'clock, dey say." "Well, where were you between eleven o'clock and midnight—in bed?" "No, sir, I wah hidin' de ham."

A Vermont farmer wanted to get a couple of shingles tacked over a leaky place in the roof, but no one dared to try it, as the roof was too steep. The very day the farmer's daughter came home from boarding school and did the job before she sat down to supper. She said she was used to crawling over steep roofs. It was the only way the girls could get out after 9 o'clock.

It was a case of breach of promise. The defendant was allowed to say a word in his own behalf. "Yes," he said, "I kissed her almost continually every evening I called at her house." Lawyer for the defendant—"Then you confess it?" Defendant—"Yes, I do confess it, but I had to do it." Lawyer—"You had to do it? What do you mean?" Defendant—"That was the only way I could keep her from singing." The jury gave a verdict for the defendant without leaving their seats.

Artemus Ward was traveling on a slow going Southern road soon after the war. When the conductor was punching his ticket, Artemus remarked, "Does this railway company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?" The conductor replied in a gruff tone that he guessed so. "Well," Artemus went on, "it occurred to me it would be well to detach the cow-catcher from in front of the engine and hitch it to the rear end of the train. For, you see, we are not liable to overtake a cow; but what's to prevent a cow strolling into this car and biting a passenger."

Satisfied or Fastidious.

A Latin rhetorician says: "It is not easy to say who are more to be blamed, those who approve of everything they write, or those who are satisfied with nothing."

Those who are anxious to become acceptable speakers or writers should digest this sentence, and also the remark of another Roman, who, seeing a student melancholy, asked him the cause.

"I have been thinking for three days," answered the young man, "about the introduction to my oration, and yet it is not begun."

"Are you not attemping to do better than you can?" was the significat reply.

When William Winter, the poet and dramatic critic, was budding into authorship, he handed some of his verses to Longfellow. The poet read them sympathetically, praised them for the promise they gave, and then kindly said:

"My young friend, don't let literary ambition weaken your style. Be yourself, and write with simplicity."

Mr. Winter's style shows that he heeded Longfellow's caution. Vanity prompts the young writer to be too easily satisfied, or to be to fastidious. Either error is to be avoided.

For His Old Slave.

Gratitude and friendly interest between one person and another do not depend on relationship or rank. The Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution* relates an interesting case illustrative of the feeling of the whites for their former slaves. "On the premises of Senator Brown lives an invalid female servant whose health failed when she was in the service of the family. She requires the daily treatment of a physician, who is paid by the senator to attend her. It is necessary for her to go to the doctor's office every day.

"Regularly every morning Senator Brown's carriage drives to the door of the cottage which is allotted to the invalid negro woman. She is assisted into it by the senator's coachman, and is driven to see the doctor. In front of his office the carriage waits until the daily consultation is concluded, and then the woman is carried home."

Why His Wife Never Asked Him For Money.

"Batterby, my wife is almost worrying me to death. There isn't a day that she doesn't ask me for money."

"I sympathize with you, Mr. Roberts. My wife hasn't asked me for money since we were married."

"Oh, she hasn't eh? May be she's dumb? Or goes through your pockets while you're asleep?"

"No."

"Why doesn't she ask you for money?"

"Her father keeps her. Keeps me, too.

VARIOUS TOPICS.

The fruit trees in Santa Barbara are being dug up and English walnuts planted in their stead.

A rustic visitor to Burlington, Vt., spent Thanksgiving Day on the horse railway, making the trip of four miles twenty-two times.

"It is absolutely impossible," said Lord Rosebery in a recent Address in Scotland, "that in the future war could ever take place between the United States and England."

The man who receives the most letters a day in Washington is not the President or any member of his Cabinet, but a pension attorney, whose daily mail frequently numbers 500 letters.

The physicians of Sanford, Florida, have signed an agreement not to visit any patient who will not pay their bills on the first of each month. Those falling will not be attended until the bill is settled.

It is believed that in ten years Yankton, D. T., will be an inland town. In front of the city, where the river ran twenty feet deep five years ago, there are now 100 acres of land six feet above high water mark.

A Chicago street corner lot that was bought thirty years ago for less than $9,000, has just been leased for ninety-nine years at an annual rental of $35,000. A factory building, to cost a round million, will be erected upon it.

During the recent cold snap at St. Louis men were watching along the levees all day and night ready to step on the ice the moment it was able to bear them, and stake out a "claim" to an area for cutting. Such claims are always respected.

Ordinary army signalling, by waving flags or torches, can transmit only ten words or so a minute, spelled out by letters; but an adaptation of the Morse telegraphic alphabet, now generally employed, has more than doubled this rate of speed.

The late M. Bailliere, publisher of some of the most important of modern French medical works, personally conducted his business for nearly seventy years, and worked until within a few days of his death—in his 89th year—although he had become blind during the latter part of his life.

The residents along a lumber flume in the mountains above Chico, Cal., have a novel way of getting their mail. It is started on a raft from the head of the flume at regular dates, and the people below watch for it, take out what belongs to them, and then send the raft with its precious cargo on the way.

As object of public curiosity, near New Palladelphia, Ohio, is a man who never shears the wool from his sheep, or plucks his geese or "rings" his swine. He says it is sinful to interfere with nature. His own hair and beard are never shorn, nor are his nails cut. Every utensil about the farm is home made.

All employees of the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad whose duties require them to observe signals have recently been examined for color blindness, and about four per cent were found to have defective sight. One of the oldest and most lucky passenger engineers was found totally blind to any difference between red and green.

Three statues have just been brought to light from the cellars underneath the old cockpit theatre, at Guildhall, London, where they have been hidden for many years. They formerly stood in front of Guildhall Chapel, and are life size representations of Edward VI, Charles I, and his consort, Queen Henrietta Maria. All three possess great artistic merit.

In his recent work on anthropoid apes, Dr. Hartmann of Berlin admits that "the most fanatical advocates of the doctrine of descent are becoming more and more convinced that man cannot be the issue of any extant form of anthropoids," and says "that hypothetical being, the common ancestor of man and apes, is still to be found—a task assigned to paleontology."

A New Haven boy recently, "for fun," inserted an advertisement in a local paper for a husband. A Western farmer answered it, and the young man wrote at length, describing himself as a handsome, middle-aged woman, with a long bank account. The granger came on last week to see the woman. He is now after the young man with a suit for fraud and loss of time and money.

The London Standard says that the populations of Paris is decidedly decreasing. Last autumn there were nearly 115,000 fewer inhabitants of the French capital than four years ago, and this diminution bears heavily on the cab and omnibus companies. Apparently the thief absentees are the foreign residents and the poorer working class, who can get food and house room cheaper outside the city.

During the last thirty years the consumption of malt liquor, which had been very inconsiderable and confined to a few localities, has greatly increased in Ireland. Brewing in the last century was in some parts a very flourishing industry, but when the duties on a barrel of corn brewed into ale became nearly double the duties on the same quantity distilled into whiskey, the latter became the popular tipple.

A railway is building from the Southern Pacific's main line to the celebrated Cinnabar mines, producing quicksilver, in the neighborhood of New Almaden, Cal. Great difficulties have always been experienced in getting supplies and fuel for transportation to and from these mines. Donkeys have been largely employed hitherto, and at one time many of the camels now running wild in Arizona were used there.

The business of painting the huge signs upon fences and barns which assault the eye in all parts of the country is in the hands of a few contractors in New York and Chicago. One firm in N. Y. city spends from $10 000 to $20,000 a year in this way, paying from one and one-half to two cents a square foot for the work. The bigger the sign the better. Many can be found reaching 300 feet in length, and the biggest of all (at Newark, Ohio) is more than 800 feet long and contains only one word.

Mr. G. W. Child's particular ducal crony, the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, has just received the present of a portrait of his bride from the magistrates of the county of Bucks. The Duke's father was ruined, and in his youth the present Peer had very hard times, against which he bore up most plucky. The halls of Stowe, which contained the finest art treasures in England, resounded to the hammer of the auctioneer, and for many years the entry house, which could not find a hirer, was strictly enclosed to everybody.

A story went the rounds at the election time in England that a Roman Catholic chaplain was secretly lodged at Ha field House, and mass privately celebrated there. It seems there is just so much foundation for this story as may be discerned in the fact that a French clergyman attached to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, at Rouen, who is writing an ecclesiastic history, has been for some weeks the guest of Lord Salisbury, who not only permitted him to inspect the valuable historical documents of the Cecil family, but offered him the hospitalities of their ancient dwelling.

At a meeting of the French Society of Medical Jurisprudence a case was reported of a child who had died—so stated the certificate—of strangulation, which had also caused a rupture of the heart; and the latter fact was confirmed by the autopsy. The father of the child was accused of having strangled it, and was placed under arrest. The Court was not satisfied with the medical evidence, and summoned Professor Brouardel, who stated that the rupture of a healthy heart can never take place after strangulation. The Professor then examined the heart and found ulcerations and an aneurism in its wall. The father was at once acquitted.

What's in a Name?

There is a great deal that is funny in names. Names are sometimes comical in themselves, but oftener they become ridiculous by their association. Thus, the name Ass Poor might excite our pity if we considered what the name might mean. But to see the sign, "Ass Poor Shoemaker," printed without any punctuation, as one is said to have been hung out in New Orleans, would certainly provoke mirth.

Announcements of engagements and marriages may bring names into strange connection. A happy fitness is seen in the union of a Mr. Catt to a Miss Mew, and of a Mr. Tee to a Miss Kettle. A famous Irish bull is that of the orator who, in delivering a eulogy upon a man of learning, closed by saying,—

"In fact, gentlemen, he was a great man, a very great man, gentlemen; he was the father of chemistry, and brother of the Earl of Cork."

From this it appears that the Earl of Cork must have been an uncle of chemistry.

No words are better suited to the purpose of the punster than are many of our familiar names, and no words have oftener been degraded to his service. The name of Theodore Hook, a famous wit of the last generation, will make the subject of a very clever pun. A gentleman was asked whether he knew Hook.

"Oh yes," was the answer, "*Hook and Eye*. (I are old cronies."

It is related of two gentlemen, one named Fuller, the other Hawke, both fond of a joke, that the former asked the other what was the difference between an owl and a hawk. Hawke replied,—"The owl is *fuller* in the eyes, *fuller* in the head, and *fuller* in the body; in short, he is fuller all over."

And then one of his very good instance of punning upon a name is told of a Mr. Gunn, who was called as a witness in a judicial court. After his examination the counsel said to him,—

"Mr. Gunn, you can now go off." The judge saw the pun, and either to avert the effects of the shot, or to improve upon the joke, gravely added,—

"Sir, you are discharged."

His Sister.

A young collegian, in the Junior year, was packing his valise to go home for the Christmas holidays.

"What are you taking your new meerschaum for? it will be broken," said his chum.

"I must risk it. I told Jenny about it; she must see it."

"And your diagrams; what do you want with them?"

"Well, Jenny would like to see if I have improved." She is very much interested in my diagrams."

"And you are packing up all your medals! Lawn-tennis prizes, too?"

"Oh, Jenny knows all about the sports! She is impatient to examine the prizes. You ought to hear her talk of touch-downs and serves. It would make you laugh. Such a soft, little, shy thing as she is, too!" his eyes shining with tender pleasure.

"Jenny" was considered at school but a dull scholar, and she "had no talent for language or music," her teacher said. She was not a brilliant or a pretty girl. But she kept herself very near to her brother. She always understood his games; knew what "the fellows" thought of each other and of "Prex;" knew all about Jones's average and Fox's chances of the scholarship. She was never so happy as when smuggled close by his side, listening to his wordy, earnest, and usually selfish, confidences. Other girls leagued together, with secrets, or talked fancy work or flirtation. Jenny gave all her leisure time to her brother.

Who can estimate the restraining power which this friendship and confidence had on the lad, keeping him back from any thought or action which he could not tell to this homely, loving innocent listener? Neither he nor she ever knew that there was such an influence at work between them.

How many simple, unselfish souls go through life, too dull to do great or clever work in the world, only giving sympathy and affection unsparingly out of full hearts. The world takes them cheaply, but God knows them as the faithfullest of His messengers.

What are you to your brothers, girls? Pert, snubbing tyrants, or intimate friends, who will make them always believe, for your sake, that all women are good, and that God is real and near?

The Roman newspapers protest against the revival of the Drama of the Dead, which was again celebrated this year upon the Campo Santo on all Souls' Day. The custom had been discontinued for fifteen years—ever since the nationalization of the capital of Italy. Some pious persons thought that it would be a pious deed to restore this spectacle. Skulls, bones, and entire skeletons were collected from rifled graves, and a piece called "The Vision of Ezekiel in the Valley of Dry Bones" was exhibited. The real implety of this odd union of religion and stage was made the more manifest by the loudly expressed surprise of some naturally indignant persons that the remains of their kinsfolk had been employed, among others, for the theatrical representation.

MOUNTAIN ROMANCES.

Some Incidents of Life in the Rockies.

In the northern Rocky Mountains, in Montana, on the stream that runs between Chief Mountain and the main range, and high up in the mountains, I came on a tiny cabin so small that it looked as though it were a children's play house. There was a shaft about thirty feet deep, long since abandoned, close by the house. I am a little superstitious about deserted cabins. I know that somewhere in the Rocky Mountains there must be a hut that contains a dead man, and I also know that if I passed the hut without looking into it he would come out and run squealing after me. It was essential to examine every deserted cabin I came to, to avert this dreadful spectacle. As yet I have not found the dead man, but I will some day. As usual, I examined this hut. It contained a keg, which was half filled with caked blasting powder and some heavily rust-coated tools. The cabin was in the Blackfoot country, and I believe that the hopeful miners who thought they had found a valuable mine really found their deaths.

On a little hill to the east of the log-encumbered trail which leads from the abandoned La Plata mining district of the Medicine Bow Range to the North Platte River stands a deserted log house. I was quite sure that it was not abandoned, but that its owner, a miner-trapper, was away from home prospecting or trapping; and, as these men are apt to have several cabins in the same range of mountains, and even in what is popularly supposed to be a single district, I thought I might meet the owner some day, as I travelled over the trail frequently. One snowy evening in late October, when I was exhausted by a day's hard hunting in down timber, I came to the house. It was five miles from home. My horse was heavily laden with meat. He was very tired. I resolved to use the house. Unpacking the horse I turned him loose to shift for himself, and was soon cooking my supper. I heard my horse neigh, and then heard another horse return his greeting. In a few minutes the cabin door was thrown open, and in strode a wiry old man of 70 years. Without a word of greeting to me he hung up his rifle and threw down on a block of wood. Along white beard hung low on his breast. His white hair hung below his shoulders. He looked at me intently for an instant, and then said laconically. "It is you, is it?" I answered, also laconically, "Yes." That ended the interesting conversation. He sat silently looking at me with great disapproval while I cooked supper. I asked him to eat. He declined. After I had eaten I went out into the storm to catch my horse. This indication that I was going to leave his house and attempt to get home was more than the old man could bear. To allow a man to leave your house late in the evening and during a storm is against all laws of mountain hospitality. Bareheaded, the old man came to me just as I was swinging the saddle on the horse, and objected to my leaving his home. He said he would be disgraced throughout the highlands if he permitted me to go forth into the storm. He excused himself for his lack of courtesy and want of hospitality, and asked me to spend the night with him. I did so. The storm roared outside. At short intervals great trees fell with loud reports. The old man sat by the wide fireplace and talked, not much, but still he talked. I had not found a house with a dead man in it, but I had found one where a man lived who had been dead to the world for thirty-two years. A faithless woman had driven a gentleman to seek solace and hide his shame in the remote recesses of the Rocky Mountains, and for the third of a century he had lived alone among the pines. He was the Hermit of the Medicine Bow Range.

Discouraged miners, who have been stranded on rugged mountain flanks, build cabins to shelter them while they rest and try to regain their courage. They seek remote and unfrequented portions of the highlands in which to build their huts. Apparently they do not reason. It appears to be an instinct, such as is exhibited by sorely wounded animals, for grievously stricken American miners to retreat into solitude. During every mining excitement, when eager men run into the highlands in search of there are some men in the hurrying column who are almost ready to lay down their burdens. These men have resolved to make this one last attempt to secure a competence for their age. If the mines prove worthless, as they usually do, and the army of eager gold seekers hasten away to other fields, these discouraged men, these veterans of many mining campaigns, lay down their weary burdens. As one says, so say all. I am weary. I will go no further. I can live here. The diggings are lean, but I can get get sufficient gold out of them to keep me in flour and clothes. I can trap a few beaver and shoot my meat. Here I will stay. Here I will die, if needs be." They do not build their cabins closely together. They scatter in the different gulches, where the gravel carries gold in small quantities. They meet at long intervals. One by one they regain their courage, and leave the lean diggings to prospect for better. But one or two may remain. Those become attached to the scenes of life they have led. They are hermits. They are through with the world. They patiently await the coming of death.

There is something unpleasant about a deserted cabin. I never occupied one of these abandoned huts unless the weather was exceedingly severe. I preferred to spread my blankets beneath the pines on the thick carpet of needles. But if a single house has the power of producing unpleasant sensations, that produced by a deserted mining camp is uncanny. I know of nothing that will cause horses more quicker than to ride into an abandoned village at dusk, and to find houses, stores, saloons, all empty, and streets grass grown, with, it may be, a deer boldly feeding where many men once wrought for fortune.

For the Babies

It is not necessary to buy corn cures. Men and women should remember that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the only safe, sure and painless corn remover extant. It does its work quickly and with certainty. See that the signature N. C. Polson & Co. appears on each bottle. Beware of pernicious imitations.

"I beg your pardon, but aren't you mistaken?" courteously said a gentleman to a pretty shop girl, with whom he was dealing. "I am a miss, but not yet taken, sir, she replied, with a bright blush, and drooping eyes.

Horrible Recital.

William Stevans makes what he calls a confession of the manner in which he murdered his affianced, Bertha Duckwitz, in Chicago recently, for which crime he was arrested near Orion. The other night he sat in the kitchen with Bertha at home until after 12 o'clock. When he was ready to go she stepped outside the door and walked with him to the front gate. They stood there a few minutes, when she turned and started to leave she followed him down the sidewalk. Then they walked back to the yard. He took out his razor, which was in a pasteboard case. "Bertha asked me what it meant," said Stevans "I told her it was my razor. She wanted to know what I was carrying it for, and I said I intended to take it to a shop to be honed. 'Let me look at it,' she said, and she took it out of my hand and opened it. "How would you like to do this?" she asked, drawing the razor across her throat, just in fun. That's easy enough to do,' I said, not meaning anything wrong, and I took the razor away from her. She didn't want to let me have it, and I had to work to get it. I

CAUGHT HOLD OF HER

and pushed her up against the corner of the house, and then suddenly I was putting her throat. She didn't make any struggle, and I didn't know I had hurt her until she gave a gasp and I felt the blood on my hand. Then I was frightened, and, as I loosened my hold on her, she dropped in a heap. I didn't know she was dead, and tried to lift her to her feet. I spoke to her, and as she didn't answer, and was limp, I saw she was dead. It was over a minute before I could believe what I had done. Then I laid her in the position she was found and stood perhaps ten minutes looking at her. I wiped the razor on her skirt, and when I got home I washed the blood from my hands, and, saying good-bye to my mother and Josie, started up toward the Grand Trunk junction. I am awful sorry I killed her. I wouldn't have done it for all the world. We had always been the best of friends. I don't remember that we ever had even a little quarrel. We talked about the wedding while we were at the gate, and I told her that I would keep the engagement ring and get a wedding ring of the same size. I wonder what they will do with me? It looks as if you expect I am going to be nobbed. I suppose they will try to make out that I murdered her, but I didn't."

Inner Life.

An American who had lived for thirty years in Paris died a few weeks ago. He had long been known as a lover of rare bibelots, and a sedate, quiet old man. His tall, stooped figure and grave face were familiar in all the curio shops of the capitals in Europe. His most intimate friends supposed that he had no interest or purpose in life but to collect these comparatively valueless trifles.

But when he died, the poor from every court and street in his quarter crowded to his house, and a cry of mourning went up from hundreds of homes into which he had brought help and comfort.

It was then known for the first time how vast his charities had been, and how he had, during his life, systematically stinted himself, even in his food, that he might have more to give away.

Another case, like in kind, though not in degree, was that of a noted gambler and forger, who was shot in a Southern town a year ago. After his death, it was found that most of his earnings had gone to support in ease and happiness a deformed brother, whom he never visited or claimed, lest the slur of his own reputation might injure him.

Louise Michel, the notorious Communist, is said to be a most tender daughter to her aged mother.

Charles Lamb once, according to Coventry Patmore, expressed himself vehemently to about some man whose name was mentioned before him, ending with, "I hate the fellow!"

"Why, you don't know him! You never saw him!" exclaimed his friend.

"Of course not. How could I hate a man if I knew him?" was the answer, as full of truth as of wit.

It is only God who can see the redeeming spot in every man's heart, but it is always there. Our part is to trust to it, to believe in it, to reach the man through it.

Jimmy's Definition of a Base Burner.

Pa (who has been explaining certain facts about stoves)—"Now, Jimmy, do you know what a base burner is?"

Jimmy—"You bet yer life."

Pa—"Have you one in the house?"

Jimmy—"Yes, sir; ma's slipper."

Imperial Cough Drops will give Positive and Instant Relief to those suffering from Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., and are unsurpassed by any other preparation. For sale by druggists and confectioners. R. & T. WATSON, Manufacturers, Toronto, Ontario.

Our Progress.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

German professor of drawing to new student: "Just bleace hundrown vich von of dose statues you had drawn from, den vill I your drawing criticise."

For colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks, as well as for cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery, or bloody flux, colic or cramps in stomach, use Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed, composed of best Grape Brandy, Smart-Weed or Water Pepper, Jamaica Ginger and Camphor Water.

The Arab horse is not broken until its fourth year. That's where they differ from tea-cups. But then Arab horses are not washed by the average kitchen girl.

In the cure of severe coughs, weak lungs, spitting of blood, and the early stages of *Consumption*, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has astonished the medical faculty. While it cures the severest coughs, it strengthens the system and *purifies the blood*. By druggists.

Lawyer—"How far is the tavern from your home? How long would it take you to walk the distance?" Witness—"Oh, that would depend upon whether I was going there or coming home."

The experiment which Messrs. Tuckett & Son entered upon when they commenced to make their "Myrtle Navy" tobacco was this: to give the public a tobacco of the very finest Virginia leaf at the smallest possible margin beyond its actual cost, in the hope that it would be so extensively bought as to remunerate them. By the end of three year the demand for it had grown so much as to give assurance that the success of the experiment was within reach. The demand for it to-day is more than ten times greater than it was then and it is still increasing. Success has been reached.

"Henry, love, I wish you would throw away that book and talk with me—I feel so dull." (Aside (alone and no reply). "O, Henry, my love is asleep!" "Well, don't talk, dear, you might wake it."

A.r. 260.

Neuralgia Positively Cured

In twenty minutes, without fail. Chapman's Celebrated Neuralgia Powders. Sample sent on receipt of five cents. Chapman, Chatham, Ont.

YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND TEN CENTS, to United States or Canada (stamps taken), will buy a copy, *Comprehensive Shorthand*, best journal in America. Price, $1.00. Send for Catalogue. T. Ens, Toronto.

WILD LANDS FOR SALE—$4 PER ACRE CONCESSION 2, Nottawasaga, Simcoe County; 100 acres; one mile from Stayner; will make a first-class grain or dairy farm; also lot 30, 3 chain; 100 acres; will be sold cheap; also lot 25, North boundary Stephen, Huron County; 100 acres; will be sold cheap. Apply to T. Ens, Barrister, Toronto.

BUSINESS CHANCE—FOR SALE—AN OLDEST established Butcher business in the City of Guelph; good a good trade; a splendid chance; will sell cheap; good reasons for selling. For particulars address, J. A. LAMPREY, Real Estate Agent, Guelph.

SCIATICA, INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia, and Lumbago, safely cured by a remedy invented by one who was himself cured by it after being three years on crutches with sciatica; abundant testimonials as to the beneficial effects in above-mentioned diseases; remedy expressed to any address. S. J. LANCASTER, Petrolia, Ont.

GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE, Guelph, Ont. That man only is rightly educated who knows how to use himself, who possesses such practical knowledge and such manual skill as will enable him to compete successfully with his fellows in the business of life. To impart such education, to prepare such men is the design and purpose of this institution. For terms, etc., call at the college or address, M. MCCOMBER, Principal.

A BIG OFFER To introduce them, we will GIVE AWAY 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. If you want one send us your name, P. O. and express office at once THE NATIONAL CO., 23 Dey St., N. Y.

BRITISH AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, ARCADE, YONGE ST., TORONTO. Finest rooms in America. Practical in every department. Teachers pushing and energetic, and know what they teach. Endorsed by the leading business men of Ontario; he graduates are filling positions of trust in every city, town and village in Canada. Send for new circular. C. O'DEA, Secretary.

CAUTION

EACH PLUG OF THE

MYRTLE NAVY

IS MARKED

T. & B.

IN BRONZE LETTERS

None Other Genuine.

FROM THE

BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTURERS OF MONTREAL.

Whereas the reports of the epidemic in Montreal have, for obvious reasons, been greatly exaggerated, we, the undersigned Boot and Shoe Manufacturers of Montreal, beg to inform the trade and the public generally that our manufacturing establishments are entirely outside and far removed from what is known as the Infected District; that the extraordinary precautions taken by us render it extremely improbable that contagion can be carried in our goods; that every employee in our establishment has been vaccinated and re-vaccinated (their families also being vaccinated), and that a thorough examination of the homes of our operatives has been made by competent physicians; and that it is acknowledged by the Medical Faculty that the combination of chemicals used in the tanning, colouring, and finishing of the leather used in Boots and Shoes is in itself a potent disinfectant.

We have also complied with every requirement of the ONTARIO BOARD OF HEALTH, and after close examination of our factories by Doctor Covernton, their Chief Inspector, we have received his certificates.

(Signed)

AMES, HOLDEN & CO.,
JAMES LINTON & CO.,
JAMES POPHAM & CO.,
JAMES WHITHAM & CO.,
GEO. T. SLATER,
SHARPE & McKINNON,
JAMES McCREADY & CO.,
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THE
DESERONTO NEWS CO'Y.
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The Tribune.

FRIDAY, JAN. 1, 1886.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Such fine mild weather.

Division Court will be held here on Wednesday next the 6th January.

Mr. Jesse Martin gave his hand a severe cut while chopping wood the other day.

Skating and iceboating have been the principal amusements during the past week.

Rev. J. C. Ash and wife, of Demorestville, celebrate their silver wedding to-day.

The Dentist, Dr. Irish, will be at the Deseronto house on the 6th and 20th of January.

The sash factory has received the order for the wood furnishing of the new Martin block at Picton.

"Scribbler" corrects a printer's error in our last issue. We should have said that the first *fire* were elected.

The turntable at Deseronto Junction has been completed and will prove a great convenience.

The Choir of St. Marks Church were very effectively aided on Christmas Day by Miss Dell, of Toronto.

Mr. Chas. Dryden has been busy collecting stray logs along the Napanee river and drawing them into Deseronto.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be dispensed in the Church of the Redeemer next Sabbath morning.

A Few copies of the "American Chatterbox" still on hand. If you want to make a boy or girl supremely happy purchase one of these cheap and attractive books at The Tribune office.

The annual Missionary Meeting will be held in St. Mark's Church on Sunday evening the 10th inst. Addresses will be delivered by the Rev. Canon White, of Iroquois, and Rev. W. Wright, of Newboro.

The Chief will locate a spot on the ice where residents may deposit all filth, garbage, &c., during the winter, Any person drawing stuff elsewhere on the bay will be prosecuted by the board of health.

The Rathbun Company Band serenaded Mr. E. W. Rathbun on Christmas day. On Monday and Tuesday evenings they took advantage of the fine weather to call on the candidates and other distinguished citizens.

The *Express* says that Mr. Butler will soon commence a survey of the extension of the line from the station in Napanee to the water's edge. The Company intend running the line to the river early in the spring.

Chief Cornelius Maricle, who although almost certain of re-election, declined to be nominated at the late contest on the Reserve preferring rather to devote himself to Church work under the direction of his Pastor to looking after the temporal condition of his people.

Mr. Chas Gough, of the post-office, returned to town on Tuesday morning, after enjoying his Christmas vacation very pleasantly at his home in Sydenham. During his absence Mr. Ev. Edwards dispensed Christmas cards with great dexterity and prodigality.

The entertainment in the Presbyterian School room on Christmas evening was well attended. The sale of statuary was a novel feature which created no little amusement. The young men were very cautious in their bids, and prices ruled low. There were readings and music afterwards and on the whole a pleasant time was enjoyed by the party.

The Annual Missionary Meeting in behalf of Diocesan Missions will be held in Christ Church, Indian Reserve, on Sunday the 10th of January, 1886, at 11 a. m; and in All Saints Church at 3.30 p. m. on the same day. A cordial invitation is extended to all. The Rev. Canon White, Incumbent of Iroquois, will be the Convener of the deputation.

Christmas day passed off very quietly and pleasantly. The absence of snow was greatly regretted, but there was excellent skating on the bay, which was enjoyed by the youthful population. The services at the churches were well attended. There were the usual family parties and reunions, and every person wore a happy and contented appearance. Not one boy or girl was overlooked by Santa Claus.

The teachers and pupils of the Presbyterian Sunday School were invited to assemble for a sleigh drive on Christmas afternoon. The absence of snow forbade the pleasure of the promised drive. Mr. E. W. Rathbun, the Superintendent of the School, allayed the disappointment by a generous distribution of candy and oranges. The proceedings were brought to a close by rousing cheers for Superintendent and Pastor.

During the progress of the entertainment on Christmas evening, Rev. R. J. Craig, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, was presented by the members of his congregation with a purse containing fifty dollars. The presentation was made by Mrs. M. D. Campbell and Miss Davis, who on behalf of the congregation, expressed the pleasure it afforded them to thus testify to their appreciation of their pastor's services Mr. Craig in a few words thanked them for their generous Christmas gift.

There appears to be no limit to Methodist zeal and energy. The Church was again packed to the door on Christmas night, the occasion being the entertainment in aid of the Sabbath school. There were two towering Christmas trees laden with gifts for the pupils and teachers. A programme of recitations, dialogues and choruses by the children followed the distribution of gifts. Mr. J. L. Ferguson proved a capable chairman and the handsome sum of $40 was added to the library fund. The children, to the number of 150, were admitted free of charge.

Five cent scribbling books, ruled, at The Tribune office.

The crush at Egar's drug store on Christmas eve was phenomenal.

A Happy New Year to all the readers of The Tribune.

Mr. Geo. Clement cut his hand quite severely the other day. Dr. Short made the necessary repairs.

Patent medicines of all kinds, toilet goods, perfumes, soaps combs, hair dyes, all at Egar's.

The "mixed" trains on the Grand Trunk Railway are now nearly always late. It is in order for the "Expresses" soon to follow suit.

The services in the Roman Catholic Church on Christmas Day were very interesting and attracted a large congregation. The singing on the occasion was exceptionally good.

A little girl, daughter of Mr. James Meagher, who it will be remembered fell and broke her arm some months ago, slipped on the ice the other day and fractured the same arm in another place.

The little daughter of Mr. E. Deroche, of Napanee, strayed from home and took her way to Deseronto. She was found near the sand hill by Mr. Oliver, who returned her to her parents.

Messrs McRae, Hoppes and Colp have retired from the municipal contest having sent in their resignations to the Clerk in writing as prescribed by law. The six candidates now are Messrs. Irvine, Cameron, Stewart, Edwards, Baker and Gault.

We were looking through Egar's drug store yesterday and find it has assumed its old shape, the Santa Claus appearance all gone. He has filled up with a fresh lot of drugs and goods. The shop is now heated satisfactorily with hot water.

St. Mark's Church will give an "entertainment" for the little ones on New Year's Eve instead of the time-honored Christmas tree. Santa Claus had so many previous engagements that he could not possibly attend before that date, but he has faithfully promised to be on hand on this occasion.

A large congregation assembled in St. Mark's on Christmas Day to participate in the services of the occasion. The pretty little church had been decorated and looked very pretty. Rev. T. Stanton preached an excellent sermon, and the singing by the choir was very good. The offertory, which was for the benefit of the pastor, was very liberal.

The nominations for members of the School Board took place on Wednesday Mr. Rayburn, returning officer, presided. Messrs. Whitton, Rayburn and McRae retiring trustees, were re-elected by acclamation. The Board now consists of Messrs. Aylaworth, Cameron, McCullough, McRae, Rayburn and Whitton. When the Board meets for organization it will decide which three of the six shall sit for one year and which for two years time in accordance with the provisions of the Act.

Owing to lack of scenic arrangements Mr. McRae has found it impossible to produce "The Goose with the Golden Egg," and has instituted for it "The Quiet Family." This we are told is a very amusing farce and is sure to afford unqualified amusement. The drama "Payable on Demand" is in active rehearsal, but the piece being a difficult one the manager is bound to have it properly "put on" before its appearance in public. We are told it will be ready for the stage probably in the first or second week of the new year.

A Western exchange tells its readers how "to mind their P's" in the following paragraph: "Persons who patronize papers should pay promptly, for the pecuniary prospects of the press have a peculiar power in pushing forward public prosperity. If the printer is paid promptly, and his pocket book kept plethoric by prompt paying patrons he puts his pen to his paper in peace, his paragraphs are more pointed, he paints his pictures of passing events in more pleasing colors, and the perusal of his paper is a pleasure to the people. Paste this piece of proverbial philosophy in some place where all persons can perceive it."

On Christmas night a reception was held at the residence of Dr. McLaren in Shannonville, on the occasion of presenting a handsome dressing case to the Rev. Johnson Henderson, who has for some time been minister of the Presbyterian Church at that village and has about returning to Colleges to finish his theological course. At the same time an address was presented to the reverend gentleman, setting forth the high esteem in which he was held by the congregation and the community in general, and expressing their deep regret at his departure. The presentation was made by Mr. Wilson, of Shannonville, and Mr. Henderson made a feeling reply. Afterwards refreshments were partaken of and a general good time was enjoyed by the company for an hour or two. Amongst those present we noticed the Misses Sprague, Mr. & Mrs. McAlister, Miss McMichael, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Thomas Wilson Mr. Charles Patten and Miss Georgina Patten, and Dr. McLaren and his family.

Christmas Services on the Mohawk Reserve were well attended. There was no snow and the roads were indifferent yet a large number of Indians assembled at Christ Church to commemorate the birthday of our Saviour. There were 65 communicants, many of whom walked seven miles. The offerings amounted to $8.85 cash besides many valuable donations in kind. The Church was handsomely decorated with appropriate mottoes in evergreens and gold, particularly a out the chancel. The words "Welcome Home" in gold letters over the vestry door were evidently designed to express the feelings of the congregation on the return of their old pastor. Music by the regular choir and special singing in the Mohawk language by a score of elderly people were features of attraction well deserving of the encomiums bestowed upon them by the large congregation. All Saints Church was filled in the afternoon with earnest worshippers. The singing was excellent, the decorations were particularly chaste and reflect credit on the willing hands who worked so zealously. Offerings $6.33, exclusive of many donations in kind. At 5 o'clock p.m. the Mission School House was packed. The services here are conducted every Sunday evening; the prayers said partially in the Indian language is a boon to the older people, inducing many of them to attend and participate in the means of grace in the old Parish Church.

Cod Liver Oil Emulsion, at Egar's; cures coughs, colds, and is a general builder up of the system.

In the recent High School entrance examinations 48 candidates passed each of the 12th. Edith Hewitt, Regina, heads the list with 498. Bertha Davidson, Shannonville, comes second with 487; Emma Reid, Shannonville, 396; Wm. Horne, No. 9 Tyendinaga, 463; Ida Embury, 433 and Flora Embury, 386, both taught by Miss Warden, No. 5 Tyendinaga.

The drawing for the lady's dressing case took place on Tuesday evening, when Mr. Jas. Baird, owner of ticket, No. 20, was the lucky winner. Mr. Wm. Wilson became at the same time the fortunate possessor of the turkey which will grace his table on New Year's day. Mr. F. C. Whitton, who threw himself with great energy into the work, disposed of 182 tickets, 117 of which were sold by himself. He realized $27.30. The proceeds were given to the Christmas tree of St. Mark's Sunday School. Miss Maggie Field also places the Sunday School under great obligations, as she was unwearied in her successful efforts to vend tickets on the occasion. Mr. Whitton desires to thank the public for their generous patronage in connection with this event.

PERSONAL.

Mr. D. G. Wartman spent last Sunday in Napanee.

Mr. D. R. McRae spent last Monday in the Limestone City.

Mr. W. H. Lake, of Eagle Mill, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. Thomas Maguire, of Marysville, was in town last Tuesday.

Mr. Peter Walker has left Deseronto to take up his residence in Kansas.

Mr. & Mrs. Herbert B. Rathbun left on Wednesday on a trip to Toronto.

Mr. John Milne spent Christmas in Kingston.

Mrs. Wm. Edwards spent Friday and Saturday in Trenton.

Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Martin are spending New Year with friends in Belleville.

Miss Emma and John Doreen Jr., of Shanonville, spent Christmas in Deseronto.

Mr. A. E. Paterson, of Chicago, is the guest of his brother, Mr. Wm. Paterson.

Miss Davis has been spending her vacation among friends in Belleville.

Miss Bella Douglas, of Napanee, and Miss Annie Turner, of Kingston, are the guests of Mrs. F. C. Whitton.

Mrs. John McMurrich, who has been visiting at Mr. F. S. Rathbun's, returned to Toronto on Monday.

Mr. W. G. Egar, and Master Geo. Egar have gone west on a visit to friends in Toronto, St. Mary's and Brantford.

Messrs. Joseph Hoppes and W. Bowen of the Commercial College, Belleville, are enjoying the holidays in town.

Mr. & Mrs. W. B. McMurrich and family returned to Toronto on Monday after enjoying the Christmas holidays as the guests of Mr. E. W. Rathbun.

Miss Euphemia Innes has returned home, having spent the past year among friends in Detroit, Galt, Stratford, and other western cities.

Mr. Walter Ellis, of Marysburgh, Prince Edward, spent a few days in town this week with Mr. R. Geddis prior to his departure for Texas.

HOLIDAY MEET OF THE B. H. C.

Club Room, Deserónto, Dec. 28th.

The "Venerable" took the rostrum with his usual impressiveness, remarking that he was agreeably surprised to see so many of the brethren present on this occasion. It was a season of the year involving social responsibilities, individual thoughtfulness, and impaired digestion. He was glad to realize that the members showed by their attendance that they fully appreciated and practised the principles of the brotherhood. He wished them all the compliments of the season and hoped for a grand advancement in the carrying out of the programme for the coming year.

The "Irrepressible" thought that this club should exercise its functions in the coming struggle for municipal honors. There were indications of considerable excitement. The corrupt and bloated freeholder would seek to coerce the struggling tenant, the weak and vacillating would be lured by the false sophisms of the wily canvasser and the glorious birthright of the free born Briton would be bought and sold—even as the Christmas turkey.

The "Judge" looked warm approval—and the animated expression on each member's face boded ill to the transgressor.

The "Venerable" intimated that he had received an anonymous effusion, which he asked to be allowed to read as it evidently referred to some matter connected with the village government. A malignant twinkle was observed in the "Ancient's" eye as he watched the significant squirm of the Judge on the announcement of more poetry. The Venerable read, in grave and even tone,

THE BURIAL OF "YE BABY."

Not a whisper was heard not a funeral sigh,
As its corse to the *Chamber* we hurried,
Not a *member* o'en squandered a tear of regret
O'er the grave where our "baby" we buried.

We buried it snug at the close of day,
The sods with our *pens* upturning,
No shadowy sentiment clouded our minds,
For the lamps were brightly burning.

No useless casket enclosed our pet,
Not a sheet nor a shroud we gave it,
But it lay like an "alderman" gone to his rest,
With its "municipal" cloak around it.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
—There were none of us "up" in that way—
But we thoughtfully gazed on the poor little mite,
And thought of a not distant day.

We thought as we scooped out its narrow bed,
And smoothed down the stiffening form,
That the *free and enlightened* would tread o'er its head,
And forget that it ever was born.

Lightly they'l speak of the spirit that's gone,
And scoff at the pitiable story,
But little we councillors care for all this,
If they'l leave it alone in its glory.

Council Chamber, Dec., 1885.

Considerable discord ensued in the midst of which the "Professor" struck up "Auld Lang Syne" and the meeting adjourned *sine die*.

Madoc has a toboggan slide.

Go to Egar's for everything. What he has not got, he will either make or send and get it by express.

Col. Walker has been appointed registrar of Middlesex *vice* James Ferguson, deceased.

During November the total exports and imports of the Dominion amounted to $9,500,885 and $, 406,886 respectively, the total duty collected being $1,220,111.

Wonderful is the instantaneous effect of West's Pain King in the relieving cramps, colic and all bowel difficulties. Worth its weight in gold and costs but 25 cents. Should always be kept in every household. Sold by W. G. Egar, Druggist. 16-w-2

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION.

A pleasing episode occurred during the entertainment in the Methodist Church on Christmas night. Mr. A. A. Richardson was craftily inveigled from his position near the door, on the plea of aiding in the distribution of presents from the Christmas tree. Reaching the platform he was completely surprised when Rev. Mr. Crossley commenced to read an address on behalf of the pupils of Mr. Richardson's Sabbath School class, following it up with the presentation of an exceedingly handsome silver headed cane. Richardson was completely taken aback by this unexpected movement, but at last found words to thank the generous and thoughtful donors of this fine Christmas gift. We append the address, which speaks volumes for the good relations existing between teacher and pupils:—

ADDRESS.

Deseronto, December 25th, 1885.

Mr. A. A. Richardson,
Deseronto.

Dear Teacher,—We the undersigned do heartily unite in asking you to accept this cane, which we present to you as a small token of the high esteem in which you, as our Sabbath School Teacher, are held by us. We cannot do otherwise than to honestly thank you for the unmerited attention and interest taken in us by yourself, and we unanimously acknowledge that you have given us entire satisfaction during the past.

The initials of the members of the class are engraved on the head of the cane. The names are as follows—

James Simmons, William Dryden, Albert Martin, William Stewart, James Black, Samuel Allen, Charles Empey, John Walker, Melbourne Walker, William Miller, Sidney Goodmurphy, William Kimmerly, William Bowen, and Hiram Miller.

We also wish to put in this address that you will continue to be our teacher for the future. Hoping that you will accept our small offering and favorably consider our request, we extend to you and your family our best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Very respectfully,
Your pupils in the
Methodist Sabbath School,
in Deseronto.

There is no necessity of passing a sleepless night and annoying the entire household with that Cough, as West's Cough Syrup will cure you like magic, the best known remedy for coughs, colds consumption in its early stages, and all throat and lung diseases. Sold by W. G. Egar, price 25, 50cts and $1.00 per bottle.

UNDERTAKING.

JOHN DALTON,
FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
KEEPS CONSTANTLY IN STOCK
COFFINS AND CASKETS
of all kinds, from the cheapest to the most expensive.
Burial Robes, BLACK, BROWN and WHITE, at all prices, and all other furnishings usually found in an Undertaker's Establishment.
Mourning Badges & Hearse supplied.
Deseronto, Oct. 23rd, 1885.

JUST OPENED
$2,000 worth of New Staple Dry Goods,
—AND—
50 SUITS OF MENS' CLOTHING,
Which will be sold at Prices Cheaper than you ever bought them.
Deseronto, Nov. 19th. C. GOODMURPHY.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

LOCAL TRAIN.

For the benefit of the Travelling Public and to afford better accommodation to the people of Deseronto,

A MIXED TRAIN

Leaves the R. R. Depot every morning at 7:45 for Kingston.

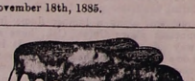
Parties can go to Kingston or Napanee and back same day having about 8 hours in Napanee and 4 hours in Kingston.

LOW RATES OF FARE.

Kingston & Return $2.20.
Napanee & Return .50.

BIBLES
—AND—
TESTAMENTS.

All persons desirous of securing cheap, handsome and substantially bound **Bibles and Testaments** will find it to their advantage to call on
W. G. EGAR,
Depositary of the Deseronto Bible Society.
November 18th, 1885.



DR. IRISH, L.D.S.

Dentist, Trenton, Ont., will visit the Deseronto House, Deseronto, on the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of every month punctually. Full cases of artificial teeth furnished for $7.00 each. 1st and 2nd cases and extracting, $10.50. Gas or vitalized air used for extracting teeth without pain. Par articular attention given to the treatment and filling of diseased teeth. Business hours from seven a.m. to half past four p. m.

Health is Wealth

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration, caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the Brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by W. G. EGAR.

Book & Drug Store.
(Stewart's Block.)
MAIN STREET, DESERONTO.

STATIONERY,
WALL PAPER.
BOOKS, NOVELS,
ENVELOPES.
LETTER PAPER,
PENS, PENCILS,
FANCY GOODS OF ALL KINDS.
HYMN BOOKS,
NOTE BOOKS,
BLANK BOOKS,
SCHOOL BOOKS,
PRAYER BOOKS,
CARDS,
SHELLS,
ALBUMS,
GOGGLES,
SPECTACLES.
BIBLES FOR ALL CHURCHES.
PRICES TO SUIT DULL TIMES,
Dr. Newton's Office.

The Tribune.

VOL. III. DESERONTO, ONT. FRIDAY, JAN. 8, 1886. NO. 17.

THE TRIBUNE,

Published every Friday Morning.

THE DESERONTO NEWS CO.
(LIMITED.)
Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—One copy, $1.00 per year 0 cents per six months. Strictly in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE	1 Year.	6 mos.	3 Mos.
Column	$50.00	$30.00	$18.00
Half Column	30.00	18.00	10.00
Quarter Column	20.00	12.00	7.00
One Inch	5.00	3.00	2.00
Business Cards, (less than one inch.)	4.00	2.50	1.75

Wants, Lost, Found, Strayed, etc, 25 cts. each insertion, or on a contract at the rate of 75 cents per month.

Casual advertisements 5 cents per line first insertion; each subsequent insertion 2 cts. per line.

communications should be addressed to

THE DESERONTO NEWS CO., (LIMITED),
Deseronto, Ont.

MARRIAGE LICENCES.

T. G. PILR, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES, Deseronto Ontario. 3

COAL.

FOR HOUSE USE OR BLACKSMITH SHOPS, AT lowest market rates. Write for prices.
1 THE RATHBUN CO.

SALT.

BY CAR LOAD, BARREL, OR IN BULK, AMERICAN or Canadian, at lowest market rates. Write for prices.
1 THE RATHBUN CO

WATER LIME.

WATER LIME, PORTLAND CEMENT, AND Plaster Paris for sale, cheap, and full directions given how to use successfully. Write for prices.
THE RATHBUN CO.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN HOTEL.

JOHNSON & ONTARIO STS., KINGSTON. This house has been refurnished and refitted throughout. Charges moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.

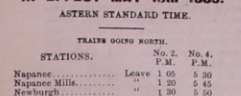
INSURANCE ON FARM OR VILLAGE PROPERTY at low rates in Standard Stock Companies—the Royal Insurance Company and Commercial Union of England, Western, and British American of Toronto.
THE RATHBUN CO.,
17-z Agents.

O'CONNOR HOUSE.

THIS HOTEL IS ELEGANTLY FURNISHED throughout, in the latest styles. Large and convenient Sample Rooms; and every accommodation and comfort for guests. The Bar is supplied with best imported and domestic Liquors and Cigars. Charges moderate First-class Livery in connection. Good Yard and Stables attached.
P. O'CONNOR, Prop'r,
*3-L Deseronto Ont.

QUEEN'S HOTEL.

OPPOSITE CITY HALL,
BELLEVILLE, - - ONT.
First-class hacks connecting with all trains. Street cars pass the door every fifteen minutes.
-2.1y. SIBBITT & CO., Proprietors



Napanee, Tamworth
—AND—
QUEBEC RAILWAY.

NAPANEE VALLEY LINE.

TIME TABLE No. 6.
IN EFFECT MAY 15th 1885.
ASTERN STANDARD TIME.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.		No. 2. P.M.	No. 4. P.M.
Napanee	Leave	1 05	5 30
Napanee Mills	"	1 20	5 45
Newburgh	"	1 30	5 50
Thompson's Mills*	"	1 37	5 57
Camden East	"	1 40	6 00
Yarker	"	1 55	6 15
Colebrooke*	"	2 00	6 18
Galbraith Road*	"	2 05	6 20
Moscow	"	2 10	6 30
Mudlake Bridge*	"	2 20	6 40
Enterprise	"	2 30	6 45
Wilson's Crossing*	"	2 35	6 55
Tamworth	Arrive	2 50	05

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.		No. 1. A.M.	No. 3. P.M
Tamworth	Leave	7 00	3 15
Wilson's Crossing*	"	7 15	3 30
Enterprise	"	7 25	3 35
Mudlake Bridge*	"	7 30	3 40
Moscow	"	7 40	3 50
Galbraith Road*	"	7 50	4 00
Colbrooke*	"	7 52	4 02
Yarker	"	7 55	4 05
Camden East	"	8 10	4 17
Thompson's Mills*	"	8 15	4 22
Newburgh	"	8 25	4 23
Napanee Mills	"	8 35	4 35
apanee	Arrive	8 50	5 50

*Stop only when Passengers at or for.

R.C. CARTER, Asst Gen. Mgr. H. B. SHERWOOD, Superintendent E. W. RATHBUN, Gen. Man'g'r.

HOUSE FOR SALE.

A comfortable house is offered for sale on Second Street, Village of Deseronto. For particulars apply to
JAMES ALLEN,
Nov. 12-85. Deseronto, Ont.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

PARTIES WISHING TO HAVE LETTERS POSTED after hours will please leave them at Egar's Drug Store, Main St. Deseronto.

STOVES FOR SALE.

3 LATEST PATTERN BASE BURNER Coal Stoves for sale very cheap.
Apply to H. C. JEFFERS,
The Rathbun Company. 11-15

BONES

WANTED AT THE CHEMICAL WORKS. The market price will be paid for same.
9 E. C. FRENCH.

MONEY TO LOAN AT 6 PER CENT.
$35,000.00 of Private Money.
Old Mortgages paid off, New Loans taken and Mortgages Purchased.
Apply to
GIBSON & CLUTS,
1 yr. Barristers, Napanee.

FOR SERVICE.

A THOROUGHBRED SUFFOLK BOAR Took 1st Prize at the Midland Fair, Kingston, and at the leading Eastern Township and County Fairs.
TERMS.—$1.00 to be paid at time of service.
MICHAEL KENNEDY.
11 Lot 22, 4th con. Tyendinaga

E. HARRISON,
350 Front Street, Belleville,
Keeps in Stock and makes to order on short notice all classes of Account Books. General Book-binding, from the Plainest Library Style to the best Morocco and Calf, with Gilt or Marble edge. Paper ruling, Map Mounting, Varnishing, Music Binding, Picture Framing. Improved Milk and Cheese Factory Books. Mercantile Books and intricate ruling a specialty. Prices close. 9- 1-4

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

Notice is hereby given that Charles Watson Kirk of the Village of Deseronto has pursuant to the provisions of Ontario Statute 48 Victoria, Chapter 26, made an assignment of all his estate and effects real and personal to Joseph Newlands Henderson of the City of Montreal in the Province of Quebec, accountant, for the general benefit of the creditors of the said Charles Watson Kirk.
D. H. PRESTON,
Solicitor for the said Trustee.
Dated this 19th day of November, 1885

FIRE INSURANCE!

We beg to advise those desiring Insurance that w are Agents for

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, OF ENGLAND;
THE COMMERCIAL UNION INSURANCE CO'Y OF ENGLAND;
THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY, OF TORONTO, ONT.;
THE BRITISH AMERICAN INSURANCE CO'Y, OF TORONTO ONT.,
THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO'Y.

Who will write Policies as low as any other *Stock* Company in the Dominion.

The standing of these Companies is such that all may be satisfied that in case of loss the settlement will be prompt and equitable.

Farmers will find it to their interest to insur with us.

Record kept of all Policies and Notices sent insurers before expiration of same.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,
6-L Deseronto, Ont.

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Shareholders of the Deseronto Navigation Company, Limited, will be held at the Rathbun Company's general office at Deseronto, on Monday, the First day of February, A.D. 1886, at seven o'clock, evening, for receiving the report of Directors, for the election of Directors and other general business.
F. S. RATHBUN,
Deseronto, Ont., Secretary.
Dec. 28th, 1885.

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the Deseronto News Company, Limited, will be held at the Rathbun Company's office at Deseronto, on Tuesday, the Second day of February, A.D. 1886, at seven o'clock, afternoon, for the election of Directors and other business.
Deseronto, Ont., S. RUSSELL,
Dec. 28th, 1885. Sec'y-Treas.

Wonderful is the instantaneous effect of West's Pain King in the relieving cramps, colic and all bowel difficulties. Worth its weight in gold and costs but 25 cents. Should always be kept in every household. Sold by W. G. Egar, Druggist. 16-w-2

WHAT MAKES A MAN.

Not numerous years nor lengthened life,
Not pretty children nor a wife,
Not pins and chains and fancy rings,
Not any such like trumpery things;
Not pipe, cigar, nor bottled wine;
Nor liberty with kings to dine;
Not coat, nor boots, not yet a hat,
A dandy vest or trimmed cravat,
Nor all the world's wealth laid in store;
Nor Mister, Rev'rend, Sir, or Squire,
With titles that the memory tire;
Nor ancestry traced back to Will,
Who went from Normandy to kill;
Nor thousand volumes rambled o'er
Not Latin, Greek, nor Hebrew lore,
Not judge's robe nor mayor's mace,
Nor crowns that deck the royal race,
These all united never can
Avail to make a single man.
A truthful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;
A spirit firm, erect and free,
That never basely bends a knee;
That will not bend a feather's weight
Of slavery chance for small or great;
That truly speaks from God within
That never makes a leage with sin;
That snips the fetters that despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake;
That worships God, and him alone.
And bows no more than at His throne;
And trembles at no tyrant's nod;
A soul that fears no one but God,
And thus can smile at curse or ban—
This is the soul that makes the man.

THE PRINTER.

How little ye ken,
Ye women and men,
By courtesy styled "gentle readers,"
Of how much you owe
To the noble typo
And his army of folders and feeders!

The poet may sing
Of his lyrical string,
Of his Muses, his Loves, and his Graces;
But ah! he'd sing small
If he warbled at all,
Were it not for the chases and cases.

The writer of fiction,
Whose beautiful diction
Beguile the long evenings of winter,
His mind would be left
Like a casket bereft
Of its key—if not picked by the printer!

The annalist, too,
That brings to your view
The wonderful story of ages,
Would sure be as dumb
As a clam or a mummy,
If nobody made up his pages!

Then who so doth read,
I'eg him take heed
To the lessons these mimes convey him,
Viz:—Now that you know
What a treasure you owe
To the Printer, be certain "TO PAY HIM."

DIOCESE OF ONTARIO.

PASTORAL ADDRESS.

To the Members of the Church of England in the Diocese of Ontario.

DEAR BRETHREN:—

The Mission Board of the Diocese has requested me to write a Pastoral Letter on the subject of our Diocesan Missions, and to direct that it may be read in all our Churches and Mission Stations on the Sunday immediately preceding the annual missionary meeting. The object in view is to impress you solemnly with the necessity of larger attendance and more liberal offerings at these meetings. By these means alone can you prove your interest in the welfare and extension of the Church in the Diocese. The vast majority of you are pledged to a loyal service by your Confirmation vows, and all of you by Holy Baptism. This loyalty to Christ and Church can be evinced only by working like earnest men and women for the spread of your own principles and by bringing the means of grace, as administered by the Church of England, to bear upon the souls of our brethren, who are now either destitute of them altogether, or receive them only in scanty measure. In other words, your churchmanship is tested by the support you give to the Diocesan Mission Fund. And why do I say this? Because the Mission Fund is, under God, the only machinery by means of which the Church can progress in all that constitutes growth, such as new missions, new churches and new members. Speaking with all the authority which an Episcopal experience of nearly 25 years gives me, I tell you, dear brethren, that the Church can grow in material prosperity only by the sub-division of our missionary districts. It will be the duty of the deputations that will shortly address our missionary meetings to make this plain to you. The object of these meetings as distinguished from the appeals made to you at Whitsuntide and Advent is a business one. I know that too often those meetings are made the occasion for appeals to your sympathy and exhortations on the abstract question of the duty of Christian benevolence; but the real business ought to be,—to bring home to the people assembled the duty of supporting the Mission Fund on account of the blessing that has attended its past working Let me, therefore, give you a brief outline of that working.

At my consecration, March 25, 1862, there were 46 Parishes and Missions in this Diocese. Since that time 48 new ones have been organized. How has this been effected? Chiefly by the sub-division of Parishes and Missions. A portion of an unwieldy mission has been set apart as a new one, and has been assisted by a grant from the Mission Fund, and helped until it became self-supporting. Of such Missions, now self-supporting, no less than 24 have been organized and are now contributors to, instead of being recipients of the Mission Fund. Since my consecration 48 new Parishes or Missions have been established on a sure basis, making in all 94 Parishes in the Diocese. Many of these are in urgent need of sub-division, and our Mission Fund only requires to be increased in order to set off what are called "out-stations" as a new mission, and to assist the first missionary for a short time. We have at present 38 missions which are receiving aid from the board, all of which require sub-division, in order that Divine Service should be held, not once a fortnight, or once a month, but on every Lord's day. To show you that the Diocese is ripe for sub-division I may add that public worship is held either by our Missionaries or Lay Readers in about 70 places where there are no church buildings. In this process of sub-division we have been progressing for the last 24 years at the rate of two new parishes every year. This is something to be really thankful for, but why not double this increase, God will give the increase if the church members who has contentedly given a small sum hitherto will give twice that sum this year. We have in this Diocese as purely missionary work to do as is needed in Muskoka and Algoma, or the North West, and the interest deservedly taken in those missionary fields compared with that taken in places nearer home makes me believe that it is want of information regarding the spiritual needs of our Diocese that prevents our Diocesan Mission Fund from being largely increased. I am led to this conclusion also by the fact that throughout the Diocese I see everywhere increasing earnestness and zeal in our parishes, as evinced by the numbers confirmed, the multiplied communicants, and the building and beautifying of our churches. It is not, therefore, want of inclination but a lack of information brought home to our consciences that causes us to refuse "to bear each other's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ." Let me, therefore in all sincerity and affection plead with you this new year to strive to meet your obligations to Him who redeemed you, by doing your duty to His Body and Bride, the Church, by assisting to supply the spiritual wants of her destitute members.

I am your faithful Bishop,
J. T. ONTARIO.
January, 1882.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

Never in the history of Deseronto was there such an exciting and keenly contested struggle for municipal honours as in the election of last Monday. After nomination day the various candidates and their friends commenced the campaign with great vigour and not an elector was left unvisited or unvanvassed. Early on Monday morning the committee men of the rival parties were on the alert and notwithstanding the pelting rain and dismal weather of the day they kept steadily at their work with undampened ardour until the close of the poll. By three o'clock it was found that nearly all available electors had voted. Of the twenty female voters on the list all are reported to have voted but one. The vote cast was the heaviest ever polled in Deseronto, 349 ballots having been deposited. There were two polling subdivisions this year, No. 1 in the town hall, for all electors west of Centre street. and No. 2 in Smith's Block, for all east of that street. 152 votes were cast at No. 1 and 197 at No. 2. Mr. R. N. Irvine was Returning Officer and presided at No. 1; Mr. R. M. Jack, his deputy, took charge of No. 2. Both gentlemen gave unqualified satisfaction. The result of the polling was as follows:—

	POLLING SUBDIVISIONS. No. 1.	No. 2.	Total.
R. H. Baker	78	131	209
James Cameron	94	102	196
John Edwards	80	98	178
Geo. Stewart	71	103	174
James Gault	58	112	170
Wm. Irvine	64	90	154
Spoiled ballots			8

The doors of the town hall being thrown open that building was soon packed with the largest assembly of citizens ever collected within its walls. The clerk announced the result which was received with cheers. He then called on the different candidates to address the electors.

Mr. Baker, who headed the poll as in former years, was the first speaker. He wished them all a Happy New Year. The result showed that they were not tired of him. He would not have run if all the old councillors had stepped aside. He recounted his actions in the old council. He had not been able to carry all his points. He would work for better drainage and for more gravelled streets. He went fully into the history of the Fourth street sewer, and said that another drain should be put down on that street, and he thought two sewers were necessary on all the streets running north and south between Dundas and Thomas streets. He also defended his action in the matter of the increase of the assessor's salary. He considered the assessment to have been excellently made. All the officials should be well paid and all earned their remuneration. He had moved that constable should collect taxes, but his motion had been ruled out of order. He thanked the electors for the honour they had done him and hoped to merit their approbation.

Mr. James Cameron, who was accorded a great enthusiastic reception, next ascended the platform. He said that if defeated he could have given a long speech as his temper would have been edged, but as he was victorious he would only confine himself to a few points. It was with hesitation he consented to run as he preferred Mr. McRae, but he had yielded to the desire of his friends as expressed by a duly convened conference. It might well have dampened his courage to have entered on such a contest when he looked back on the events of the past two years. When he nominated Mr. Edwards, very few would agree with him in his course. A year ago the very men who formerly opposed Mr. Edwards took that gentleman inside their ring, merely to show the electors that they could put in or out any man. He had watched their course in the council and had observed that Mr. Edwards did not get a fair hearing and was not accorded common courtesy. Obstacles had been placed in his way as a candidate. It had been urged that if the old council did not control municipal matters, political interests were at stake and there would suffer. He had deprecated the introduction of party politics into our local affairs. The people agreed with him and hence the signal victory, placing him second and Mr. Edwards third on the poll. He was more pleased to see Mr. Edwards elected than himself. He would act regardless of politics or creed, as all were neighbors and had worked to build up the town. Rings were wrong and the people would not be ruled by them. He had been supported by men from whom he did not expect or perhaps deserve support. He would endeavour to do justice to all and thanked them most heartily for their support.

Mr. Edwards was the next speaker. He was obliged to the electors for their hearty support which was greater than he had expected His opponents had said he should not sit in the council again but the people had decided he should. He was not for sale and did not take a hand in the ring and had thus gained its displeasure. He had opposed the increase in the assessor's salary and explained his course in that matter. Last year he told the electors he believed in spending public money as if it was his own. As member of the school board and in other capacities he had handled a large amount of public money and had dispensed it to best advantage. He had been opposed by some because he had voted for the Scott Act. He was not a total abstainer but he had followed the dictates of his conscience and voted for the Act though taking no active part in the contest. He hoped that he would not betray the confidence which the electors had placed in him and thanked all alike.

Mr. Stewart followed, congratulating himself on being lucky enough to get fourth place on the list. He would make no rash promises but the electors could depend on his doing what was honest and just. He could have polled a larger vote had it not been that he was against the Scott Act. There was no man, however, who drank less than he did. He was a conservative, but in the council he would throw all that aside and treat Grit and Tory alike. He had fought the battle squarely and used no undue influence. If he did not do his duty, the electors could turn him out. He thanked all for their support during the contest.

In addition to the councillors elect the meeting was addressed by Mr. Chas. Dryden, the hero of so many municipal fights, who gave a complete *resume* of corporation affairs in the past, and by Mr. Geo. Stuart who made some explanation of the work on the Fourth street sewer. This sewer formed a fruitful theme for all the speakers. Dr. Newton, the retiring Reeve, also addressed the meeting at length and the last hour of the meeting was taken up with a long, acrimonious and exciting wrangle of a political nature, Mr. James Cameron and Dr. Newton taking the principal hand in the discussion. Finally three hearty cheers for the Queen being proposed by Mr. Cameron and being given with a will by the electors the meeting adjourned. As the electors retired the Rathbun Company Band started up in honour of the successful candidates who acknowledged the compliment in a suitable manner.

ICE FOR THE MILLION

At any desired distance from your well dig a pit four feet deep, or eight or ten feet square. Place joists on the bottom, and fill between with sawdust. On these joists lay a good floor. Around the sides set joists about eight feet high. Fasten them well at the bottom, and spike your plate to the top of each joist. Board up on the inside, and tamp sawdust between the boards and the bank. When you get to the top of the ground, board up on both sides of the joist, and fill between with sawdust. Bank up the house with dirt you threw out. When winter sets in fierce, dash in water in small quantities till the ice is two inches thick. After that pump in each day what will freeze, till you have a solid iceberg five or six feet thick, then cover with sawdust, and you will have ice all summer. In warm weather remove the sawdust, and set on the ice your jars of butter, lard, or sausage, and put back the sawdust around the jars. A small box with zinc bottom placed on the ice and covered with sawdust will keep fresh meat a long time. When your iceberg is half made you can set on your pork and beef barrels and freeze them in. The brine will keep cool. When warm weather comes the iceberg will let go of the sides of the house, so that with an axe you can easily get pieces to use It is a good place to make or keep ice cream. How can I get a patent?—I. F. DOUD, Cass Co., Neb.

IT IS SIMPLY MARVELOUS.

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THE WEDDING BELLS.

OR,

TELLING HER FORTUNE.

By the Author of "PROVED, OR NOT PROVED"

CHAPTER XII.

CLARA'S AWAKENING.

When Clara reached her own room she locked the door, and crept into bed, where she lay trembling and very pale, her breath coming in frightened, sobbing gasps. But when her agitation had somewhat subsided, she sat up, pushed her hair back from her forehead, and looked around her.

Yes, she was safe—safe in her own room; and as she realized the fact, the color came back slowly into her face, and the frightened, panting heart-beats subsided into a more regular pulsation. But she still felt shaken and startled, while the restless sleeplessness, far from being cured for her walk in the corridors had greatly increased, and she tossed about upon her pillows for a long, weary hour; and then, springing out of bed, resolved to try the refreshment of fresh air and cold water.

As she passed the looking-glass she caught a glimpse of her own face, and shrank with a little cry of terror. Was that pale, startled face, with dark circles round the eyes, the tremulous, weary lips, the same which she had seen flushed and brilliant, with starey eyes and rose flushed cheeks, a few hours before? Was it her face, indeed?

She drew back from the glass, and went to the window. It was not yet dawn, but that darkest hour which always comes before dawn, and the grounds were all lying in deep shadow, while a faint, cool breeze was stirring among the full-leaved trees. Clara opened her window, and kneeling down on the window-seat leaned her arms on the rail, and looked out on the quiet night.

The girl's thoughts were a strange medley as she knelt there in her white wrapper, the night air stirring the short curls which clustered about her forehead, but in them the past had no share. She thought of the present only, and perhaps the future. She went back a little way—a few days only—to that on which Richard Burke had arrived at Fetherstone Hall; and as she thought, a flush rose hotly to the roots of the pretty chestnut locks, and made her lift both little hands to her face shyly. She remembered the strange, curious thrill which had passed through her when she met the grave, almost tender glance of the gray blue eyes which had seemed to seek hers so persistently, as if their owner had some unusual interest in her. It was not new to Clara this; she was far too pretty not to have oftentimes excited the same interest, aroused the same admiration, but then she had always regretted it.

Mr. Burke's interest and admiration had pleased her; and when, a few days after his arrival at Fetherstone Hall, he had avoided her and had treated her with a ceremonious politeness, it had brought a strange, new pain to her heart, which had made the days before Ella's wedding somewhat heavy and wearisome. Clara flushed still more deeply as she thought how she had tried to win back the old expression into his eyes, succeeding sometimes only too well, while at others—

And then she remembered how she had flirted with other men; to show him, in her foolish girl's pique, that, if he did not care for her, others would give much to win a smile from her lips, a glance from the sweet eyes; and the grave disapproval in the gray-blue eyes had urged her on to yet more decided flirtations, and more than once foolish, willful, loving Clara had cried herself to sleep at night because Mr. Burke had merely touched her little fingers with his, as they exchanged "good-night," or perhaps had overlooked the little white hand altogether.

He had judged her harshly once or twice, she thought sorrowfully, as she watched the dawn breaking in the east and the golden glory stealing up in the sky. The other day, when Mr. Lucy had been reading poetry, how meaningly Dick (Clara called him Dick to herself) had looked at her at that passage about 'flirting;' he evidently thought her by no means too "pure and holy and high" for the "unwomanly shame" of flirting! And again, about the letters; he had evidently thought her capable of carrying on a clandestine correspondence unknown to Lady Ellison, of taking advantage of her adopted mother's blindness. That was a cruel thought, and yet something even at the time had told Clara it had hurt him as much to believe that of her as it had pained her to think that he could so misjudge her.

But to-night—or last night, rather, for that long interview on the terrace had taken place before midnight—he had been so good, and patient, and tender. How gently he had borne her petulance—how tenderly he had shown her that he did not dislike her—far from it. And then that last question—so gently spoken, with that intense gaze of the gray-blue eyes fixed upon her face—that question which had told her his real feeling toward her, and which had made her happy with a deep, blissful happiness she had never known before—a happiness which had something akin to pain even at that moment when he laid his lips upon her hand.

"What is it? Do I love him? Is it that?" Clara said breathlessly, the color coming and going swiftly in the fair face, the newly-awakened heart throbbing fast in its unrest. "Is it that? O, Dick, Dick!"

And then she watched, with a strange, new light in her eyes, the golden glory deepening in the sky as the sun rose in the early summer dawn and bathed the earth in a luxuriance of light and a glow of color.

It was not often that Clara had seen the sun rise since she had become a brilliant London belle, but this one seemed the loveliest thing to her that her eyes had ever seen; and as she drank in its beauty her eyes filled with slow unaccustomed tears.

There was something of foreboding, of melancholy over her—something of sadness and of pain mingled with the swift joy which throbbed in every pulse. She had never loved before, and she felt now the strange, resistless power of that "foolish passion." It had its sweetness and its bitterness—its sweetness in the unutterable, indescribable happiness of loving and being loved; its bitterness, because even to the young girl's newly-awakened heart something told her that to love and to suffer were surely synonymous terms.

Ah, what sweet dreams came thronging around her as she knelt there, with her hair falling around her, her eyes watching intently the rosy flush of the opening day; dreams of a life filled with happiness given by his love—dreams of happy hours together when it should be her joy, her delight, to chase every shadow from his face—to make that rare smile more frequent—to blot out by her love and tenderness the misery of the past life in the gladness of the future.

He had been unhappy, very unhappy—many things made her know that—but she would make him forget—he should be so happy in the future before them, that he should no longer remember the past.

Ah, if Richard Burke could have known how tenderly she was thinking of him—what earnest prayers for his happiness and welfare she was sending up from her warm, loving heart! If he had known—if he had known!

Five o'clock striking loudly and clearly from the stable clock made Clara start and draw back from the window. The sound awakened her from those dreams, and she seemed in one moment to have passed from dreamy, unreal—transfigured to the reality of her own existence. She went back slowly to the centre of the room, and a glimpse of her white ball-dress recalled the events of the past night, and reminded her of her sleeplessness and the cure she had tried. As she recollected the soft flush faded, the love-light died away out of the brown eyes, and a questioning, intent expression came into them.

"What was he doing, I wonder?" she said, half aloud, as she threw off her wrapper and crept into bed again, with wide-open, but weary eyes. "I wonder—I wonder."

And so wondering, presently the heavy white lids drooped over the sweet eyes, the soft cheek rested more heavily against the little hand, and Clara fell asleep, just as the tired servants were preparing to begin their household duties once more.

The sunshine was pouring steadily in at her still open window when she awoke, and a glance at her watch showed her that it was nine o'clock and past. But the breakfast hour at Fetherstone Hall was always an elastic one, and Clara felt pretty sure that there would not be many down at the usual hour of half-past nine; so she lay back comfortably upon her pillows, clasped her hands behind her head, and went off again into the dreamland from which she had just emerged, with the difference now, that a few minutes before she had been dreaming with her eyes open, with the softest little gleams of love and tenderness coming and going in their depths.

Presently she roused herself with a sigh and raised herself on her elbow. A cup of tea, and some letters on a salver on the little table beside her bed, showed that Baxter had already entered the room, but had refrained from disturbing her slumbers in consideration of the fatigue of the previous day.

Clara took up the letters languidly, and threw them one by one aside indifferently, until she came to a note which had evidently not been through the post, and she looked at it curiously, wondering from whom it came, and delayed gratifying her desire to know, as many of us do, by examining the outside of the letter instead of opening it and obtaining the information she wished to have. When she did so, she glanced over it a context, with a little amused smile. It ran as follows:

"Dear Clarie: I have it on my conscience that I have deceived you about the fortune-telling this afternoon, and I do not want to leave you under a wrong impression. You thought I came very near the truth when I told you about the fair man about whom you were anxious to obtain information; but the fact is, I know something about your wish to discover Sir Grant Ellison's whereabouts. It is not generally known, for my mother wishes it to be kept quiet, that I am engaged to George Daubeny, son of Mr. Daubeny, senior partner in the firm of solicitors you employed to make your inquiries, and it was through George I heard of it.

"I must tell you how it came about though it is rather a humiliating confession to make. George raved about you so, and spoke so much of your noble disinterestedness, that I grew so jealous that he was obliged in self-defense to tell me. I hope you are not angry, and I hope, too, that Sir Grant Ellison will not turn up; for you will make a better use of the Ellison revenues than he would have done. I shall not see you to-morrow morning, as we are obliged to leave so early, so take this opportunity of saying good-bye, of asking your forgiveness, and of hoping the conclusion of my prophecy—a happy life with a fair man—will come true. I think there is every likelihood of it, my dear, if you will only say 'Yes,' when you are asked. Don't be angry, Clarie, and with love, I remain your affectionate

Fan Dolby."

Clara closed the letter with a little low laugh, and the color came flushing into her face as she thought of its conclusion. Then the fair face saddened a little as she remembered Sir Grant Ellison's sad end—lonely and desolate, away from the only one who had ever loved him.

"I dare say Dick was very, very good to him," she said softly to herself. "He has known so much sorrow himself that he would have real sympathy. I wonder if he is very poor?" she added. "I suppose he is. Ted said he was a poor man, I think; but I shall be rich, and even if I were not so, I would not mind being poor with him!"

At this moment the door opened violently, and Ferrie, Lady Ellison's maid, rushed in with wild eyes and pallid countenance.

"Oh, Miss Clara! Miss Clara! what shall I do?" she cried, excitedly, and Clara started up.

"What is the matter?" she exclaimed.

"O, my lady! my lady!" sobbed Ferris, with her apron thrown over her face, and rocking herself to and from the greatest distress.

"What is it? Ferris, answer me immediately," cried Clara, turning very pale. "What is it?"

"O, Miss Clara!—my lady——"

"Is she ill?" said Clara, faintly conjuring up certain terrible visions of her adopted mother's sudden illness.

"No; it's not that. O, Miss Clara!—the diamonds."

"What about the diamonds?" Clara asked, drawing a breath of relief.

"They are gone, miss!—every one of them! Stolen in the night!"

"Stolen!"

"Yes. Some one got into the dressing-room and stole them.

"Got into the dressing-room and stole them!" repeated Clara, with a pause between each word; her face growing lividly pale, and a look of intense horror coming into her eyes.

"Yes, all gone, miss!" sobbed Ferris. "Oh! my, Miss Clara! are you going to faint?"

Clara stared at her for a moment with the horror deepening on her face, then fell back immovable, her face as colorless as the pillows on which she lay.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE THEFT OF LADY ELLISON'S DIAMONDS.

"And you think you will go to-day, Dick?"

"I think so. I must set even this slight doubt at rest, Ted.

"There never was such a hot-headed lover!" laughed Ted. "Well, I wish you all joy, old fellow! I always thought the girl was fond of you."

"I dared not think that such happiness was in store for me," said Richard Burke, in a low voice. "Think of the misery of the last ten years, Ted, and contrast it with this happiness which almost seems within my reach now, and you will not wonder that I dare not count upon it even now."

"But you may safely do so?"

"May I! I do not know; sometimes I almost fear that some envious hand will pluck it away from me even now; that I shall be wrecked within sight of land."

"Nonsense," laughed Ted, gayly. "You are dyspeptic, old fellow. Here comes Uncle John; you had better tell him all about it, as he is your chief confidant."

The two young men were standing together in the dinning-room of Fetherstone Hall on the morning following Ella's wedding-day; and, as Ted uttered the last sentence, Mr. John Fetherstone came into the room. The breakfast-hour was nine o'clock, and it was more than half an hour after that time, but as yet no one had put in an appearance, although the urn was hissing angrily, as if it did not approve of the delay.

Mr. John joined the two young men who were standing by the open French window, through which they had entered the room. During quite half an hour they had been pacing up and down the terrace, deeply engaged in conversation, and Ted was looking eager and excited to a degree which made his uncle smile.

"What is up, Ted?" he said, gayly, as he joined them. "Ah! I see; Dick has been making a clean breast of it."

Ted laughed, and began talking eagerly to his uncle, who listened with close attention; and when the story—whatever it was—was concluded, he said, turning to Mr. Burke:

"I will go with you, Dick. We need not be away more than two or three days at the longest. I can quite understand your impatience," he added, smiling. "I wish you Godspeed in your wooing."

At this juncture Lord Henry and Lord George Gale entered the dining-room; and in a few moments after Grace Allen put in an appearance, looking as bright and unwearied in her pretty chintz costume as if she had not danced until two in the morning.

"I think we had better commence operations," said Ted, going toward the breakfast-table. "Miss Allen, as you are the only one representative of your sex present, perhaps you will officiate. I am longing for a cup of coffee, which will be a beverage for the gods if you will pour it out," he added, in a low voice, as Miss Allen laughed and blushed.

He gave her his arm to lead her to the head of the table, when the room door opened, and Mr. Fetherstone appeared on the threshold, looking disturbed and annoyed.

"Is your uncle there?" he said, abruptly.

"Yes, I am here, Edward," said Mr John, turning to him immediately.

"Will you come to my study as soon as you have had some breakfast?" said the master of Fetherstone Hall, hurriedly.

"I will come at once," his brother answered, promptly, and they left the room together.

"Something has upset the governor," said Ted, smilingly. "I wonder what it is? Come along, Lord Henry; Miss Allen is going to give us some coffee."

"We are a very small party," said Mr. Burke, as he sat down. "Where is everybody?"

"Sleeping off the fatigue of yesterday, I suppose," said Lord Henry, laughing. "I must own to feeling inclined for a second snooze this morning."

"And yet it was not a very late party," remarked his brother.

"But it was a fatiguing day," said Lord Henry, smiling. "Weddings ought to be in the evening, I think."

"You had better bring in a bill next session," said Ted, laughing. "Miss Allen, may I send you some of this pie?

"I will bring in a bill with pleasure," laughed Lord Henry. "Will you support it, Fetherstone?"

"I? I shall never be in the House!" said Ted, more intent on attending to Miss Allen's wants than to his lordship's conversation.

"Shall you not?" said the other. "I thought you were to be member for Ashurst next year; we'll have an election then for sure."

"Shall we?" said Mr. Burke, carelessly. "How do you know?"

"'Coming events,' etc.," said Lord Henry, lightly; "and Ted is to marry, and become a useful member of society."

"Is he?" said Ted, with a swift glance at Miss Allen, which brought the pretty color into her face. "He has no objection, if any young lady will be kind enough to take pity on him. Ah! there is Sylvia! Better late than never, schwesterchen."

"I'm very sorry," Sylvia said, looking paler and graver than usual, as she came up to the table. "It was not my fault. Gracie, I'm very much obliged to you. Please don't get up."

"What's the matter, Sylvia?" her brother said, lazily. "You look like your grim—none the better for the ball last night. You are a regular lady of the doleful countenance this morning. Anything wrong?"

"Everything!" Sylvia answered, concisely.

"Everything? Pleasant that!" said Ted, laughing. "First and foremost, what? Is your pet canary ill? Has the mother been scolding you for flirting? Did your dearest cut you out last night? Never mind, Sylvia; no one need mind being eclipsed by Clara last night. She looked most lovely."

"She always does," put in Gracie, whose own piquante brunette beauty was of too different a character from Clara's to cause jealousy.

"Come, Sylvia, tell us all about it," said Ted, with a swift, admiring glance at Gracie, which showed that he had noticed her generous appreciation of another's beauty.

"Well, of course you know about Lady Ellison's diamonds?" began Sylvia, when she was interrupted by her brother.

"Of course we know nothing at all," he said, laughing. "Explain the mystery, Sylvia. What about the diamonds—have they been stolen?"

"Yes, they have been stolen!" Sylvia announced; and there was a general start and exclamations of surprise on every side.

"Stolen?—Is it possible?"

"Stolen? Impossible!"

"Who stole them?"

"How were they taken?"

"Sylvia, you must be joking!" exclaimed her brother. "Who is there here to steal them?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Sylvia, wearily. "I only know that Lady Ellison's maid left them on the dressing-table last night, and this morning they were gone."

"Last night?" said Mr. Burke suddenly. "During the dancing?"

"No; Ferris, the maid, thinks it must have been after they had gone to bed. She was so tired that she did not lock them away as usual. The poor girl is in an awful state of mind," continued Sylvia. "She rushed into Clara's room like a mad thing, frightened her into a fainting-fit, and——"

"Who, Clara?" said Ted, eagerly, while Mr. Burke looked up, startled.

"Yes, up to her, dreadfully. She was over an hour before we could bring her round, and mamma is going to send for Dr. Lennox."

"For Dr. Lennox? Is she so ill?" said Mr. Burke, anxiously.

"I have never known her faint before," Sylvia said. "She seems like a person who has had a terrible shock. It was so thoughtless of Ferris to startle her so; when she saw her rushing into the room, she thought something had happened to Lady Ellison."

"Poor child!" said Ted, compassionately. "She overdid it yesterday. I dare say. But what about the jewels, Sylvia? My father knows, of course?"

"Yes; he is in the study with Uncle John, and they have sent to the police station for Superintendent Graves."

"I will go to them," said Ted. "Dick, what train do you wish to leave by?"

"Are you going away, Mr. Burke?" said Sylvia, hastily.

"For a few days only, on business," he answered, smiling. "I think the 2.40 train will be the best, Ted."

"All right—I'll drive you over!" said Ted, as he went toward the door and opened it; then he started back with an exclamation of surprise which made Sylvia glance after him, and she saw Clara quietly enter the room.

The girl's face was as white as the dress she wore, but her eyes were feverishly bright, and there was a strange expression of mingled pride and intolerable suffering upon it. She put her hand into Ted's, wishing him "Good-morning" in almost her usual manner; then she passed on to the breakfast-table, greeting Gracie with a little smile. The young men had risen, and were mingling their salutations with concerned inquiries about her health, while Sylvia exclaimed in surprise at seeing her down. Clara answered Lord Henry and his brother calmly, passed Mr. Burke without a word or look, and sitting down, bent her head over her coffee-cup and made a feint of breakfasting.

Something strange and undefinable in her manner seemed to throw a constraint over those assembled round the table. Ted went off to his father, Sylvia was silent and abstracted, while Mr. Burke glanced occasionally with anxious eyes at Clara's beautiful pale face, wondering what had brought that shadow into her sweet eyes, the unutterable sadness round the tender mouth.

"Have you seen Lady Ellison, dear?" said Sylvia, presently, in a low voice.

Clara's lips parted, and she breathed rather than spoke the monosyllable in which she replied:

"No."

"Will she not be anxious about you?"

"She does not know I was ill," said Clara, in a husky voice.

"Will she not suspect something?"

"I cannot help that," Clara replied, in a voice of such sharp pain that it silenced Sylvia; and at the same moment she rose from the table, stood still for a moment, then turned toward the door.

Midway across the room she stopped, and put out her hands, as if seeking some support. In a moment Sylvia and Mr. Burke were at her side.

"What is it, dear?" said the former, quickly. "Are you ill?"

Mr. Burke had put his arm round her, fearing she would fall; but not for a moment did she suffer his touch. She shook off his hand with a sudden, fierce, passionate gesture, and stood erect with flashing eyes and flushing cheeks.

"How dare you!" she said wildly—"how dare you touch me?"

And as he fell back a step in intense surprise, she walked swiftly out of the dining-room, erect and stately.

"What can be the matter?" Sylvia exclaimed. "You must not mind her manner, Mr. Burke. Clara hates feeling ill, and always gets cross," she added, seeing the pain on Mr. Burke's face. "And she looks very ill, does she not?"

Mr. Burke did not answer. He walked over to the window, and stood for a few moments in deep thought. Then, turning abruptly away, he quitted the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

On the Train.

One must be well acquainted with his fellow-passengers before he can thoroughly enjoy them. If he goes over the same route only occasionally, he may, after awhile, become familiar with the scenery and more prominent landmarks, but he will never come to know the inhabitants. This rare treat is reserved for the "regular" who owns a quarterly ticket and rides every day between the same points. He may not be able to name a single person he meets, but this is unimportant, for he seldom has occasion to address them; he nevertheless enjoys the personal acquaintance of every body worth knowing along his line of travel.

The disagreeable passengers are soon detected and consigned to coventry. The obtrusive person who knows the conductor and brakeman, and who walks familiarly into the baggage-car, where none but officials and inmates are welcome; the ogler who parades himself the length of the train every ten minutes, peering into all the bonnets and distributing his bows at random; the unclean animal who defiles the floor with tobacco juice and the air with profanity; the injudicious miss who eats peanuts with the boys and relate all her selfish griefs to the public; the spaces filling matron who can never find room for her bundles, whom no concession will appease and no flattery compose—these are necessary evils that serve as foils to set off to great advantage the delightful people whom the daily traveler meets.

How the jolly villagers huddle together in the little stations and wait for the train! And when it comes, how they clamber aboard and distribute themselves in the most desirable seats. There is the dear old lady who has not been to town for weeks and weeks, and makes an event of it; and the country clergyman, with all his dignity and linen done up fresh for the trip; and the bride and groom, starting on their tour; and the lawyer, coming to court; and the farmer, looking for cows and a market—these are regular occasionals. It is only necessary to see them once to classify and label them. Through passengers are of no account whatever, being here to day and there to-morrow.

The Tear Kerchief—A Beautiful Custom.

In some portions of Tierol a peculiar and beautiful custom still prevails. When a girl is about to be married, before she leaves her home to go to the church, her mother hands her a kerchief, which is called a tear kerchief. It is made of newly spun linen, and has never been used. It is with this kerchief that she dries her tears when she leaves her father's house, and while she stands at the altar.

After the marriage is over and the bride has gone with her husband to their own new home, she folds up the kerchief and places it in the linen closet, where it remains untouched. The tear kerchief has only performed half its mission.

Children are born, grow up, marry and move away from the old home. Each daughter receives from the mother a new kerchief. Her own still remains where it was placed in the linen closet on the day of the marriage. Generations come and go. The young rosy bride has become a wrinkled old woman. She may have survived her husband and all her children. All her friends may have died off, and still that last present which she received from her mother has not fulfilled its object. But it comes at last. At last the weary eyelids close for the long, long sleep, and the tired, wrinkled hand are folded over the pulseless heart. Then the tear kerchief is taken from its place and spread over the placid features of the dead, never to be removed until we are summoned to come forth on the resurrection morn.

AN UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY

A TALE OF CANADIAN BACKWOODS LIFE.

(CONTINUED.

The wind rattled and banged amongst the houses of the little settlement, and then flew howling off through the wilderness, like a million malevolent demons bent upon the destruction of things mundane.

"My conscience!" exclaimed Mrs. Brooke, at last, "what an awful night! God forbid that any human being should lack for shelter while this storm is raging."

The words were no sooner out of her mouth than there came a heavy rap at the outer door.

"God save us all, he's come at last!" ejaculated old Peters, turning green with fright. Every one sat stupidly staring at his neighbour; no one uttered a word. The conversation that evening had been too suggestive not to show its impress upon the nerves, and now, when an ordinary rap for admittance is given upon the door, instead of rushing to open it as any one of them would do at another time, all sat motionless as if turned to stone.

Mr. Brooke, however, soon realized the absurdity of the position, and, rising from his place, went and withdrew the old-fashioned wooden bolt, and raising the latch, was ready to invite his guest, whoever he might prove to be, into the well-lighted, warm and hospitable room,—when, to his amazement, he found no one there.

The air was full of feathery particles driven hither and thither by the boisterous wind, so that he could see but a yard or so out into the darkness, but no one seemed to be near. Standing half in and half out of the house with the door drawn closely against his person, Mr. Brooke stood for a moment peering out into the storm. Getting impatient at last he called out:

"Come in, who ever you are."

But there was no response.

The only sound that could be heard was the peculiar moaning and wailing of the wind through the heavy foliage of the tall pines.

Then, shutting the door and bolting it, Mr. Brooke, like a man in a dream, walked back to his chair and sat down without uttering a word. Old Peter found his tongue, however, and plously exclaimed:

"The Lord have mercy upon us poor miserable sinners!"

All the party had quite distinctly heard the rap, and now after Mr. Brooke had demonstrated that nobody, in the flesh at any rate, was there they were completely dumbfounded. Every one had a sufficient leaven of superstition to ask himself seriously, What if Mr. Sampson were indeed abroad? And what was going to happen next?

No one was therefore greatly surprised, a moment later, when a series of double raps was given the same door. This time there was no delay, for Dick Hart leaped up and immediately threw open the door once more, and he had no sooner done so, when a tall figure, muffled up to the eyes, advanced into the room. He seemed to be of flesh and blood, at least at first sight, and his voice did not remind one particularly of the supernatural world, as he brusquely inquired what kind of people they were to let a man knock at their door on a Christmas night, and in such weather, without caring to stir to let him in.

"Indians," he said with a sneer, "were more hospitable than they were." This was certainly a most human way of turning the tables upon them; and ghostly fears quickly subsided when they observed that the stranger made a most palpable noise with his feet. When explanations followed, as they quickly did, the stranger told them that he was on his way to Woodstock up the London Road, but in the storm had somehow missed his way, and had floundered for some hours through the drifts when he observed a light a short distance off, and approaching nearer found it came from a substantial dwelling.

Walking to the door he rapped, but no one coming, he walked around the house to the window whence had proceeded the light which had guided him thither. He reached the point just as Mr. Brooke had opened the door, and perceiving that the people of the house were not so inhospitable as they seemed at first, he returned quickly to the door, which he of course found closed, when he delivered the double raps which brought Dick Hart so quickly.

"And now I am inside," the stranger said, "will you let me stay all night, or must I seek other quarters? I would rather, however, stop than go elsewhere."

Mr. Brooke courteously bade his would-be guest to make himself comfortable, as he was entirely welcome to remain the night. Then the stranger quickly removed his winter wraps and took a seat while Mrs. Brooke bustled about to get ready some warm supper for him, this being invariably the custom of the hospitable settlers.

The new-comer appeared to be a man of forty or forty-five years of age, decidedly energetic in his manners, rather pleasing features, and he was dressed in the ordinary habiliments of the country. In fact there was nothing particularly noticeable about him that would challenge remark. Evidently he was not a ghost in any sense of the word, and this appeared to be a disappointment to Mr. Peters, who certainly expected Mr. Sampson's spirit to appear when the door opened the first time.

It having now grown rather late, Peter Hart and the other settlers betook themselves to their own dwellings, leaving the stranger to thaw himself out before Mrs. Brooke's fire, and regale himself with Mr. Brooke's supper, to which he applied himself most satisfactorily, bothering himself and his hosts.

This congenial task over, and all the household gone to bed except Mr. Brooke and himself, the stranger startled that sturdy settler almost out of his senses just as he was beginning to nod over the fire by suddenly asking if he had any suspicion who he was.

"Why, no, certainly not. But I half expected you were a ghost before I opened the door for you. In fact we were gons silly over a ghost story that old Peters had been relating, and the rap at the door seemed so opportune, that it was a positive relief to all of us, except Peters, that you were clothed in garments more substantial than those generally worn by ghosts."

"Well, I don't believe in ghosts, as I have never seen any," answered the stranger, "nor heard of a well authenticated case of any one else who did. I am therefore not afraid of them, and I am somewhat surprised that a man of your years should not have outgrown such childish superstitions. But enough of ghosts, if you please. I have something very serious and important to confide to you, and I have waited until every one was out of the way before I began."

Mr. Brooke felt very uneasy. Who and what was this stranger who presumed to talk as he did? But he was soon to know. The stranger was evidently a man of few words, and, without beating about the bush, he went straight to the point.

"I am Detective North, from Brantford, and I told a white fib when I said I was on my way to Woodstock and got off my road by mistake. My way was straight here, and my business is partly with you and partly with some one else. Now, don't get alarmed, my friend."

Mr. Brooke was getting decidedly dgety.

"I don't suspect you of doing anything wrong. Quite the reverse. I have got information, no matter how or from whom that at twelve o'clock to-night a man named Redlaw, whom I suspect to be the murderer of poor Sampson, and whom I have been searching for over half the country, make the attempt to obtain possession of some money that Mr. Sampson is believed to have buried somewhere under the mill, and which Redlaw did not find time to hunt for at the time of the murder. If he comes to night I shall arrest him, and I would like your help in the matter. Besides being useful to me at the mill I should like to bring the prisoner to your house until morning, and get him away, if possible, without any one but yourself knowing it."

Giving Mr. Brooke time to recover from his surprise at this revelation, Detective North busied himself for a few moments with some papers that he had drawn from his pocket. Then he passed one across to his companion.

"There," he said, "is the warrant for the man's arrest signed by a Brantford magistrate. Every thing you see is regular, and you need have no apprehension whatever."

Mr. Brooke, after recovering somewhat from his bewilderment, caused by this unexpected turn in the affair of the murder, saw that it would be better for him to comply, although he did not relish being in any way concerned in detective work.

"I consent," he said, "to assist you in any way I am able, Mr North. What do you wish me to do?"

"Oh, not much," the detective answered, "I want you to go with me to the mill in a few minutes. It is now half-past eleven o'clock," looking at his watch. "Redlaw will be there about twelve, and it's quite possible that he may not be alone. We must go at once and take up the most advantageous position, so that we can deal effectively with him. He shall not slip through my fingers if I can prevent it. Now then I'll just light my bull's-eye lantern, and we'll be off. You can plenty of warm clothes Mr. Brooke. It's a terrible night."

A few minutes later two muffled figures stole quietly out of Mr. Brooke's house and took their way silently towards the mill. The storm was still raging furiously, and the man Redlaw seemed specially favored by the elements in carrying out his project. He would surely have no fear of being disturbed on such a night, even if the work he had on hand promised to require a long search.

The two figures reached the mill, when the detective put himself under Mr. Brooke's guidance, and the two men, by the dim light of a small lantern, made their way to the stairway, down which they proceeded to the bottom, and after cautiously ascertaining that they were alone, made their way over the uneven surface to a position on some timbers near the mill-race, from whence they could have an uninterrupted view of the whole interior of the mill without being seen themselves.

It was fortunate that the detective was a man of iron nerve and resolute will or he assuredly would have given up the undertaking for that night. Mr. Brooke had brought him to as gruesome a spot as perhaps could be found on earth, and even he, familiar as he was, with every part of the mill, would have welcomed with intense relief a decision from the detective to return to the house.

The place where they were was on a level with the stream, some fifteen or twenty feet below the main floor of the mill, the room being about thirty feet broad and fifty or sixty feet long. Along one side ran the mill race. The dark, heavy, sodden timbers glistened with slime; the walls were black with damp, and hideous fungous growths formed excrescences of a thousand different and horrible shapes. The earthen floor was hidden by wet hillocks of yellow sawdust and the *debris* which had fallen from the main floor above.

Add to all this the dark suggestions of a terrible and recently committed crime which would ever haunt the spot, and enough will have been said to convey some idea of the locality where the courageous detective hoped to arrest a desperate and bloodstained criminal.

"This is about the worst place I have ever seen," whispered the detective to his companion. "But I shall see the thing through notwithstanding."

"Sssssssh, isn't that a man's step overhead?" Mr. Brooke startingly replied, clutching his companion by the arm.

Sure enough, a minute or so later the trap door was raised and a man with a dark lantern descended without troubling himself whether or not he made a noise. The detective was glad to perceive that the newcomer was alone, so that his task presently would be all the easier.

The man, without any apparent hesitation, went directly to a corner of the mill, put down his lantern on the ground, together with a spade, and then threw off his muffler and great-coat, evidently preparing for some considerable work. Mr. Brooke observed that the fellow was very tall, and also that he had a hooked nose. He looked formidable man to tackle, considering all things.

The detective was cogitating the best way to accomplish his object, as the man he called Redlaw went on making his preparations to dig for the dead miller's money. He finally came to the conclusion to wait and then nab his man on the stairs as he was taking his departure. The stranger struck his spade into the earthen floor and began rapidly to throw out spade-full after spade-full of dirt, and his task promised to be soon accomplished. Every time he raised his arms in his work the watchers could perceive the sparkle of a diamond from one of his fingers, indicating the incongruous work the wearer was engaged at.

As the fellow pursued his work, the detective and Mr. Brooke gradually became aware of the occurrence of a mysterious phenomenon which they were wholly unable to account for. Instead of the vast space underneath the mill being in inky darkness, lighted only in one spot by the dim and almost imperceptible ray from the bull's-eye of a small lantern, which would be expected to have no more effect upon the outer darkness than would a solitary star of the seventh magnitude have upon the illimitable heavens, they were startled and perplexed to observe that the whole place was entirely pervaded by a sort of misty, bluish light, which seemed to emanate from no point in particular. This peculiar light was as apparent in the far corners as near them, and appeared to have a faint yet easily perceptible vertical motion, pausing up and down in varying degrees of swiftness. With blanched faces the two men stood and watched the unearthly, ghastly play of light, momentarily expecting something unutterable to happen, they knew not what.

Redlaw, as yet, saw nothing amiss, and was working away energetically, though apparently without concern, and had already dug out a considerable hole upon which he was concentrating his entire attention. Soon they became aware that the light was gathering in denser volume toward a particular point, though it had assumed no particular shape.

Just at this moment Redlaw paused for a spell to rest, and raising his eyes from his work noticed for the first time, the altered aspect of the atmosphere around him. He looked, naturally enough, considerably started. He turned his face rapidly first one way and then another, perhaps thinking that the mill was on fire and expecting to see a blaze in some corner.

All at once, however, his roving eyes became rivetted to one place and his body grew rigid as marble. The detective and his companion, terrified as they undoubtedly were, still preserved sufficient presence of mind to keep their eyes on the stranger. They saw his lower jaw suddenly drop and every symptom of extreme and abject fear appear upon his face. His eyes were starting from their sockets, his face was pale and ghastly, and on his cheek they remarked a livid scar contrasting horribly with the pallid features.

Following his gaze a sight met their eyes which froze every drop of blood in their veins. Like Redlaw they stood stock still, as if petrified, their nerves completely unstrung. The detective, if he had consciousness to remember his recently expressed unbelief in supernatural apparitions, would no longer entertain a doubt on the matter. For, not twenty feet from where he and his companion were standing, he beheld very distinctly, the outline of a human figure standing erect with one arm pointing towards Redlaw, and the other unbent towards its neck, from which a torrent of blood seemed to be streaming!

The whole of the figure was slightly luminous and seemed to be transparent, and its unnatural and supernatural character was emphasized by a perceptible wavering motion. The countenance of the figure, which Mr. Brooke afterwards declared was undoubtedly Mr. Sampson's, wore a most horrible expression. The lips seemed to move as if they were presently to thunder forth pitiless denunciations against the blanched, miserable figure now so silent and fear-stricken! But no sound came from them; it ended in mute pantomime.

But not so with Redlaw. His tried nerves had reached their utmost limit of tension and the reaction came. A terrified shriek burst from his lips and rang out sharp and loud above the confused and intermingled sounds of the storm and rushing, gurgling waters.

At last Redlaw was completely overmastered by his emotion; every limb was strained and quivering; his hands were clenched convulsively; the uncovered and protruding eye balls were fixed upon the awful shape that had so suddenly loomed directly upon him, an avenging Nemesis from the dark caverns of death.

The detective and his companion saw him gather his agonized form for one supreme and final effort of defence, and spasmodically hurl the spade, which he had until then retained in his hands, full into the face of the unearthly figure, even as Luther did the ink pot at the devil, and with another awful shriek, more like the cry of a damned spirit than any sound uttered by the lips of a human being, dart up the stairs like a flash, through the mill, and out into the storm.

The two men who had been the spectators in this scene needed no invitation to quickly follow Redlaw's example in quitting the presence of the horrible apparition, but when they reached the open air, Redlaw was gone. He had evidently struck straight across the clearing and had disappeared within the jaws of the immense swamp, and for the present he was safe from all pursuit.

The detective, realizing this, gave up the attempt for the night and was not sorry to reach once more Mr. Brooke's comfortable domicile, a pleasant exchange for the dread precincts of the mill. He was resolved, however, to ask Mr. Brooke's aid, and in the morning endeavor to foll w the fugitive into the recesses of the swamp.

Meantime Redlaw continued his mad flight, careless and hatless, he knew not whither, nor perhaps cared, so long as every footstep led him further away from what he had just witnessed. His brain was in a whirl, but ever uppermost was the awful figure with its uplifted arm, bloody neck and terrible features, and nothing would shut out the view.

For the first time, perhaps, in Redlaw's wicked life, the scorpions—fear and remorse—had fastened themselves relentlessly to him, and the struggle was to be fought far from human eyes in the bowels of the dreary and lonely swamp. For the first time life had suddenly lost for him all its joy and sweetness. The desolate swamp and dreadful storm were partly shorn of their terrors. Even the far-off howling of a pack of wolves, presently breaking upon his ears from the forest reaches, failed to thrill his benumbed nerves.

If he was cursed with a vivid imagination it added ten fold to his sufferings. The full import of his crime had come home to him with crushing force. Perhaps one moment of temptation had made shipwreck of his whole life, and now the life was indescribable torture. What mental throes Redlaw underwent during the long night he spent in the darkness and storm of the forest, no human being can fathom, far less describe in words. What has been said will give the reader a faint idea of the character of the conflict.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

Hard Working European Women.

At Stockholm the debasement of woman is perhaps more thorough and complete than in any city of Northern Europe. She here practically supplants the beasts of burden. And I am not altogether unfamiliar with woman's work in Europe. I have seen her around the pit mouth, at the forge, and barefooted in the brickyards of "Merrie England," and filling blast furnaces, and tending coke ovens in "Sunny France."

I have sadly watched her bearing the heat and burden of the day in the fields of the "Fatherland," and in Austria-Hungary doing the work of man and beast on the farm and in the mine.

I have seen women emerge from the coal pit of "Busy Belgium," where little girls and young women graduate under ground as hewers of coal and drawers of carts, for it is no uncommon thing in Europe to hitch women and dogs together, that manufacturing may be done cheaply. Aged, bent and sunburned, I have seen women, with rope over shoulder, toiling on the banks of canals and dikes in picturesque Holland.

Having witnessed all this, I was yet surprised to find in a city so beautiful, and seeming so rich and prosperous as Stockholm women still more debased. In Stockholm she is almost exclusively employed as hod-carrier and brick layer's assistant. She carries brick, mixes mortar, and, in short, does all the heavy work about the building. At the dinner hour you see groups of women sitting on piles of wood and stone, eating their frugal repast.

Those engaged making mortar and tending plasterers, wear aprons. They are paid for a day of hard work of this toil, lasting twelve hours, the munificent sum of one kroner, (equivalent to one and three pence.)

Women sweep the streets, haul the rubbish, drag hand-carts up the hills, and over cobble-stones, unload bricks at the quays, attend to parks, do the gardening, and row the numerous ferries which abound at Stockholm.

The entire dairy business of the city is in their hands, and here they take the place of horses and dogs, carrying on their shoulders the heavy cans of milk from door to door.

While woman thus slaves in Stockholm, man parades. You will see him in a sort of uniform in the market place, lounging all day "for hire," to run errands, or to do light porterage. Whenever any light work that pays fairly well is to be done, there is the genus man.

On dress parade you see him as a soldier, swaggering about beer-gardens, loafing in the barrack-yard, or fishing on the outskirts of the town.

Tis a pity some of the showy soldiers of these little European Powers could not be crystallized into expert hod-carriers, or another on the same farm, and thus Holland presents the singular spectacle of being the only country in the world which has its fences under the ground. The farmer takes his produce to his house, barn, or place of market on small boats in these canals. Some of these small crafts are propelled by paddles or oars, others are pushed by long poles, and many are driven by sails. In travelling through the country it frequently happens that you can see these small sail boats when you cannot see the canals, and there is presented the unnatural spectable of what seems to be boats sailing on dry land through the meadows, fields, and pastures.

Holland's Underground Fences.

They have in Holland scarcely anything of what we call fences. So these canals are used, first, as private ways and highways for travel and traffic; second, for the purpose of drainage; and, third, for the purpose of fences. They form the boundary lines between the different farms, and they also separate one field or pasture from another on the same farm, and thus Holland presents the singular spectacle of being the only country in the world which has its fences under the ground. The farmer takes his produce to his house, barn, or place of market on small boats in these canals. Some of these small crafts are propelled by paddles or oars, others are pushed by long poles, and many are driven by sails. In travelling through the country it frequently happens that you can see these small sail boats when you cannot see the canals, and there is presented the unnatural spectable of what seems to be boats sailing on dry land through the meadows, fields, and pastures.

About the Panama Canal.

M. de Lesseps wants the French government to permit him to raise more money to prosecute the work of completing the Panama Canal. So far this authorization has been refused. In the meantime statements come from the Isthmus that the work is practically a failure. The reasoning runs in this wise: Estimated amount of excavation required for the canal, including rock cuttings, 125,000,000 cubic meters; this is the Lesseps estimate, and is believed to be much too low. Actual amount of excavation done, 13,000,000 cubic meters, or eleven per cent. of the whole. This is principally in soft earth. The canal was to be finished, according to M. de Lesseps, in 1888. Time is of the essence of his undertaking, since he has to pay interest on the capital employed in construction, including the share capital. One-half of the time has passed, and only one-tenth of the work is done, and this the least difficult part. The highest monthly achievement has been 775,000 cubic meters; the average was only 617,000 per month in 1884. The nature of the work is such that a more rapid rate of excavation can hardly be expected. If an average of 700,000 cubic meters can be maintained, and if the Lesseps estimate of the total amount required to be done is not too low, and if the dreadful Chagres can be controlled, and if the money is forthcoming, the canal may be completed in nine years from the present time; but Lieutenant Winslow, of the United States navy, in a recent report, expresses the opinion that it cannot be finished under any circumstances before the year 1897. At this rate it would take nearly a thousand million of dollers to finish the work. In the mean time the company would be bankrupted, and the enterprise would have to be undertaken by a new syndicate backed by the French nation. Then, argue the opponents of this work, even if completed it would never pay, for more time would be consumed in going from Europe to the east coast of Asia by way of the Panama Canal than is now necessary in sailing by way of the Suez Canal and the Indian Ocean. Time is money, and there would be no money by changing the steamship travel from the Mediterranean to the new route via the Panama Canal. Still we suspect that M. de Lesseps would tell a different story. We believe the canal will be finished before five years are over.

Law and Crime.

The law of the land, acting in the interests of social morality and safety, has decided that there are certainly parents who are not to be trusted with their own children. Hence the necessary foundation of industrial and reformatory schools, unsatisfactory experiments as they are generally considered to be. But the law can only take cognizance of the coarser and more palpable forms of crime, it cannot touch the roots of sin whence crime grows; hence, while it can rescue the children of the professional thief, or of the dissolute woman, or of the habitual drunkard who leaves them without proper guardianship, it can do nothing for the offspring of the reckless and even fraudulent speculator who ruins thousands, or of the libertine whose whole household arrangements are impure to the very core. Nobody who knows much of society will deny that there are children in the houses of millionaires who are at least as far removed from all direct good influence as is the veriest outcast of a London slums. Nay, for these there are no "missions," and they must be often tempted to doubt the sincerity of all religion, when they see how many of its professors are inclined to gloss over sins, when gilded by wealth and position, which they condemn and attack when associated with poverty and low estate.

Fiery Females.

There is something horribly suggestive in the fact that twenty-five women are enrolled as members of the Missouri Cremation Society. These advocates of the fiery furnace are married women, of course, and their action evinces a determination to give their husbands no rest until they hold their ashes in their hands. It is cheap, and will save a dress suit and a grave. The widow can stand the funeral urn on the mantelpiece as a trophy with the rest of her bric-a-brac, and candidates for her hand will have the felicity of seeing with their own eyes the happy fate in store for the successor of its handful of ashes.

Whether young or old, think it neither too soon nor too late to turn the leaves of your past life and consider what you would do if what you have done were to be done again.

Charles Montague de Poorville: WILL YOU TELL YOUR SISTER I AM HERE?

Maud: WELL, I'D LIKE TO OBLIGE YOU, ONLY SHE'S IN THE BACK PARLOR WITH MR. BACHELOR CROESUS, AND MAMA SAYS IF I INTERRUPT THEM I MUST GO TO BED WITHOUT MY SUPPER.

The Tribune.

FRIDAY, JAN. 8, 1886.

In the recent election in King's County, N.B., the Minister of Marine and Fisheries was returned by a majority of over 380 over his opponent Mr. Domville, an Independent Conservative. As a son of the people and an earnest social reformer, we congratulate the new minister on his return by the electors of his native county.

There appears to be no falling away of public interest in the municipal elections, which appear to have been everywhere contested with vigor and determination. This shows a healthy condition of things, evidencing an appreciation of the priceless boon of self-government. Ontario may well be proud of its municipal institutions which with all their faults are inferior to those of no other country.

The Senate during the last session of parliament attempted some changes in the Scott Act. Their attempt to thwart the popular will was happily frustrated by the action of the House of Commons. The majority of the peoples' representatives in that branch of the legislature resented this interference with the will of the people. While not all favorable to the Scott Act they felt that the people of Canada were disposed to give it a fair trial and they, therefore, resisted any infringement of the Act. Mr. White, the member for East Hastings, was among those who voted in favor of popular rights. It is safe to say he will not suffer for his action in that matter. The action of the Senators has resulted mischievously to the very parties whose interests they wished to conserve. Hopes were aroused which cannot be fulfilled. The issue of the struggle in Toronto and other places show that the people will resist the dictation of any class no matter how powerful. Party is cast to the winds when the rights of the people are threatened or their will disregarded.

HASTINGS COUNTY COUNCIL.

THIRTY-ONE MEMBERS.

The Hastings County Council for this year will be composed as follows:

Sidney—H. Blecker, J. H. Farley and John Holgate.
Thurlow—H. Ashley, N. Vermilyea, J.M. Hurley and J. W. Ross.
Hungerford—R. Gordon, A. McGown and James Clare.
Tyendinaga—J. C. Hanley, F. West and John Milligan.
Deseronto—W. R. Aylsworth.
Marmora—A. W. Carscallen.
Elziver—J. Tuttle.
Madoc Township—John Caskey and Wm. Thompson.
Rawdon—James Duncan, John C. Wilson and John Bateman.
Madoc Village—C. A. Aylsworth.
Stirling—G. W. Faulkner.
Bangor—P. J. Green.
Dungannon & Faraday—D. Kavanagh.
Carlow & Mayo—W. McLean.
Montcagle & Herschel—John Fitzgerald.
Huntingdon—M. Robinson and John Gordon.
Wollaston—Not heard from.
Tudor—Wm. Bass.

DISTRICT.

Scarlet Fever is prevalent in some sections of Rawdon.

There is a great deal of sickness at present in Gananoque.

There are now twenty-four prisoners in the county jail.

Mr. G. W. Ostrom was elected Mayor of Trenton by acclamation.

J. O. Proctor, of Brighton, will build a large hotel in Trenton.

Mrs. E. Jones, of Brockville, recently lost a Jersey cow valued at $5,000.

The new dam at Trenton is now about completed; it is about 17 feet high.

The Prince Edward County Farmer's Institute will meet at Picton on Jan. 22nd.

The Dairymen's Association of Eastern Ontario met in Belleville on Wednesday.

The barn of Mr. Fred Whitney, Pittsburg, was recently destroyed with all its contents.

1,466 vessels representing a tonnage of 342,112 departed from the port of Kingston during 1885.

John Murphy, of the township of Herschell, was recently fined $20 for selling liquor in prohibited hours.

A new English Church will be opened at South Lake on Jan. 17th. Rev. J. H. Nimmo is pastor.

Rev. R. S. Forneri, of Adolphustown, was presented with Christmas offerings of the value of $100.

The iron mines along the Kingston and Pembroke railway will be re-opened within the next few weeks.

John Jenkinson, of Marmora, fell down stairs on Christmas day breaking his neck and expiring instantly.

An 18 months old son of Arthur J. Miller, formerly of Belleville was poisoned at Hamilton by the mistake of a druggist.

Belleville's imports for 1885 were $22,707, a decrease of $9,076 on the previous year, and the export $66,407, a decrease of $39,781.

Building operations continue brisk at Trenton which has enjoyed a material increase in trade by one fare trips over the Central Ontario Railway.

In Richmond the following gentlemen were elected by acclamation:—H. Vankoughnet, Reeve; Wm. M. Sexsmith, Dep. Reeve; and M. Boyd, John McGuinnes and Irvin Jackson, Councillors.

The Bath farmers have not yet secured their money for barley sold to A. C. Macaulay, of Trenton. Macaulay alleges that he lost money on the cargo, as the grain was not up to sample. The matter is in the hands of a lawyer.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Petroleum has been found at Parkhill.

The Anchor Liner Sidonian has been sunk off Sicily.

M. Pasteur now proposes to cure eleven persons bitten by a mad wolf.

James King fell from a window in Kingston on the 1st, and broke his neck.

Princess Christian, daughter of the Queen, is reported to be mentally disturbed.

Germany has a dispute on hand with Portugal about a boundary line in Africa.

A Toronto barber fatally stabbed a shopmate with a pair of scissors on Saturday.

M. Brisson, the resigned Premier of France, and President Grevy have had a difficulty.

Messers. Moody and Sankey commenced a short revivalistic campaign in Montreal last Saturday.

It is reported that a number of Scandinavians in Houston County, Minn., are affected with leprosy.

Two Petewawa River shantymen report a persistent attack on them by a wolf apparently rabid.

A proposal is abroad to float a loan of £35,000,000 to provide China with armaments and railroads

At an Imperial Cabinet meeting it was resolved to push the question of Modified Home Rule for Ireland.

Three men, names unknown, drove into an airhole between Sorel and Berthier on the 1st and were drowned.

Quiet in Peru and a terrible cyclone in the Argentine Republic are included in the latest South American budget.

A report gives Hungary credit for the intention of changing the arms of the infantry at a cost of $30,000,000.

About $80,000 worth of patent medicines will be auctioned off in Montreal to satisfy a fine for undervaluation.

A charge against Warden Massie, of the Central Prison, Toronto, of assaulting a prisoner, has fallen through.

Lieut. Howard denies having scalped an Indian at Batoche, but admits having cut a scalp lock from young Whitecap.

Mr. Cayley, of Calgary, has gone to gaol in preference to the payment of the fine imposed on him for contempt of court.

The late Duke of Abercorn's sons present a sight never before seen in the House of Commons, four brothers sitting as members.

Latest reports from the poverty-stricken districts of the west of Ireland are heart-rending and prompt help is sorely needed.

An order in council has been passed at Ottawa prohibitting convict made barrels from coming into Canada without the payment of duty.

The flood in the Susquehanna River, at Whitehaven, Pa., is within two feet of being as high as in 1865. The greater part of the city is flooded.

The British Government has intimated its intention of opposing the revival of the bill for the construction of a tunnel under the English channel.

The rebel Arabs are reported to have penetrated the British lines at Suakim, and before they were repulsed attacked the soldiers in their tents.

Senator Hoar has made a move in the U. S. Senate to bring embezzlement and other breaches of trust within the operations of the extradition question.

An agreement has been arrived at between Madjid Pasha, special envoy of Turkey, and Prince Alexander, respecting the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia.

"Kid" Meany, an expert thief in this country, has been sentenced to twenty years penal servitude in England, having been concerned in the Netherby hall, robbery of $100,000.

SMEARING TO PROTECT SHEEP FROM COLD.

The value of wool depends in the highest degree upon the yolk which is present in it, and, therefore, if the shepherd can provide this where it is wanting in his breed, or can reasonably increase it when it is not abundant and at the same time protect his sheep from the rigor of our northern winters, the end will be attained. In Scotland and in Northumberland, where winter tells almost as severely as in our north-country, for some generations, the herders have followed up the plan of covering their sheep with an unctuous application, and in this country the same method has been pursued. Time was when cloth-makers were chary about buying oiled wool, but experience has done away with the ancient prejudice, and it is an accepted fact, that such wools now are most valuable for fine cloths. Why? Simply because the action of the unguent upon the growth of the fibre is such, as to make it evener, softer, and finer, hence more easy and satisfactory in the manipulation. Over and over again this fact has received absolute demonstration. There are two seasons of the year when "smearing" is done; immediately upon shearing in summer, and again, at the opening of the winter. If the ointment is merely rubbed upon the wool, it will serve only to smear it but if it be rubbed into the wool, close down to the body of the animal, it will do it thoroughly, and cover the skin. This is not difficult; the shepherd separates the wool with the fingers of one hand, and with the other lays the unguent at the root of the wool, upon the skin of the sheep. Thus applied, it renders the fibre softer, more pliable and finer, and whoever will try it, will be surprised at the benefit. Many times upon the fleeces of grazing sheep, the snows of winter lay in heavy masses, but if the animal shall have been "ointed," the snow does not remain upon them. The unguent is an additional coat in very truth, and many Scottish farmers, and the shepherds of Northumberland, know how well their flocks have survived the cold when they would have perished except for this extraneous assistance.—*American Agriculturist for January.*

In this climate it is of the greatest importance that a Cough should be cured immediately, as delay is liable to bring on Pulmonic Complaints that will take considerable time and money to cure. Always be prepared and have a bottle of West's Cough Syrup on hand, the remedy that was never know to fail. Cures Bronchitis, Asthma, Hoarseness, and all Throat and Lung troubles. Sold by W. G. Egar, druggist. Price 25 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00 per bottle.

DESERONTO MARKET.

Deseronto, Jan. 7th 1886.

Barley, 55 to 65 cents per bushel.
Oats, 30 to 35 " "
Butter, 19 to 21 cents per pound.
Lamb, 5 to 6 " "
Beef, 3 to 4 " "
Lard, 9 to 11 " "
Eggs, 18 to 20 cents per dozen.
Potatoes, 50 to 70 cents per bag.
Hay, 8 to 10 dollars per ton.
Chickens, 20 to 35 cents per pair.
Ducks, 50 to 60 " "
Geese, 50 to 60 cents each.
Turkey 60 to $1 "
Hides 5 to 7 dollars per cwt.
Pelts 50 to 75 cents each.
Tallow in rough 3 cents per lb.
Tallow rendered 5½ "
Hogs, live weight, $4.00 to $5.00 per cwt.
Hogs, dead, $5,00 to $6.50 " "

ESTABLISHED 1873.

Apothecaries Hall.

FRESH and PURE DRUGS
CHEMICALS
FANCY SOAPS,
PERFUMES,
BRUSHES,
HERBS,
ROOTS,
PILLS,
OILS,
FANCY POWDER FOR THE TOILET.
PIPES,
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PATENT MEDICINES.
RAZOR STRAPS,
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OFFICE OF DR. NEWTON.

W. G. EGAR.
MAIN STREET, DESERONTO

THE RATHBUN CO.,

Deseronto, Ont.,

Manufacturers of

Doors, Sashes, Blinds,
Mouldings, Frames,

and every description of

House Finish.

We make a Specialty of

GLAZED WINDOWS

And parties building will find it greatly to their *advantage to buy their Sashes Glazed and Primed* ready for use. Send for prices.

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LUMBER,

At reduced prices, including *Flooring, Siding, &c.*

Dressed Lumber always on hand.

You will also be able to purchase from us

SHINGLES

Cheaper than ever.

Call or write before purchasing, of the articles required for new building or for repairs.

THE BEST AND

CHEAPEST ORGANS

—AND—

SEWING MACHINES

FOR SALE BY

JOHN DALTON

AT THE

FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

ST. GEORGE STREET.

RARE CHANCE FOR HOLIDAY SHOPPERS.

LATEST NOVELTIES AND BIG BARGAINS IN

ELEGANT CHRISTMAS GOODS

OUR ASSORTMENT INCLUDES A FULL LINE OF

Jewelry of Evory Description,

WATCHES & CLOCKS,

Novelties, Silver & Platedware.

Repairing Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, and Engraving, &c.

We Meet all Wants at Prices Low.—COME.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

GEO. E. SNIDER.

Cheap! Cheap! Cheap!

THE DESERONTO NEWS COMPANY

Offers BOOKS and STATIONERY of every description at exceedingly low prices.

INK
PENS
PAPER
SLATES
PENCILS
MUCILAGE

all marked down to lowest rates.

NEW SERIES SCHOOL READERS.

A new supply of well selected books by popular authors at prices from 10 cts. up.

Important Notice!

COME ONE! COME ALL!

Come quickly and save money.

Now is the time to secure bargains in

GROCERIES, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE

Having rather too large a stock on hand I have concluded to sell for a short time at prices that will be hard to beat. Call and be convinced.

13 lbs. Sugar for $1.00.	China Tea Sets White and Gold, $5.50
14 " " "	White Granite Tea Sets, 44 pieces, 2.50
15 " " "	Colored Tea Sets, - 3.00
17 " " "	White Granite Chamber Sets 2.25
20 " Currants "	Colored Chamber sets - - 4.00

Labrador Herring per doz. 20c. Lamps complete from 25 cts. up.

Full assortment of Boulter & Dunning's Canned Goods,

A FEW FANCY CUPS and SAUCERS FROM 25 CENTS UP.

TRY THE

GREAT BON TON SOAP.

P. S.—Coal Oil 20 cents per Gallon.

J. T. GREATRIX,

DESERONTO.

NEW YORK LETTER.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

The "Holidays" have come and gone, and the reaction begins to be felt! The people in general have a tired look, and lassitude is evident in the bearing of many. It is said that, notwithstanding the hard times, such sums of money were never spent before for holiday gifts. The stores have been literally "packed," people standing three and four rows deep at many counters, waiting for opportunities to be waited upon. The scene outside was no less animated, Fourteenth-street from Broadway to Sixth Avenue, and thence up to 23rd-street, was lined on either side by small booths, tended by men or women of every nationality, and selling every conceivable ware. These seemed to do a flourishing business, and through the few bitter days that passed they kept up their spirits by lustily announcing their bargains and maintaining something of their animal heat by vigorous pounding of themselves. The little stalls have vanished now, and will rest in oblivion until another year, when the old salesman, or more like his heir, will take up his business where he left it off last year.

We read cheery accounts and enjoy beautiful word pictures of the true English Christmas; but have never seen one. If, however, it is more royally provided for and more hugely enjoyed then the same day in "the States," it must be fine indeed. But we will not trespass by a description of one.

The sale in jewelry this year rivals anything ever remembered by this generation. Tiffany, Starr, and others report the greatest success in disposing of their stocks in this line. It would be folly to try and enumerate these articles; but silver headed canes and umbrellas are very near heading the list, since the fashionable consider their outfit imperfect without them. Though not jewelry they are included in the stock of these large houses and so deserve mention.

The most distressing thought of the past two weeks has been the grief and agony of the bereaved families at Nanticoke, Penn. After repeated hindrances in their work, and narrow escapes from death, the hope of rescuing the prisoners alive is abandoned, and the most they can do is to continue their untiring efforts, with the sole satisfaction of rescuing the dead for interment. A complete list of the missing contains about twenty names and most of these men were married and have helpless families. The work of excavation will be continued, and there is talk of raising a monument over the spot, in memory of the victims.

Friday, January 1st, the day for the inauguration of Gov. Hill, was clear and mild and large numbers of the State militia gathered at Albany to join the procession in his honor. The Governor rode in an open carriage, with his staff about him, and acknowledged the cheers of the spectators by doffing his hat. He received the oath of office from Judge Wm. L. Larned, of the Supreme Court. His inaugural address was very lengthy but listened to with satisfaction. A reception followed at the Executive Chamber, for two hours, during which time, thousands of citizens paid their respects.

An accident occured on the New Haven Railroad last week, that might have been most disastrous. The wind blew a fierce gale during the night and about two in the morning, tore away the platform at the little station at Pelham, landing it across the track. About two minutes later the night express came thundering along and struck the wooden obstacle sending thousands of splinters flying in every direction. The engine was thrown from the track and down a steep embankment, the baggage and mail cars following suit. The passenger cars stuck in the ground and so saved number less lives. One man only was killed, the fireman, several were injured but will recover. The signaling of the following express prevented a double catastrophe and the able-bodied passengers were transferred to it and brought to the city. Great blame is attached to the village authorities who allowed so insecure a platform to stand. The supports were but driven into the ground over the embankment and when it gave way there was no help for it.

Dr. Fulton, of Toronto, was in town last week spending his vacation with New York friends,

READ.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

We regret to announce this week that the Rev. Father Meade has resigned his mission of Northern Tyendinaga, owing to his continued ill health. The announcement we are sure will be received with universal regret throughout the Township and parts adjacent, as the Rev. gentleman was a general favorite. Father Meade has been the genial and loving pastor of this mission during the past three years, and by his kind and affectionate disposition, and his ever readiness to meet the calls of duty won the affection and approbation of all with whom he came in contact. It was hoped that with care and rest he would soon have been again able to resume his official duties, but an allwise and inscrutable Providence has ordered otherwise We trust that with continued rest, he may, in time recover his health, In his retirement the best wishes of his faithful people follow him with their earnest prayers for his temporary and spiritual welfare.

Monday last was election day and was the wettest day for this season of the year within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Owing to the weather and state of the roads a small vote was polled in some wards. At the time of writing the returns have not been received, but Mr. Hanley and Mr. Milligan have been elected as Reeve and second Deputy Reeve by handsome majorities.

Miss Kate O,Sullivan has been appointed teacher in School Section No. 17, as successor to Miss Whims. The trustees and parents regret exceedingly to lose the services of Miss Whims, who was a most successful teacher and a general favorite with all.

Miss Anastatia White has been appointed teacher in School Section No. 15

Miss Maggie O'Sullivan has been re-engaged as teacher in the school on the 7th concession.

Miss Julia Black has been appointed teacher at Blacks School House on the 8th concession.

A most successful shooting match for geese and turkeys took place at Mr. Alex. Fraser's 4th con., on the 30th ult. Fifty persons were present, all of whom took part in the contest. The first bull's eye was taken by Mr. J. Meagher, the second by Mr. John Robinson, and the third and last by Mr. Charles Mowerson. It was a most successful meeting representatives being present from Read, Melrose and Bachelor's Walk.

It was refreshing to see the ladies turn out to vote last Monday notwithstandiug the inclemency of the weather. There was a large number of them and they stood to their guns like men.

Mr. Cornelius Campbell, of Tweed, is visiting his many friends in this section. We are always glad to know when the "Campbells are Coming."

A most successful social and reunion took place in Hanley's Hall on Friday evening. The music was excellent, and the votaries of Terpsichore enjoyed the mazy dance to their heart's content.

DEMORESTVILLE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

The silver wedding at the parsonage on New Year's night was a very enjoyable affair; over a hundred sat down to a bountiful repast provided by the ladies of the circuit, and spread in the Town Hall. After the tables were cleared and some speech making in the hall the company adjourned to the parsonage where a very pleasant social evening was spent. N. Wood Esq. acted as chairman for the occasion, and the several members of the gentlemen and ladies' committee did every thing in their power to provide for the enjoyment of all present.

Mrs. Horatio Day, and Mrs. Alf. Hunter from Kingston, have been on a visit to the parsonage.

Mrs. James Redner, of Rednersville and Mr. & Mrs. John Roblin, of Ameliasburg, and Mr. & Mrs. D. Banter, of Brighton have also been guests at the parsonage.

The Rev. Mr. Jollife, of Bloomfield, will preach missionary sermons on this circuit next Sabbath.

The people of the Bethel Church neighborhood are preparing for a first class Festival on Thursday the 21st inst. The musical programme will be provided by the Rev. D. O. Crossley, of Deseronto.

COMMUNICATIONS.

GRATEFUL TESTIMONY.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

DEAR SIR,—Please allow me space in your columns for a few words. I became partially blind one year ago last August. Since that time I have been treated by many eminent physicians. Having heard of Dr. F. Yones, of Deseronto, I came under his treatment in September last. I can now say that I am enjoying better health than I have for the past five years. I cannot award too much praise to Mr. Yones for his successful treatment.

MRS. LYMAN COLE.
Dec. '85. Watertown, N. Y.

A HANDSOME TRIBUTE.

HYDE PARK, CRUMWOLD FARM, DUTCHESS Co., NEW YORK.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

DEAR SIR,—I feel that I am still with you; there are so many of your people here that I cannot think otherwise. Then, too, the position of your people who are with me are so worthy that I feel what an honor it was to have known you all. I cannot find words to tell you fully how much credit belongs to your Canadian sons for their great industry, steadiness, and care for their employer's interests. Their conduct has been much above what could be covered by a first class earnest recommendation. Not only this but they have carefully husbanded all their earnings for the dear ones at home. And now that the time is close at hand for their visit to their homes I can see their eyes glow and their forms straighten up with the pride of having done their duty. I am sure their wives and sweet hearts will have cause to rejoice, as I have listened to some of the plans about carrying home some hundreds of "Yankee" treasures of wondrous beauty. If the conduct has been most exemplary the work of their hands is equal to it. I consider that the Big Barn which is now about completed is by far the finest in this state if not in the United States. The plan of the Barn is excellent, the material used the best in the market and the workmanship a credit even to Canadian workmen. The Big Mill at Deseronto furnished several thousand dollars worth of the lumber. I trust the boys and their worthy commander will enjoy a pleasant visit and quickly and safely return to their Hyde Park palce and complete their undertaking. I will send you a large photograph of the Farm buildings next fall, when you can judge for yourself. In conclusion I wish you a Happy Christmas and prosperous New Year. THE TRIBUNE by its thorough independent and painstaking course deserves unlimited success and I heartily wish it such.

Very Truly Yours,
D. E. HOWATT.

Dec. 24th '85.

AN AGE OF DISCOVERY.

We certainly ought to appreciate the fact that we are living in an age of progress and discovery, this is especially appreciated by all persons that have been afflicted with Rheumatism, as West World's Wonder or Family Liniment is a positive cure for Rheumatism. It is invaluable for Cuts, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds and all diseases requiring external application. Sold by G. W. Egar, druggist. Price 25 cents and 50 cents per bottle.

UNDERTAKING.

JOHN DALTON,
FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
KEEPS CONSTANTLY IN STOCK
COFFINS AND CASKETS
of all kinds, from the cheapest to the most expensive.

Burial Robes, BLACK, BROWN and WHITE, at all prices, and all other furnishings usually found in an Undertaker's Establishment.

Mourning Badges & Hearse supplied.
Deseronto, Oct. 23rd, 1885.

BAY OF QUINTE
Railway & Navigation Company.

CHANGE OF TIME.

THE TRAINS OF THIS ROAD MAKE sure connection with all G. T. R. trains both East and West, and with Steamers of the Deseronto Navigation Company for all Bay and River ports.

1885. TIME TABLE. 1885.
DESERONTO & GRAND TRUNK LINE.
BAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS	EXP. WEST.	MIXED EAST.	MIXED WEST.	EXP. EAST.	EXP. WEST.	MIXED EAST.	MIXED WEST.	EXP. EAST.
	No.1	No.3	No.5	No.7	No.9	No.11	No.13	
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Deseronto leave	..3:30	7:45	7:46	12:20	4:45	9:30	12:00	
East End, "	..3:35	7:50	7:50	12:25	4:50	9:35	12:05	
Deseronto Jun ar.	3:50	8:05	8:05	12:40	5:05	9:50	12:20	

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	EXP. EAST.	MIXED WEST.	MIXED EAST.	EXP. WEST.	EXP. EAST.	MIXED WEST.	MIXED EAST.	EXP. WEST.
	No 2	No. 4	No. 6	No.8	No.10	No.12	No 14	
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.
Deseronto J. leave	4:05	9:00	9:00	1:00	7:00	..:10	12:10	
East End	4:20	9:15	9:15	1:15	8:45	..:25	12:55	
Deseronto ..ar ve.	4:25	9:30	9:30	1:35	8:50	9:30	1:00	

Trains Nos. 1 and 13 run daily, (Sundays included.)
Some connections to and from Bay of Quinte Ports
Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

This Time-table shows the times at which the Trains may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several Stations; but, as the regularity of Trains depends on connection with other lines, the Arrivals and Departure of the time stated are not guaranteed, nor will the Company hold itself responsible or delay or any inconvenience arising therefrom.

R. C. CARTER.
Deseronto, Ont. Gen. Manager

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in **NEW YORK.**

SANTA CLAUS'

HEADQUARTERS FOR

BOOTS AND SHOES

FOR THE HOLIDAYS IS

T. N. CARTER'S,

OPPOSITE THE O'CONNOR HOUSE,

Where he has a Large Stock of Boots and Shoes, suitable for the Holidays, which he sells so cheap that everyone can buy a pair for a present for their friends.

A LARGE LOT OF

RUBBER GOODS Just Received,

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Head Quarters for FELT BOOTS, OVERSHOES, and MEN'S HEAVY RUBBERS for Felt Socks.

First-Class Boots and Shoes Made to Order in the Latest Styles and

At Reasonable Prices.

Deseronto, Dec. 17th, 1885. **T. N. CARTER.**

1885. FALL 1885.

THE BIG STORE TO THE FRONT.

BUSINESS BOOMING IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

FURS! FURS!! FURS!!!

A large assortment at the most reasonable prices.

Ladies' Astrachan Jackets; Persian Caps, Muffs and Boas; Seal Caps, Muffs and Boas; Mink Caps, Muffs and Boas; Black Fur Capes

A splendid assortment of Woolen Goods at remarkably low prices for Women and Children, unsurpassed by anything in the Trade.

Flannels of every description and quality now in Stock at the BIG STORE, and we respectfully solicit an inspection of these Goods; they are special value and will excel in make and prices anything previously offered to the public in Deseronto.

The Tailoring Department is now replete with the most fashionable and varied makes of goods that can be obtained in the European and Continental Markets, and we wish to impress upon our friends, that, as the best of Trimmings only are used in the making up of Garments, we can guarantee a style and finish which will stand comparison with any House in the Trade. Mr. Stoddart, who is already well known for his superiority in making a good stylish fit, is in charge of this Department, and will be pleased to have an opportunity of exhibiting these special goods to his friends, and quote prices for same.

BOOTS & SHOES.

In this Department the BIG STORE still maintain their well known reputation for keeping only the best quality and the most fashionable Goods manufactured, their facilities for buying, and the immense quantity of Boots & Shoes disposed of, enable them to offer at more advantageous prices than can be done by other competitors who profess to sell the same class of Boots. Do not be induced to purchase inferior Goods simply because the price is low; such articles are dear at any cost. The Big Store do not impose upon their customers trashy goods, but sell only first-class articles, and this principle has won for them their well earned reputation which is so generally known and appreciated by their Customers and the Public.

THE BIG STORE is the head rendezvous for Groceries and Provisions of Sterling Quality and finest brands, Canned Goods of every description in the market being on sale, but space will not permit us to enumerate in detail the specialties obtainable, but suffice it to say that for all Provisions seasonable and of the best quality, we recommend THE BIG STORE as unsurpassable.

HARDWARE, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, VULCANISED CHIMNEYS, RUBBER GOODS PAINTS, OILS, SALT.

We must not omit the astounding fact that the sales at the BIG STORE during the month of October were the largest since the erection of this establishment, which proves beyond doubt that in their endeavors to supply their Customers with the best goods at the most reasonable prices, they have won the confidence of the public, and now beg to thank their Customers for the very liberal support hitherto accorded them, and in the future solicit a continuance of the patronage so gratuitously bestowed upon them during the past

THE BIG STORE,

A. A. RICHARDSON,

Deseronto, Nov. 5th, 1885. MANAGER.

DRY GOODS & MILLINERY.

MRS. DALTON

Has now completed opening her large importations of FALL and WINTER GOODS, which will be offered at prices to suit the times.

GREAT BARGAINS! GREAT BARGAINS

DRESS GOODS!! DRESS GOODS!!!

In great variety—Very Cheap—Call and Inspect them

—FLANNELS! FLANNELS!! FLANNELS!!

all colors and all prices, exceedingly low.

CLOUDS, CLOUDS, CLOUDS,

CHILDRENS HATS, AND KNITTED CAPS AND HOODS.

Ladies' Wool and Cotton Underclothing,

Men's and Boy's Wool Shirts and Drawers at a bargain.

THE MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

Is now open and comprises all the novelties in HATS, BONNETS and TRIMMINGS for the coming season, and all exceedingly CHEAP]

MRS. DALTON, St. George Street.

NEVER FAILS TO GIVE SATISFACTION

McCOLL'S LARDINE

MACHINE OIL

Our "English" Wool Oil—something new—finest in the market. Our Cylinder Oil,—600 fire test—much superior to tallow.

GIVE OUR TRAVELLER A TRIAL ORDER.

McCOLL BROS. & CO., Toronto, Ont

Mollie's Burglar.

Mary Wilson had passed the first 17 years of her life in a country village; then she went to the city to visit her brother and found its attractions so alluring that six months passed away and the time of her return to country life was as yet indefinitely postponed. For two months previous to her visit her country friends had vied with each other in telling her tales of the cunning, wickedness, and subtilty of city sharpers, pickpockets, and burglars, until the idea became firmly fixed in her mind that she was going into a den of thieves; but as yet she had met with no adventure worthy of note, and was fast reaching the conclusion that city people were no worse than their country neighbors, when something occurred which caused her, for a short time at least, to change her mind. But of this more anon.

She was still heart whole, although she had been sought by several very eligible suitors since her arrival in the city, for she was a pretty girl, very desirable for her own sweet sake, but still more so as Mary Wilson, sister of the wealthy Lawyer Wilson. And this was how matters stood when one Sabbath she chanced to see a stranger in the pew adjoining her brother's, and could not help seeing that the stranger was regarding her with admiring eyes, very handsome eyes they were, too, but she tried to dismiss all thought of him or them, as she had done of others on similar occasions, but found it impossible. Those dark eyes presented themselves to her mental vision with a persistency for which she could not account.

On Monday evening her brother bought tickets and invited his wife and sister to attend a lecture; and Miss Mollie caught herself wondering, as she donned her cloak and hat, if the dark-eyed gentleman would be there, and if he would look for her. She found the lecture insufferably dull, and concluded, after a time, to return home. She whispered this intention to her brother, who saw her to his carriage, and, giving instructions to the coachman to return for them, he went back to his wife, while Miss Mollie was driven rapidly homeward. Arriving there, she left her hat and cloak in the hall and ran lightly up the stairs to her room. The door was partly open, although she was sure she had closed it, the gas was turned low as she had left it, and in the half-light she saw, before she reached the doorway, a man in the room. His back was toward her, and he was walking toward a large closet at the other side of the apartment. He opened the door and stepped inside; one glance told her that the key was in the lock; she ran swiftly across the room, her feet making little or no sound on the thick carpet. "Confound it!" she heard him mutter, "why can't they leave things where a fellow can find them?" "Yes," she thought, "her first surmise was corcorrect; it was a burglar." Like a flash she threw herself against the door and turned the key. She was terribly frightened, and felt quite sure that she should faint. But as her prisoner made no demonstrations beyond trying the door gently this feeling soon wore off. She turned on the gas, drew a chair in front of the closet-door, where she sat down to consider what it was best to do. If she called the servants they would be frightened; there would be noise and confusion, and perhaps he would get away. If she went down after a policeman he might get out while she was gone; no, she would stay where she was and keep guard until her brother should return. She had surely caught him, and did it very neatly, too; and the more she thought of it the braver and more jubilant she grew. She wished he would speak; she was anxious to know how he felt about the situation. Presently he did speak; he had a very pleasant voice; he tried the door again and asked: "Who locked that door?"

And she answered promptly, "I did."

"What for?"

"Why, to lock you in there, of course, and I don't intend that you shall get away, either."

There was a silence for a minute or two; then the prisoner remarked: "Don't you think this joke has gone about far enough, Mollie, dear? Now let me out. There's a darling."

"Oh! you wretch, you villain! How dare you?"

"How dare I what?"

"Why, call me that."

"Thought it was my sister, by Jove!" he exclaimed, in a low tone. Then he bent down and took a look through the keyhole. This was what he saw: A graceful, girlish figure, robed in soft, clinging material; a bright, self-reliant face, fringed with masses of fluffy brown hair. It took him some time to make these observations, for the keyhole was so small that he could see but a part of the pretty picture at once. Then he remarked: "I think, miss, there is some mistake."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," sarcastically.

"I think I came into the wrong house."

"I think you did."

"Isn't this No. 4?"

"No, indeed; it is No. 2."

"Well, I stop at No. 4; came there on Saturday to visit my sister, Mollie Brown. The houses must be just alike. I went to the lecture and found it dull, so came home, or thought I did."

"Humph, a likely story."

"I hope you may find it acceptable," remarked the young man, who occasionally dabbled in literature. Then the comical side of the affair forced itself upon him, and he laughed—actually laughed; she heard him.

"You seem to enjoy the situation," she said, somewhat spitefully, thinking it proof of his total depravity.

"I do, immensely."

"I should think you would, with the gallows staring you in the face."

"The gallows?"

"Yes, my brother will have you hanged."

"Your brother? then doubtfully and hesitatingly, "Are you Bella Clark?"

"No, indeed, I am not," very energetically; for Bella Clark—Dr. Clark's sister and Mrs. Brown's neighbor on the other side—was what Mollie Wilson always designated as "a die-away sort of person," and was her especial detestation.

"I am glad of hat," said the prisoner, in a relieved tone.

"Why?" with evident interest.

"Well, you know," confidentially, "I should not want her to capture me."

"I should think not. Well, you need not fear, she never will, now. A moment's silence, then:

"Don't you think it cruel to keep a fellow-being shut up in the dark so long?"

"A burglar isn't a fellow-being; he is just a—a—a—burglar."

"A burglar! whew! Do you think I could put one of my cards through this keyhole?"

"I am sure I don't know."

"May I try?"

"Yes."

Then came a jingling of silver money and a rustling of garments as the man searched his pockets. "Well, hang it all, I haven't got one!"

"I thought you had not."

"They are in the breast-pocket of my coat. I left it in your hall; will you not go down and get one?"

"And have you come out and murder me while I am gone? No, sir."

"Will you please let me out?"

"No, sir; never."

"What, never?"

"Well, no," smiling in spite of herself "not after that."

"I suppose I could kick the door open. Well, there, there, don't be frightened; I will not kick or even try to get out."

Then there was silence, and she began to feel a little doubtful about her prisoner and was debating with herself as to whether she had not better call a policeman, when she heard her brother and his wife in the hall below.

"Harry," she called, from the head of the stairs, "come up here at once."

Harry came. "What is it, sis?"

"I've got a man shut in that closet. I think he is a burglar, but he says he isn't and I begin to fear he is telling the truth."

"How did you get him in there?"

"Well, I came up the stairs and he was just going into the closet, and I ran and locked him in."

"Yes," said a voice, almost choked with laughter, "and I'm here yet."

"Who are you?"

"Charles Kingsley, visiting my sister at No. 4, next door, I presume—left my hat and coat in your hall. You will find letters in the coat-pocket; you can verify my statement in a moment, if you choose."

"Charles Kingsley? called at my office to-day with Brown;" then to Mollie: "It is all right, sis; burglars do not leave their hats and coats in the hall. I have met this gentleman. You may come out," he added opening the door. And Mr. Kingsley advanced into the lighted room, and looked quizzically at his jailer. She gave one glance at the laughing brown eyes bent upon her and then fled from the room. It was the gentleman she had seen in church.

"Ah, you are Mr. Wilson," said Kingsley, in a pleased tone, as that gentleman held out his hand. "I hope you will pardon me for entering your house in this manner. I arrived on Saturday, the houses are just alike on the outside—and inside, too, I believe—and in the dim light I did not notice the number. I should have noticed that this was a lady's room," said he, glancing at its dainty furnishing, "but the gas was turned low, and the room I occupied at my sister's is furnished much the same; in fact, she gave up her own room to me, for the house is full of company. I went into the closet for a bootjack I thought I had left there, and put my hand into a bandbox; had just concluded that I had better have more light, when the young lady locked the door. I fear I frightened her very much; will you present my regrets, and say that I am truly sorry?"

"Come over to-morrow and dine with us, and make your peace with the young lady yourself," said Wilson.

The invitation so cordially given was accepted.

Six weeks from the date of his incarceration in the Wilson mansion he entered the Wilson parlor and found Miss Mollie alone. "Miss Wilson," he began, "when I came here six weeks ago you thought I came here to steal, but you were the thief, for you stole my heart. You made me an unwilling captive then, but I have been a willing one ever since. I came here to-day to ask you if you will be my wife?"

And for an answer she laid her hand in his and hid her rosy blushes upon his shoulder.

The Rothschild's Mother.

The Jews of Frankfort were formerly compelled to live in one street, which was closed at each end by an iron gate. It was a narrow street, on both sides of which were lofty, dark and dirty houses, built in the fifteenth century. In this Jews' street lived the mother of the Rothschilds. She never in her life went outside of Frankfort, and never inhabited any other house than the one in which her husband began his famous career.

An English gentleman, who visited Frankfort in 1843, while walking through the Jews' street, saw the old mother enter her carriage. He thus describes the singular scene:

The house she inhabits appears not a bit better than any of the others; it is the same dark and decayed mansion. In this narrow, gloomy street, and before this wretched tenement, a smart *ca'eche*, was standing, fitted up with blue silk, and a footman in blue livery was at the door.

Presently the door opened, and the old woman was seen descending a dark, narrow staircase, supported by her granddaughter, the Baroness Charles Rothschild, whose carriage was also in waiting at the end of the street.

Two footmen and some maids were in attendance, to help the old lady into the carriage, and a number of inhabitants collected opposite to see her get in. A more curious and striking contrast I never saw than the dress of the ladies, both the old and the young one, and their equippage and liveries, with the dilapidated locality in which the old woman persists in remaining.

The Cable in the Persian Gulf.

We have the satisfaction of announcing that the new telegraph cable between Bushire and Jashk, in the Persian gulf, has been successfully laid. On the 8th of October we stated that the steamship Dacia, with Col. Bateman Champaign, R. E., the director general of the Indo European telegraphs, and Sir Henry Mance, C. I. E., the electrician, had started from the Thames with the first portion of the cable. We have subsequently inserted an account of some of the perils which were encountered by them in the Bay of Biscay and in the Suez canal. The steamship International, which left England with the other half of the cable a few days after her consort, met her at Jashk on the twelfth inst., when the operation of paying out was commenced, and the whole cable, 530 miles in length, was laid in perfect condition on the 20th inst.—*London Times.*

A Shrewd Jew.

Nine persons sailed from Balse down the Rhine. A Jew, who wished to go to Schalampi, was allowed to come on board and journey with them, on condition that he would conduct himself with propriety and give the captain eighteen kreutzers for his passage.

During the first part of the voyage the passengers were very calkative, and the Jew was the object of much mirth and mockery, as is often the case of his nation. But as the vessel sailed onward and passed Turrington and St. Aert, the passengers one after the other grew silent, and gazed down the river, until one spoke out:

"Come, Jew, do you know any pastime that will amuse us? Your fathers must have contrived many a one during their long sojourn in the wilderness."

The Jew proposed that they should sit round in a circle, and propound curious questions to each other, and he with their permission, would sit down with them. Those who could not answer the questions should pay the one who propounded them a 12 kreutzer piece, and those giving pertinent answers should receive a 12-kreutzer piece

The proposal pleased the company, and, hoping to divert themselves with the Jew's wit or stupidity, each one asked at random any question that entered his head.

The first asked: "How many soft-boiled eggs could a giant eat upon an empty stomach?' All said it was impossible to answer that question, and each paid over his 12-kreutzer piece. But the Jew said, "One for he who has eaten one egg cannot eat a second on an empty stomach," and received a 12-kreutzer piece.

The second thought to catch him by a question on the New Testament and asked: "Why did the apostle Paul write the second epistle to the Corinthians?" The Jew said: "Because he was not in Corinth and could not speak to them." Another piece.

Then the third found the Jew so strong on the Bible, he tried another point: "Who prolongs his work to as great a length as possible, and yet completes it in time?" "The ropemaker, if he is industrious," said the Jew.

They approached the village of Bamlach. The fourth one asked, "In what month do the inhabitants of Bamlech eat the least?" The reply, "In February, for that has only 28 days."

"The fifth said, There are two natural brothers, and only one of them is my uncle." The Jew said, "The uncle is your father's brother, and your father is not your uncle."

A fish then jumped, and the sixth asked, "What fish have their eyes nearest together?" The reply, "The smallest."

The ninth was the last. This one asked, 'How can five persons divide five eggs so that each man shall receive one, and still one remain in the dish?" The Jew said, "The last must take the dish with the egg, and let it lay there as long as he pleases."

But now it came to his turn, and the Jew determined to make a good sweep. After many preliminary compliments he asked with an air of mitchievous frendliness, "How can a man fry two trout in three pans, so that a trout may lay in each pan?"

No one could answer this, and one after another gave him a 12-kreutzer piece. But when the ninth desired that he should answer it himself, he frankly acknowledged that the trout could not be fried in that way!

Then it was affirmed that this was unfair in the Jew; but he stoutly maintained that there was no provision for it in the agreement, save that he who could not answer the question should pay the kreutzers; and fulfilled the agreement by paying that sum to the ninth of his comrades, who had asked him to solve it himself.

The travellers all being rich merchants, and grateful for the amusement, laughed heartily over their loss and the Jew's cunning.

The Course of the Gulf Stream Current.

Paul Bert read a paper at the last meeting of the French Academy of sciences on the experiments lately set on foot by the Hereditary Prince of Monaco, who was himself present at the meeting, with the object of determining the course of the current of the Gulf Stream. The received belief is that after passing the Azores it flows in a northeasterly direction, washing the shores of the northern countries of Europe; but this theory has never been scientifically verified.

The Prince took several hundred floats to the Azores last summer, and, sailing in a northerly direction, he dropped them one by one into the ocean, allowing an interval of a mile or two between them. In the interior of each is a paper giving the latitude and longitude of the spot where it was dropped; and mariners have been requested through the usual channels to note the time and place of their picking up any of them they may happen to fall in with. If a sufficient number of these observations can be collected a much needed light will, it is hoped, be thrown on the direction and velocity of the Gulf Stream.

So far only three of the floats have been recovered from the ocean, under circumstances, it must be added, which seem to make against the received theory. Instead of being found at a point northward of that where they were deposited, they had floated considerably south of it, and were cast ashore on the Eastern Azores.

Endless Space.

Mr. Samuel Laing, in a recent work, calls attention to the enormous distances of the fixed stars from this earth. The nearest star outside the solar system is Alpha in the constellation of Centaur, and that is over 20 000,000 of miles distant. The eight stars nearest the earth are from two and a half to ten times the distance of Alpha. In midwinter the earth is 186,000,000 of miles from its place in midsummer, and yet so distant are the heavenly bodies outside the solar system that it makes no appreciable difference in their place in the heavens. The North Star and the Dipper, for instance, always occupy a certain place in space. Were they within any calculable distance it is clear that they would apparently change positions in the summer and winter solstice, when the earth would occupy two different points in space 186 000,000 miles distant from each other. Eighteen different orders of magnitude in stars have been noted, which means that some are very much farther away than others. If it was possible to count them it is claimed that Lord Ross' telescope would show over 1,000,000 of stars within its range.

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Reason Why.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Two little girls sat down one day
Beside the garden wall to play
And full, as children are, of chat,
They talked of this and then of that;
And I, who chanced to pass that way,
Heard Rosabel to Lucy say:
"Do you mind what your mother says?"
And Lucy, nodding, answered "Yes."
"I don't," responded Rosabel,
"That is, not always. She can't tell
If I don't mind when out of sight.
Said Lucy: "That's not doing right."
"But why," asked Rosie, "do you do
Just what your mother wants you to?"
Lucy looked down a little while,
In silent thought, then with a smile
Looked up again, and answered she:
"Why, I love her, and she loves me?"

Dorry.

"Dorothea," said grandma, "before I was your age I had pieced two bed-quilts.

"Dear me, grandma!" said Dorry, looking as if she thought it very dismal indeed for any one to be so smart.

"Yes, indeed!" said grandma. "A plain block and a log-cabin. And before I was twelve, I took the premium at the country fair for the best-made shirt."

Dorry looked still more woebegone.

"When I had done helping mother," grandma went on, "with the cooking, the ironing, and the sweeping, and making the beds, I used to put on my clean pink calico apron, and sit in that old chair that stands in the upper hall, and sew for two hours."

Dorry looked at grandma's face, from which such cheery, kindly eyes looked out from among the wrinkles, and the smooth bands of gray hair above. She tried to fancy the face smooth and round and rosy, and the hair glossy and brown, but it was no use; she could not bring before her fancy the little pink-aproned maiden of sixty years ago.

"I never expected," said grandma, "to have a grandchild who could not sew."

"But, grandma," said Dorry, very mournfully, "I always prick my fingers so dreadfully when I try to sew?"

"Yes," said grandma, "but you'd soon get over that."

"And I never can tell which hand to put the thimble on. And when I get it on the right hand, I'm sure to have it on the wrong finger."

"You'd soon learn all about that, dearie," said grandma, laughing.

"Polly Pringle's mamma says there's no use in little girls learning to sew," said Dorry. "She says it doesn't pay, when it costs so little to get it done."

"But Dorothea Bright's mamma doesn't think so, I believe," said grandma. "She thinks every little girlie ought to learn to do dainty and clever work with her needle."

"I do mean to learn, grandma," said Dorry. "But you know I like to run and play very much."

"Yes, I know it, pet," said grandma. "I think it is harder for you to sit still than for some other little folk; so when you have learned to sew, you will have learned a good lesson in patience too."

Grandma gave the little girl a handkerchief to hem for papa, and Dorry sat down by herself, determined to let nothing interfere with her work, for how could she bear to have grandma think she was not good for anything?

"Ho, Dorry!" cried her brother Tom. "Come and have a game of croquet?"

"I can't, Tom. I'm too busy. No," she persisted, as he came to the door to beg. "I've had too many things to stop me already. Some birds came singing by the window, and I had to go and feed them. And then pussy came, and I had to play with her just a little. And she rolled away my spool, and got the thread and needle all tangled up in her tail. There, you've knocked off my thimble! But never mind; I made an inkspot on the thimble finger, so I'd know it."

Papa was wonderfully pleased with the handkerchief, in spite of straggly stiches, and little spots which showed where Dorry had pricked her finger.

And some time after, when grandma was going away for a long visit, she said the day before she went, "I have a prettier pece of work for you, dear. You need not always do plain sewing, you know."

It was a piece of canvas and a ball of bright-colored worsted. Grandma showed her how she was to work a pattern on the canvas, and said,—"You will be glad, I know, when you have finish it."

Dorry worked away, often going to sit in grandma's old-fashioned chair, fancying she could work better there. She resolved that when the work was done it should be made into a footstool for grandma.

"I haven't quite enough worsted to finish it," she said, as she unwound the last needleful.

"We must get a little more," said her mother.

"But I did not want to wait. Ah, pussy, I shall have time to play with you now."

She watched pussy, who was tossing with her cunning white paws a bit of paper around which the worsted had been wound. She picked it up and rolled it for pussy to run after.

"It's tied like a little parcel," she presently said, looking at it more closely. "Why, what is it!"

With a flush on her cheeks, she unrolled the paper, and then, with a little scream of delight, held up something which shone and sparkled in the sunshine.

It was a little gold ring, set with a ruby and tiny pearls. Some writing on the paper read:

"To mark the dear little thimble finger, with grandma's fondest love to her little needle-woman."

"But," said Dorry, as she slipped on the pretty thing, "I know the thimble finger now, without ever stopping to hunt for it."

Sealing their Faith in Blood.

A few lines by cable tell an appalling story of heathen persecution—almost incredible in these times—and pay a magnificent tribute to missionary zeal. During the past year nearly four hundred priests and members of religious orders and 24,000 Christian converts have been massacred in Cochin China, and 225 churches and seventeen orphan asylums have been destroyed. If, as is said, the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, there will be a golden harvest from this terrible sowing. The insensate rage of the heathen is costly of valuable lives, but the world is the better that this "noble army of martyrs" have lived and died to elevate the standard of our common humanity.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Domestic Receipts.

Fine Granulated Wheat Pudding.—A scant half cupful of the wheat; one cupful of milk; two eggs; butter size of a small hickory nut; pinch of salt. Bring the milk to a boil, then add the wheat and salt, and cook about five minutes Take it from the fire, and add the yolks (beaten) and the butter. Let it get quite cold, then add the whites of the eggs, beaten to stiff froth. Place it in the oven and cook about twenty minutes.

In cooking all souffle puddings the oven should be hot, and for the first two or three minutes after the pudding is in, the oven door should be slightly opened, so that the pudding can become evenly heated through, before it begins to rise. The pudding can be served with or without sauce; however, a sauce is an improvement, and the following might be selected.

Sauce Burke.—Bring a pint of milk to the boiling-point, and then stir in a generous teaspoonful of corn starch, previously rubbed smooth with a little of the cold milk; and also a tablespoonful of sugar. Let it cook for two or three minutes to thoroughly cook the starch, and then let the mixture get entirely cold. Flavor with vanilla or lemon, and just before serving, stir in evenly the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. As the egg froth is not cooked, the sauce will not keep long at its best, perhaps half an hour.

Other Souffle or Puffed Puddings.—The pudding (fine granulated wheat) can be made as well with rice, farina, granulated oats, granulated barley, etc. It is especially good made with crushed barley. The barley must be well boiled in water (twenty minutes) before it is added to the milk.

Orange Puddings.—Soak a cupful of ale bread in half a cupful of milk until it can be beaten to a pulp; mix with it the grated rind of one orange, the juice of two, sugar to taste, and the yolks of two raw eggs; butter six small cups, and then set them in a pan of hot water; then beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, mix them lightly with the other ingredients, partly fill the cups, and bake the puddings until the egg is done, in a moderate oven; about fifteen or twenty minutes will be required; serve the puddings hot.

Influence of Husband and Wife.

For the sake of each other, husband and wife should try to acquire the inestimable art of making duty seem pleasant, and even disappointment not so blank and crushing. They should be to each other like a bracing, crisp, frosty atmosphere, without a suspicion of the element that chills and pinches.

In the correspondence of Edward Irving, who was almost the greatest genius of the Scottish Church, there is a touching and elevating letter to his wife, which young married people might read together with profit by the quiet fireside of their dear first home:

"O Isabella, I have a strong persuasion of the power of a holy will and conversation, in which if we continue, we shall save not only our own souls, but the souls of them that hear us. My dearest we must soon go to our rest, and our sweet infant also; and perhaps the Lord may not see us worthy to leave any seed on the earth. His will be done. Now rest in peace, my other part, and thou, sweet link of being betwixt us. Every twelfth day of the month, my loving and beloved wife, let it be your first thought and your last thought, that your babe is mortal, and that the father of your babe is mortal, and that you yourself are mortal. Do this that you may swallow up our mortality in the glorious faith of our immortality in the heavens."

If a generous-hearted husband has to speak to his wife about her faults, he does it tenderly, humbly, unwillingly, sadly, yet with sufficient plainness not to have to do it twice over. In paining her he wounds his own flesh. The pain is necessary, but the hand of love so inflicts it that it quickly heals.

And here we may drop the hint that a Christian husband or wife influences not so much by direct exhortation as by consistent example. When Lord Petersborough had lodged for some time with Fenelon, referring to his example, he said at parting: "I shall become a Christian in spite of myself." In the same way, when one of a married pair is a sincere Christian, the other may not be able to escape becoming the same.

Dining-room Novelties.

Icecream in season, is now served in opalescent glasssaucers and the fashion of eating it with the fork has gone by.

The silver meat platters are in every way desirable and it is only in their first cost the difficulty lies. They make most acceptable wedding gifts.

The perforated silver which is now so fashionable is sometimes, when the form allows, lined with colored glass.

Silver candlesticks and snuffers, after antique patterns, are now seen among the new wedding gifts.

Silver drinking cups are said by one who has calculated it to be more economical in the long run than glass. They are commonly used in England, where silverware is less dear than with us.

Large brass candles are fashionable on the dinner-table.

French fashions in upholstery are again coming in and the gilt and white frames for furniture are being covered with silk damasks and brocades as in the old days when our grandmothers set up housekeeping and had just such a parlor outfit as this with draperies to match, making a very bright and cheerful apartment of the parlor of those days.

Panels are as elaborate and varied as on painting and the designs are exquisite in the extreme,

The near approach of death opens men's eyes, and sets them upon thinkings and measurements that they will not allow in themselves, because they are too depressing in the times of health and prosperity. Life ploughs very shallow, but death ploughs deep; yet it is profitable for us to place some such question as that before our minds.

The truly wise man should have no keeper of his secrets but himself.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

HOME.

The Ontario Legislature has been called to meet for business on the 28th of January.

Small-pox has broken out among the inmates of the Longue Pointe lunatic asylum, Montreal.

One of the patients in the Toronto small-pox hospital has died, being the second death since the first outbreak of the disease.

A special committee of the Toronto City Council are making efforts to get the Ontario Government to remove the lunatic asylum from its present location.

The electric light has been put in operation at Smith's Falls, with great success. The streets, stores, churches and hotels are all lighted by the new illuminate.

The widows and orphans of those who were killed during the rebellion are being paid their gratuites by the Militia Department at Ottawa, as rapidly as possible.

The Dominion Government have decided to carry on the iceboat mail service between Capes Tormentine and Traverse themselves for the future instead of by contractors.

At the meeting held in Ottawa the other night to consider the question of holding a winter carnival in that city, it was decided to abandon the project owing to the lateness of the season.

A Montreal druggist was recently condemned in damages of two hundred dollars and costs of the suit for having in mistake substituted poison for a drug in a prescription.

The first annual meeting of the North York Farmers' Association was opened the other day at Newmarket. A number of valuable papers on subjects of interest to the agricultural community were read and discussed.

McKay's wharf at Hamilton, together with the building and a quantity of valuable merchandise stored therein, was destroyed by fire the other morning. The loss will amount to about thirty thousand dollars, which is covered by insurance.

A former resident of Montreal, who died recently near Chicago, has left several bequests to Montreal charitable institutions, Archdeacon, Evans, rector of St. Stephen's church, being appointed residuary legatee of the balance of the estate, valued at $15,000.

A fire broke out on Main street, Brampton, one night last week, and was not subdued until nearly all the business buildings, with their contents, were completely destroyed. The loss is estimated at twenty thousand dollars, fully covered by insurance.

Another case of attempted incendiarism was discovered in the business centre of the city of Kingston early the other morning. The citizens are greatly excited over the frequent attempts of fire-bugs, and an investigation will be held to try and find the perpetrator.

Principal Grant, of Kingston, addressing a meeting of the Toronto branch Endowment Association of Queen's University, suggested that they should set before themselves a definite object to attain, such as raising a sufficient sum to found a chair in the university.

An extensive oil and paint factory in Montreal was destroyed by fire the other morning, and the stocks in adjoining wholesale warehouses were considerably damaged by smoke and water. The total loss is estimated at $150,000, which is believed to be fully covered by insurance.

Dr. Bryce, secretary of the Provincial Board of Health, has taken active steps to prevent the spread of smallpox to the lumber shanties. He has been in communication with lumbermen with the results that all the men hired are now required to produce certificates of vaccination.

The Lady Superior of Longue Pointe Lunatic Asylum, where smallpox prevails among the patients and servants, is threatened by the Central Board of Health with proceedings for having refused to admit the doctors who were sent by the borad to vaccinate the inmates of the asylum.

One afternoon last week a fire broke out in the dwelling of Mr. Booth, potter, Thorold, completely destroying the house and work-shop, as well as all the household effects and stock. Mrs. Booth, who was ill in bed at the time, was very badly burned and had to be rescued through a second story window. Cause of fire unknown. Loss on buildings and furniture about 1,000; no insurance.

At a meeting of the members of the Montreal branch of the Imperial Federation League on interesting paper was read by Mr. McFarlane on "Means of Fostering Inter-Imperial Trade and Raising Imperial Revenue." Resolutions were also adopted urging the importance of the formation of a Canadian organization to secure the daily interchange of news between the Dominion and the Mother Country uncolored by foreign ideas and influences.

AMERICAN.

A victim of hydrophobia in Milwaukee is reported to have been cured by adopting the Turkish bath treatment.

A girl, sixteen years of age, was suddenly stricken with blindness in school at Indianapolis through nervousness and excessive study.

Gold in paying quantities is alleged to have been discovered on a farm near the town of Famaqua, Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania.

The four children who were bitten by a mad dog in Newark, N. J., have arrived in Paris, and Pasteur will commence operating upon them at once.

The hydrophobia scare in New Jersey is increasing. Several more persons have been bitten at Keyport and Mattawan, and all dogs found on the streets unmuzzled are shot.

The woods in the vicinity of Hillsboro, Ill., are infested with wolves, which are committing great havoc among sheep, one farmer losing as many as twenty-five in one night last week.

The "John Bull" locomotive, which was made in England in 1835 and sent to the United States, has been placed on exhibition in the Historical Hall at the National Museum in Washington. The first American engines were modeled from it.

The forty two shoe factories of Brockton, Mass., have resumed work. The manufacturers claim that the prices paid for labor are outrageous, and threaten to reduce them after the first of July, when the rates do not hold good by special agreement.

A Canadian who has been confined for six years in Ludlow street gaol, New York, for a debt of less than five hundred dollars, which he was unable to pay, has been set at liberty through the generosity of Mr. Erastus Wiman, who settled the claim.

Saturday morning near Whitehouse, New Mexico, company 8 United States cavalry troops under Lieut. Fountain were ambushed by twenty-one hostiles and in the fight which ensued five officers and men were killed and two slightly wounded. No Indians are reported killed.

All hope of rescuing alive the twenty-nine miners entombed at Nanticoke, Pa., has been abandoned, the obstacles met with by the relief party proving almost insurmountable. Efforts will be continued to reach the chamber in which the men are supposed to be, but it will be at least ten days before it can be accomplished.

Between thirty and forty scrip holders in the Temperance Colonization Society met at Toronto, the other night, when it was decided to consult counsel as to resisting payment of calls on scrip. Many scrip holders urged that the society should be wound up. After the meeting J. Alph. Livingston and Chas. Powell, ex-manger and manager, respectively, had a fisticuff encounter in connection with the matter, but were separated before much damage was done.

FOREIGN.

Mme. Bernhardt fainted again the other night while performing in Paris. Her physicians have ordered absolute rest.

The resumption of hostilities in the Scudan renders the Anglo-Turkish convention regarding Eastern affairs a dead letter.

It is stated that Germany has seized the Marshall and Gilbert groups of islands in the Southern Pacific, numbering about fifty in all.

Dudley Francis North, Earl of Guildford, was thrown from his horse a day or two ago while hunting and has since died from his injuries.

German emigration has dwindled to 86,000 for the nine months ending October 1, 1885, against 135,000 for the same period in 1884.

William Sheehan was found guilty the other day of the Castletown-Roche murder, committed eight years ago, and sentenced to be hanged.

Patrick Egan, president of the Irish National League of America, says he considers the principle of Home Rule for Ireland virtually settled.

The Russian governors of Central Asia have been ordered to make preparations for the coronation of the Czar, which is to take place in the spring.

Sir John M Neill threatens Capt. Parry with a libel suit for referring to him disparagingly in connection with the surprise of the zareba under his command.

A terrible colliery accident is reported from Wales, by which twelve lives were lost. Thirty miners have been rescued, and a large number are still in imminent peril.

The Liberal press in Russia is urging an alliance with England as the sole means of settling the Eastern question and of punishing the perfidy of Germany and Austria.

Eighteen lives were lost and five hundred head of cattle and four thousand four hundred houses destroyed by a typhoon which passed over the Philippine islands recently.

The leaders of the English Salvation Army have presented a petition praying for the release of Mr. Stead and Mrs. Jarrett, who are undergoing imprisonment for the abduction of Eliza Armstrong. The petition was a mile and a half long, contained 200,000 signatures and weighed 560 pounds.

A Remarkable Marriage Ceremony.

"Recently," said a Toronto drummer, "I was out in Iowa, and one night I stopped at the Ballingall House in Ottumwa. There I became well acquainted with a quiet young man, and through my acquaintanceship with him I was let into a little secret which not half a dozen people in the town knew. On his invitation I sat in his room in the evening and he told me he was a minister of the gospel who had been ordained a few weeks before, and had come to Ottumwa to perform the marriage ceremony for some friends of his. In fact, the ceremony was to take place that very night in his room. Pretty soon a rather elderly man and woman came in, shook hands warmly with my friend, ending by standing up before him and being married in the usual form. After a time they left and my new friend said to me:

"'That, I think, is the most peculiar marriage ceremony a minister ever performed. I never heard of its equal, and never expect to.'

"'What do you mean?'

"'I'll tell you,' was his reply, only you must bear in mind that it is secret. My father and mother were pioneers in a country not far from this city. I was reared on a farm and finally sent off to school. My parents are well to-do people, church workers, and are highly respected in their neighborhood. About two years ago my father wrote me a letter, in which he said he was in trouble and wanted my advice and assistance. To make a long story short, and not to stop to describe the peculiar circumstances, I can say that my father's trouble was that he had never been married to the woman who passed as his wife. For years they had been satisfied with this relationship, but at length my mother began to worry about it. She wanted the ceremony performed legally. My father had no objection, but did not dare to go to any minister or functionary in the neighborhood. You know what country communities are and what unpleasant talk would have followed. Then my father consulted, and the result of it was my decision to wait awhile. Two weeks ago I was ordained a minister and our plans were then carried out. The couple I have just married were my own father and mother.'"

To Cure a Corn.

There is no lack of so called cures for the common ailment known as corns. The vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms have been ransacked for cures. It is a simple matter to remove corns without pain, for if you will go to any druggist or medicine dealer and buy a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor and apply it as directed the thing is done. Get "Putnam's" and no other.

BRILLIANTS.

Consider, for example, what are the ends that you are pursuing in life. What are your ideals? Are you floating without an end, aimless? Have you any purpose that rises to the dignity of a moral purpose? Is it simply to gather as much enjoyment as you can, as you go along? Is it only that you may be happy through the charmed hours? Or, is it that you may get a broader foundation in the world on the ground of the strength which comes to you from property? Are your thoughts of life and your purpose of life formed on the foundations of ambition?

The world is a map of the mind. Everything is in a state of growth or decay. It is budding or blooming or withering and corrupting. Vicissitude is also essential to progress in the regenerate life. The six days of regeneration are composed of evenings and mornings. Our evils must be manifested before we can see their deformity; and we must sink under their weight before we look to the Lord for assistance—before we shall hate them and permit Him to remove them. We must also at times be carried above our natural level, that we may get patterns for fashioning our own tabernacle below. There is occasionally a temporary suspension of the influence of our evils. We are elated above nature, and seem to breathe the air of Heaven. We imagine that we have passed from death unto life. We feel happy, and flatter ourselves that we shall fall no more. But while we are yet speaking our sun is declining and the clouds are gathering. When our evils are conquered in one form they assume another, and thus in disguise enter and join in the triumph we are celebrating, so that we are in danger of losing, by their intrigue and stratagem, what we have gained in open battle.

Horrible Scene at an Execution.

There was a horrible scene at the execution of Robert Goodale, a gardener who was hanged at Wolooken, England, recently, for the murder of his wife. It is thus described by *The Pall Mall Gazette*: At three minutes to 8 o'clock Goodale was brought from the condemned cell, and was met by the executioner, who quickly pinoned him, and the procession then moved toward the scaffold, which was over a deep pit. The acting under-sheriff and the jail surgeon were present. Goodale, when the rope was put around his neck and the cap put on, exclaimed, "Good Lord, receive my soul." Berry pulled the lever, the trap-doors fell away, and Goodale, who weighed fifteen stone and had a six feet drop, disappeared. To the horror of the bystanders the rope rebounded. It was thought it had become unfastened. But on the bystanders looking into the pit they beheld on the floor the decapitated body, with blood oozing from the trunk and head, with the white cap upon it lying against the feet. Berry had tested the rope and scaffold before the execution.

At the inquest the governor of the castle, the executioner, and the jail surgeon were examined. Both the governor and Berry stated that the machinery of the drop was in perfect order, and worked satisfactorily. Berry said, after pinioning Goodale, he walked him toward the drop when being rather frightened he faltered, so he had to push him forward. After the usual routine he asked Goodale if he had anything to say. He answered no. Berry pulled the lever, and Goodale dropped from the top to the bottom of the pit, which was eleven feet five inches deep. His head came off as clean as if cut with a knife. The head and body fell together. Berry said the length of the drop was not unusual, for at Durham he gave Lowson, who weighed sixteen stone, an eight feet drop. The rope did not break. Berry would only account for what occurred by Goodale having a thin vertebra. Mr. Robinson, jail surgeon, said Berry was perfectly sober, carried out his duties coolly and properly. On the drop falling he saw the head separate from the body. Death was instantaneous. The jury found the customary verdict and said no one was to blame.

"Sowing Wild Oats."

Those who, deprecating the thoughtlessness of youth, would seek to screen it from temptation, and to restrain its will until it has learned self-restraint, are often told that they are too solicitous—that the young people will settle down all right by-and-by, and that even if they form a few evil habits, those will drop off in due season, and they will drop off into desirable members of society. The wickedness of such reasoning is surely very plain, for what can restore the lost innocence or bring back the wasted years? or rescue the weaker brethren or sisters who went on in the path of destruction while the others "turned back in time"? But the argument is as futile as it is mischievous. You do not get fair flowers from frost-bitten buds. New buds may come out and blossom late and feebly, but, at best, the tree is poor compared with what it might have been. . . . The arbitrary family tyrant, the irritable, unreasonable father who is not a righteous terror to evil-doers, but to his whole household, the insatiable miser who sacrifices all that makes life worth living to his greed for gold, are but the natural outgrowth of the reckless, self-willed youth, who "sowed his wild oats" and made pleasure his god, and steadily worshipped it under one or another of its protean forms.

It was the Wrong License.

A young man stepped into the town clerk's office the other day and asked for a license. The clerk pulled down the book, and, talking and writing at the same time, asked only one or two questions. Then, too, the young man was new to the business and he didn't mind. He hadn't time to stop to read his document, but hastened away to the house of a certain young lady, and with her continued his rapid journey to his pastor's study. Coats were buttoned up, frills straightened, bangs pushed back from cut crimsoned brows, and all stood up before the man of divine authority. "You have your license, of course?" remarked the clergyman in an aside. "Certainly; here it is," and the young man, congratulating himself on his thoughtfulness, looked round at the bride-elect for approval. The minister opened and read: "This is to certify that ———— has filed an application to sell ale, wine and beer at No. ———— street," etc. Collapse; ministerial indignation; maternal furiation; maiden disapprobation; youthful flustration. Finale: Town clerk explanation; second visitation; mitigation; general celebration.

She Rules the Wave.

The vast extent of British commerce is indicated by the fact that no day passes without some British vessel being lost with all its crew. Indeed, the statistics for the month of November show a much greater average loss than this, for during its thirty days no fewer than seventy-four ships with all on board perished. This constitutes a tremendous toll, but, having the carrying trade of the world chiefly in her hands Britarnia is able to bear the strain.

What "Old Fritz" Said.

It was an aphorism of Frederick the Great's that "Facts are divine things." An undisputed fact is that Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the most powerful liver vitalizer extant, and by its characteristic and searching action will cure dispepsia, constipation dropsy, kidney disease, sick-headache, and other maladies which, popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, are directly traceable to a diseased condition of the liver, by which its work as purifier of the blood is made incomplete. All druggists.

The Paris public is enthusiastic over the conclusion of peace with Madagascar.

"Oh! But I Salivated Him!" was the actual exclamation of an honest physician, spoken of one of his patients to whom he had given calomel for the cure of biliousness and a diseased liver. And he had *salivated him* for certain, from which he never recovered. All these distressing consequences are avoided by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," a purely vegetable remedy tnat will not salivate, but produce the most pleasing effect, invogorate the liver, cure headache, dyspepsia, billousness, constipation and piles. By druggists.

Cholera has broken out in Venice and many people are fleeing from the city.

The worst cases cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Prince Bismarck, who fell from his horse recently, is suffering from inflamed veins.

No means have been taken by the manufacturers to push the sale of their "Myrtle Navy" tobacco except giving from time to time a simple statement of the facts connected with it in the public press. The large and rapidly increasing demand for it has been the result of the experience of smokers which these statements suggested. Their advice to business men is to advertise largely if they have the right article to keep up the advertisement with.

The dacoits have made many attacks upon the British forces at Mandalay; but the revolt is now said to be over.

Imperial Cough Drops will give Positive and Instant Relief to those suffering from Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists. For sale by druggists and confectioners. R. & T. WATSON, Manufacturers, Toronto.

A. P. 261.

Neuralgia Positively Cured
In twenty minutes, without fail. Chapman's Celebrated Neuralgia Powders. Sample mailed twenty-five cents. Chapman, Chemist, London, Ont.

WILD LANDS FOR SALE—S. ½ 21, CONCESSION 2, Nottawasaga, Simcoe County; 100 acres; one mile from Stayner; will make a first-class grain or dairy farm; also lot 36, 2 Vespra; 100 acres; will be sold cheap; also lot 35, north boundary Stephen, Huron County; 100 acres; will be sold cheap. Apply to T. Ede, Barrister, Toronto.

PATENT RIGHT FOR SALE—LAMP GLASS cleaner and dish washer combined; patented September, 1885; send 25c. for sample and particulars. JNO. W. COONEY, Box 35, Arnprior, Ont.

BUSINESS CHANCE—FOR SALE—THE BEST equipped Butcher business in the City of Guelph; does a good trade; a splendid chance; will sell cheap; good reasons for selling. For particulars address, J. A. LAMPREY, Real Estate Agent, Guelph.

YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND TEN CENTS, mailed Bengough's Shorthand and Business Institute, Toronto, will bring copy *Cosmopolitan Shorthander*, best journal in America. Price, $1 00; Send for Calendar.

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A SUCCESS AGAINST ALL PREJUDICE Williams' Eye Water has proved itself a success by all who have used it according to directions, if their eyes were curable, as will be seen by the undersigned certificates. It cured me, 8 years blind, occulist failed O. Fortin; it has cured me, occulist would not try me, Alexander Wand; 6 years blind, Chas. Amiott; 4 years, Elie Dufour; 33 years blind and now I see, John Lecroix. Ask your druggists for it. Wholesale—Lyman Sons & Co., 384 St. Paul St. Montreal.

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Pork Packers, Toronto.
L. C. Bacon, Rolled Spice Bacon, C. C. Bacon, Glasgow Beef Hams, Sugar Cured Ham, Dried Beef Breakfast Bacon, Smoked Tongues, Mess Pork, Pickled Tongues, Cheese, Family or Navy Pork, Lard in Tubs and Pails. The Best Brands of English Fine Dairy Salt in Stock.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

FREE LANDS AND CHEAP HOMES
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Along the line of the **Chicago and Northwestern Railway in Central Dakota and Northern Nebraska.** New sections are being opened up, and rapidly settled in these **wonderfully productive regions**, and the "first comers" will have "first choice" of location.
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Clapperton's Spool Cotton!
Warranted FULL Length, and to run smooth on an Sewing machine. See that CLAPPERTON'S name is on the label. For sale by all Dry Goods dealers.

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For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's, N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B., Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co. Quebec; Wm. Brockie, Philadelphia; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

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The Tribune.

FRIDAY, JAN. 8, 1886.

LOCAL ITEMS.

THAT Fourth-st drain is evidently destined to figure extensively in the public mind.

MR. Joseph Hoppes entertained a large party of his young friends to a birthday party on the 30th ult.

MR. WASHINGTON LOVELESS has sold his house and lot to Mr. James Dryden, the price, we understand being $1.000 cash.

MEMBERS of the Central Office staff are reported to have made giddy fortunes by investments in the wares of the Canada Tea Company.

THE new turntable recently built by Mr. Wm. Mitchell at Deseronto Junction is pronounced a complete success being easily worked by one man.

THE Mutual Improvement Association of the Church of the Redeemer hold a meeting to-night in the lecture room of the Church. A full attendance is requested.

MR. R. H. Baker during his recent visit to Hamilton saw a turkey displayed for sale which weighed 35 pounds. Can Tyendinaga or Sophiasburg produce a bird of such dimensions?

THE annual congregational meeting of the Church of the Redeemer was held last night when different reports were received and the usual business incident to such occasions transacted.

THE ladies of the Roman Catholic congregation in Napanee presented their popular pastor, Rev. Father McDonough, with a handsome cutter and a pair of beautiful buffalo robes as a New Year's gift.

AN auction sale of farm stock and implements will take place on Wednesday 27th inst., at the residence of Mr. John R. Smith, Indian Woods. It will afford an excellent chance for good bargains. Remember the date.

THERE were registered with R. N. Irvine, Registrar for Deseronto, for the half-year ending Dec. 31st;—births 48, marriages 9; deaths 24. The total registrations for the year 1885 were births 100; marriages 15; and deaths 42.

THE defeated candidates do not appear to be much cast down. Mr. Irvine had to carry all the sins of the old council, and under the circumstances made a gallant fight. As for Mr. Gault he should feel flattered over the large vote he polled on this his first appearance before the electors.

It was supposed that when the only bachelor candidate nominated had retired from the contest that the female voters had lost all interest in the recent campaign. The election enthusiasm was however contagious and all the lady voters except one went to to the polls and voted for the candidates of their choice.

ON Christmas evening the children of Miss Foote's class of the Presbyterian Sunday school enjoyed a pleasant time at the residence of Mrs. Foote. There was a Christmas tree with appropriate gifts for the children. The children also showed their good-will to their teacher by presenting Miss Foote with a handsome present.

MESSRS. James Bargess, Wm. Baker, Solomon Hough, and Melvin Brown who have for some months been engaged in building operations for Mr. D. E. Howatt, of Hyde Park, Duchess Co. N. Y., have been enjoying their Christmas holidays in Deseronto They return to Hyde Park in a day or two to complete their work at that place.

MR. C. Witts, who has opened photographic rooms in Smith's block, has, we regret to state, been quite ill during the past week, but is now recovering. His studio will therefore be open in a few days when he will be prepared to attend to all visitors. He is ready to guarantee complete satisfaction to all customers.

EVERYTHING at Bay View Farm present a neat trim appearance thanks to Mr. Akey's constant care and attention He has cleared out a big pile of stone which disfigured one of the fields and has removed the fallen trees in the wood at the rear of the farm. The new ditches are found very useful in carrying off the water.

MR. G. S. Wakeford, formerly manager of the telegraph office in this town, but now a member of the C. P. R. despatching staff, Toronto, has been in town this week visiting his numerous friends. He left on Tuesday to attend the general meeting of the Association of Railway Despatchers at St. Paul, Minn., and will return home by way of Winnipeg.

A GENTLEMAN ordering a copy of THE TRIBUNE for a friend in England was surprised to find that it cost only one dollar a year to send it to that country, or just the same as to send it to any part of Canada. It is well that this fact should be better known. No more acceptable gift could be sent your old friends in the mother country than a good journal like THE TRIBUNE.

MR. Peter McLaren writing from Castlewood, Dakota, to renew his subscription to THE TRIBUNE states that they are enjoying fine weather so far this season, with but little snow. There had been no rain since the middle of September. The crops are good but prices are low and farmers are holding back for better prices. He wishes all the readers of THE TRIBUNE a happy new year.

AN exchange says that at this season of the year people are wont to consider what little economies they can effect and to strike off this and that article from the list of necessaries for the year. Some are only too apt to begin on the newspapers, which they think can be dispensed with for a time. Both they and their children are thus made to suffer for what is obviously false economy. Especially is this true of the local paper which should be a matter of common pride to every community.

WE are indebted to Rev. I. O. Mallory for late Chicago papers.

H. R. Bedford, Esq., has removed his law office to its old stand on Main street.

CALAMITY Hall Glee Club is the name of an organization started at that institution.

THE Belleville Philharmonic Society will hold their fiast concert on the 20th of January.

MR. Thos. Pigden is at Malone this winter inspecting lumber and ties for the Rathbun Company.

THE water is very high in the drowned lands along the N. T. & Q. Ry., in many places covering the track and washouts are feared.

THE Ontario Government have appointed Mr. John Losee Ferguson as Bailiff of the Division Court of Deseronto, No. 7, County of Hastings.

A change of councillors does not mean, as many suppose, an abrogation of the snow by-law. Some board walks are not yet shovelled off.

THE big thaw broke up the ice for several miles above the town and the ferry boats were running for a few days, something unusual for January.

MR. ED. WILSON is arranging for the delivery of logs, ties and posts for the Rathbun Co. along the bay shore, at Wellington and along the N. T. & Q. Ry. line.

Fireman Abrams of the Gananoque branch was badly scalded the other day by the blowing out of a plug on the locomotive. His place is taken by Mr. Brown formerly of this line.

MR. J. C. Hanley has been again elected Reeve of Tyendinaga by a large majority. Mr. Hanley takes a prominent position in the county council, his experience in municipal matters being generally recognized.

THE Bridge Street Church in Belleville, one of the finest edifices in Canada, was completely destroyed by fire on Wednesday afternoon. Part of the Dafoe House, immediately adjoining it, was also consumed.

NEW YEARS day was generally observed by all citizens in a quiet manner. There were shooting matches and other amusements, but skating proved the great attraction. Ice-boats could be seen skimming along the bay with great velocity.

A lady, possibly a female voter, asks if it is within the power of the council to pass a by-law prohibiting the practice of smoking vile tobacco in shops and other places of business. Here is a new field for municipal reformers to show their skill.

At the last regular meeting of Deseronto Lodge, No. 102, I.O.O.F., the following officers were elected for the term ending 30th June, 1886, viz.:—R. N. Irvine, N.G.; J. Sexmith, V.G.; R. Northmore, Rec. Sec.; E. W. Scott, Per. Sec'y.; W. G. Egar, Treasurer.

Missionary Meetings will be held on the Reserve at Christ Church on Sunday the 10th of January at 11 a. m. A full choir will sing several Hymns in the Mohawk language. At all Saints Church on Sunday, the 10th January, at 3.30 p. m. Appropriate hymns will be sung by an efficient Choir.

AS WILL be seen by advertisement "Payable on Demand" will be presented in the Opera House on the evening of Friday, 19th inst. The public have been anxiously awaiting this important announcement, and there is certain to be a large house on the occasion. It will be well to purchase tickets immediately.

THE Annual Missionary Meeting will be held in St. Mark's Church next Sunday evening, 10th inst. Addresses will be delivered by the Rev. Canon White, of Iroquois, and Rev. W. Wright, of Newboro. It is hoped that there will be a very large congregation present on this interesting occasion

THE Rathbun Company Band serenaded a large number of citizens during Christmas and New Year's, and received many proofs of the high appreciation in which their services are regarded by the people of Deseronto. They played in the New Year the strains of music sounding particularly good in the calm of midnight.

THE Public Schools re-opened on Thursday All the teachers, including Miss Sinclair and Miss Forfar lately added to the staff, were present at the opening. A large number of pupils are now in attendance and it is earnestly desired that parents will insist on punctual and regular attendance during the term. Irregular attendance defeats the most assiduous work on the part of teachers.

Who, on New Year's eve,
When "Pater familias" had gone to bed
And "Mater" did proceed to fill the children's socks,
Did straightway sally forth the town to color red
And peaceful citizens to arouse by loud and sundry knocks,
Echo alone answers——who?

THE remarkably mild weather of December continued till the closing day of the month and the New Year also came in without snow. Spring like weather continued until Sunday when a heavy rain set in which continued all day Monday. The different creeks were running bank high with great volumes of water the rainfall being excessive. On Tuesday night it began to snow and on that night and Wednesday some five inches of snow fell. Wednesday night there was a great fall of temperature the thermometer on Thursday morning marking 10.5 degress below zero. This morning it indicated 14.5 degrees below, the coldest day of the season.

AN entertainment of a pleasing character including a Christmas tree, was held in St. Mark's church last Friday evening, in connection with the Sunday school of the church. There was a very large attendance and the programme which included songs, dialogues, recitations, choruses, &c., by the children was much enjoyed. The Rector presided and succeeded admirably in restraining any undue outbursts of enthusiasm. About the middle of the entertainment the advent of Santa Claus was heralded and that benign personage soon appeared on the scene in his well known costume. It was remarked that the intonations of his voice bore a striking similiarity to those of our fellow citizen, Mr. Bedford. He immediately proceeded to strip the Christmas tree of its wealth of presents, much to the delight of the children. Every pupil in the school got a handsome volume or some other gift, and it was pleasing to see that teachers were remembered by their classes with some token of regard. Rev. G. A. Anderson delivered a short address before the close. The whole proceedings were admirably conceived and carried out by teachers and pupils.

MR. D. E. Howett, in another column bears testimony to the character and skill of our Canadian workmen abroad.

DR. J. G. Schurman, at present professor of Ethics and Philosophy in Dalhousie College, has been appointed to a new chair in the same branches in Cornell College.

THE Cedar Mill expects to start up again on the 18th inst. A considerable amount of repairs have been effected and the interior of the mill has been neatly white-washed during the period that it was shut down.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Henry Clancy, of Newburgh, was in town yesterday.

Miss Prickett and Mr. W. Prickett, are visiting friends in Kingston.

Mr. W. F. Powell, of Ottawa, is spending a week or two in town.

A. G. Northrup, of Belleville gave us the pleasure of a visit on Wednesday.

Mr. Chas. Patten, having regained his health, returns to Mr. Bedford's office.

Herchmer Aylsworth is enjoying a trip to Toronto, St. Marys and other points west.

Mr. A. Brouillette writes from Emerson, Man., to renew his subscription to THE TRIBUNE.

Messrs. Gibson, Madden, and Morden, barristers of Napanee, were in town on Wednesday.

Mr. H. B. Bedford was in Shannonville Tuesday attending the sittings of the Division Court.

Miss Northcott, of Belleville, who has been spending her vacation in Deseronto, returned home on Wednesday.

Mr. & Mrs. E.C French returned home on Tuesday evening, having greatly enjoyed their visit to the New England States

Judge Fraleck arrived in town on Tuesday to attend Court, and was, during his stay, the guest of H. R. Bedford, Esq.

DIVISION COURT HELD AT DESERONTO.

BEFORE HIS HONOUR JUDGE FRALECK, THE 6TH JANUARY, 1886.

Slater vs. Sharp. Goodmurphy claimant, Interpleader issue. Verdict for execution creditor. Mr. S. Gibson, Napanee, for execution creditor, Mr. Bedford for claimant.

Carson vs. Clapp. Clapp claimant. Interpleader issue. Verdict for execution creditor. Mr. Wildifield, Picton, for execution creditor, Mr. Bedford for claimant. Laid over until next court by request of execution creditor.

Rose vs. Driver. Madsle claimant. Interpleader issue. Verdict for claimant in regard to part of the goods seized and for the execution creditor for the balance. Costs with the exception of witness fees to be equally divided between the parties. Mr. Bedford, for execution creditor; Mr. Morden, Napanee, for claimant.

Rathbun Co. vs. Driver. Action on an act. Undefended. Verdict for plaintiffs for $54.65.

Donahoe vs. Bartley. Action on an act. Verdict for plaintiff. Mr. Madden, Napanee, for pltff. Deft. in person.

Ferguson *et al* vs. Donahoe. Action on an act. Verdict for pltff. Mr. Bedford, for pltff. Mr. Madden, for deft.

Johnston vs. Horton. Judgment summons. Stands till next Court. Mr. Bedford for pltff.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

AMELIASBURG:—Reeve, P. V. Beech, 1st Dep., J. E. Glenn; 2nd Dep., Weese; Councillors, Gibson and Nightingale.

AMHERST ISLAND:—Reeve, R. Filson, Councillors, Dr. L. Findly, J. C. Howard, Jas. Wemp and W. Fleming.

BATH:—Reeve, Dr. Kennedy; Councillors, T. E. Howard, Henry Armstrong, Thos. Bain and Chas Phippen.

BELLEVILLE.—Mayor, McIninch.

BROCKVILLE:—Mayor, G. W. Weatherhead.

HUNGERFORD:—Reeve, Robt. Gordon; 1st Dep., A. McGowan; 2nd, Jas. Clare; Councillors, Wm. Marlin and F. Murphy

KINGSTON:—Mayor, Whiting, maj. 122

MADOC VILLAGE:—Reeve, John Caskey; Dep., W. Thompson; Councillors, Jas English Chas. Bacon and John McKinnon.

NAPANEE,—Mayor, Uriah Wilson; Reeve, T. G. Carscallen; Dep-Reeve, A. A. Rose; Councillors J. H. Stevenson, J. Lowry, E. K. Bown, John Carson, J. Aylsworth, T. G. Davies, W. Joy, A. T. Gibbard and Wm. Saul.

OTTAWA:—Mayor, F. McDougall.

PICTON:—Mayor, W. Ross.

PORTSMOUTH:—G. Sexton Reeve; Councillors, W Hogan, Joseph Potter, G. McAuley and J. Nicholson.

SOPHIASBURG:—Reeve, S. M. Smith; Dep. S. T. Cotter; Councillors, A. Vandusen, A. H. Gorslin and D. Coolidge.

WOLFE ISLAND:—Reeve T. Hogan maj. 94; Dep-Reeve, H. McLaren maj. 1; Councillors, E. Bryceland Jr., Geo. Greenwood, and John Friend.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS FOR THE TOWNSHIP OF TYENDINAGA, A. D, 1886.

	Reeve		2nd Dy. Reeve.		Councillors.		
	Hanley.	McLaren.	Milligan.	Phillips.	Brown.	Monro.	Meagher.
Poll. Sub-Div. No. 1.	39	46	31	42	70	66	20
" " " " 2.	32	51	51	25	41	49	17
" " " " 3.	70	19	68	14	24	58	47
" " " " 4.	65	42	25	66	38	57	27
" " " " 5.	60	1	58	1	41	56	8
" " " " 6.	59	27	60	13	38	68	51
" " " " 7.	91	14	82	18	59	82	19
Totals	416	200	375	179	302	430	189

The first two councillors were elected.

A. B. RANDALL,
Tp. Clerk.

January 5th, 1886.

J. James Hughes, of Battersea, was seriously injured the other day by having his hand caught in a threshing machine.

The losses by the extensive fire in Detroit on New Year's day aggregate $1,400,000, with a total insurance of $475,000. Ferry & Co., the seed merchants, bear $1,120,000 of the loss, with $426,000 insurance.

It is rumoured that the Imperial Government have become so convinced of the necessity of checking the terrorism exercised by the Irish National League that the Crimes Act will be revived in a modified form.

MARRIAGES.

WAGAR—DEAN—At Selby by the Rev. T. Cleworth, on Dec. 28th, Mr. George A. Wagar to Miss Margaret Ann Dean, all of Richmond.

KINGSTON—LEWIS—At the Methodist Parsonage, Napanee, on Tuesday, December 29th, by the Rev. L. A. Betts, Mr. Wm. Kingston, to Mrs Catherine F. Lewis, of Deseronto.

TOPPINS—SEXSMITH.—On the 6th of January, 1886, at the Mohawk Parsonage, Tyendinaga Reserve, Mr. Thomas Toppins to Harriet, daughter of Mr. James Sexsmith, all of the Indian Reservation.

BIRTHS.

GORDON.—At Deseronto, on the 31st of December, the wife of Mr. George Gordon, of a daughter.

MADOLE.—At Tyendinaga, on the 2nd inst., the wife of Mr. Samuel Madole, of a daughter.

FOSTER.—At Deseronto, on the 4th inst., the wife of Mr. Jonathan Foster, of a daughter.

BURNS.—At Deseronto, on the 5th inst., the wife of Mr. James Burns, of a son.

DEATHS.

BEYETTE.—At Deseronto, on the 5th inst., Mr. Pascal Beyette, aged 38 years.

PAYABLE
ON
DEMAND
BY THE
DESERONTO DRAMATIC
ASSOCIATION
—AT—
CAMERON'S
OPERA HALL
—ON—
Tuesday Evening,
THE 19th INST.,
In aid of the Funds of
St. Mark's Church.

The above Popular Domestic Drama by TOM TAYLOR, Esq., will be produced (under the management of MR. WILLIAM D. McRAE) with full cast of characters and New and Appropriate Scenery,

MR. BEDFORD
—AS—
REUBEN GOLDSCHED,
MISS MILLIE ANDERSON
—AS—
LINA,

To conclude with the Laughable Farce.
"THE QUIET FAMILY."

A special Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Sam. Anderson has been engaged for this occasion.

Admission - - - 25 cts,
Reserved Seats - - - 35 "

Plan of Hall at Egar's Drug Store.
Doors open at 7:00, Curtain will rise at 8:00 sharp.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

JUST OPENED
$2,000 worth of New Staple Dry Goods,
—AND—
50 SUITS OF MENS' CLOTHING,
Which will be sold at Prices Cheaper than you ever bought them.
Deseronto, Nov. 19th. C. GOODMURPHY.

LOCAL TRAIN.

For the benefit of the Travelling Public and to afford better accommodation to the people of Deseronto,

A MIXED TRAIN

Leaves the B. R. Depot every morning at 7:45 for Kingston.

Parties can go to Kingston or Napanee and back same day having about 8 hours in Napanee and 4 hours in Kingston.

LOW RATES OF FARE.

Kingston & Return $2.20.
Napanee & Return .50.

BIBLES
—AND—
TESTAMENTS.

ALL persons desirous of securing cheap, handsome and substantially bound **Bibles and Testaments** will find it to their advantage to call on
W. G. EGAR,
Depositary of the Deseronto Bible Society.
November 18th, 1885.

DR. IRISH, L.D.S.

DENTIST, TRENTON, ONT., will visit the Deseronto House, Deseronto, on the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of every month punctually. Full cases of artificial teeth furnished for $7.00 each. 1st and 2nd cases and extracting, $10.50. Gas or vitalized air used for extracting teeth without pain. Particular attention given to the treatment and filling of diseased teeth. Business hours from seven a.m. to half past four p.m

Health is Wealth

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration, caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the Brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by W. G. EGAR.

Book & Drug Store.
(STEWART'S BLOCK.)
MAIN STREET, DESERONTO.

STATIONERY,
WALL PAPER.
BOOKS, NOVELS,
ENVELOPES.
LETTER PAPER,
PENS, PENCILS,
FANCY GOODS OF ALL KINDS.
HYMN BOOKS,
NOTE BOOKS,
BLANK BOOKS,
SCHOOL BOOKS,
PRAYER BOOKS
CARDS,
SHELLS,
ALBUMS,
GOGGLES,
SPECTACLES.
BIBLES FOR ALL CHURCHES.
PRICES TO SUIT DULL TIMES
DR. NEWTON'S OFFICE.

The Tribune.

VOL. III. DESERONTO, ONT. FRIDAY, JAN. 15, 1886. NO. 18

THE TRIBUNE,

Published every Friday Morning.

THE DESERONTO NEWS CO.
(LIMITED.)
Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—One copy, $1.00 per year 0 cents per six months. Strictly in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE	1 Year.	6 mos.	3 Mos.
Column	$50.00	$30.00	$18.00
Half Column	30.00	18.00	10.00
Quarter Column	20.00	12.00	7.00
One Inch	5.00	3.00	2.00
Business Cards, (less than one inch.)	4.00	2.50	1.75

Wants, Lost, Found, Strayed, etc, 25 cts. each insertion, or on a contract at the rate of 75 cents per month.

Casual advertisements 5 cents per line first insertion; each subsequent insertion 2cts. per line.

communications should be addressed to
THE DESERONTO NEWS Co., (LIMITED),
Deseronto, Ont.

MARRIAGE LICENCES.

T. G. PILE, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES, Deseronto Ontario. 3

COAL.

FOR HOUSE USE OR BLACKSMITH SHOPS, AT lowest market rates. Write for prices.
1 THE RATHBUN CO.

SALT.

BY CAR LOAD, BARREL, OR IN BULK, AMERICAN or Canadian, at lowest market rates. Write for prices.
1 THE RATHBUN CO

WATER LIME.

WATER LIME, PORTLAND CEMENT, AND Plaster Paris for sale, cheap, and full directions given how to use successfully. Write for prices.
THE RATHBUN CO.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN HOTEL.

JOHNSON & ONTARIO STS., KINGSTON. This house has been refurnished and refitted throughout. Charges moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.

INSURANCE ON FARM OR VILLAGE PROPERTY at low rates in Standard Stock Companies—the Royal Insurance Company and Commercial Union of England, Western, and British American of Toronto.
THE RATHBUN CO.,
17-z Agents.

O'CONNOR HOUSE.

THIS HOTEL IS ELEGANTLY FURNISHED throughout, in the latest styles. Large and convenient Sample Rooms; and every accommodation and comfort for guests. The Bar is supplied with best imported and domestic Liquors and Cigars. Charges moderate First-class Livery in connection. Good Yard and Stables attached.
P. O'CONNOR, Prop'r,
*3-L Deseronto Ont.

QUEEN'S HOTEL.

OPPOSITE CITY HALL,
BELLEVILLE, - - - ONT.
First-class hacks connecting with all trains. Street cars pass the door every fifteen minutes.
-2.1y. SIBBITT & CO., Proprietors

Napanee, Tamworth
—AND—
QUEBEC RAILWAY.

NAPANE E VALLEY LINE.

TIME TABLE No. 6.

IN EFFECT MAY 18th 1885.

ASTERN STANDARD TIME.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.		No. 2. P.M.	No. 4. P.M.
Napanee	Leave	1 05	5 30
Napanee Mills	"	1 20	5 45
Newburgh	"	1 30	5 50
Thompson's Mills*	"	1 37	5 57
Camden East	"	1 40	6 00
Yarker	"	1 55	6 15
Colebrooke*	"	2 00	6 18
Galbraith Road*	"	2 05	6 20
Moscow	"	2 10	6 30
Mudlake Bridge*	"	2 20	6 40
Enterprise	"	2 30	6 45
Wilson's Crossing*	"	2 35	6 55
Tamworth	Arrive	2 50	05

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.		No. 1. A.M.	No. 3. P.M
Tamworth	Leave	7 00	3 15
Wilson's Crossing*	"	7 15	3 30
Enterprise	"	7 25	3 35
Mudlake Bridge*	"	7 30	3 40
Moscow	"	7 40	3 50
Galbraith Road*	"	7 50	4 00
Collbrooke*	"	7 52	4 02
Yarker	"	7 55	4 05
Camden East	"	8 10	4 17
Thompson's Mills*	"	8 15	4 22
Newburgh	"	8 25	4 28
Napanee Mills	"	8 35	4 35
apanee	Arrive	8 50	5 50

*Stop only when Passengers at or for.

R C. CARTER, Ass't Gen. Mgr. H. B. SHERWOOD, Superintendent E, W. RATHBUN, anage

LOST OR FOUND.

LOST.—A Black Fur Cape, on Saturday, 9th inst., between Napanee and Deseronto. The finder will oblige by leaving same at TRIBUNE Office. 18

HOUSE FOR SALE.

A comfortable house is offered for sale on Second Street, Village of Deseronto. For particulars apply to
JAMES ALLEN,
Nov. 12-85. Deseronto, Ont

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

PARTIES WISHING TO HAVE LETTERS POSTED after hours will pleas leave them at Egar's Drug Store, Main St. Deseronto.

STOVES FOR SALE.

3 LATEST PATTERN BASE BURNER Coal Stoves for sale very cheap.
Apply to H. C. JEFFERS,
The Rathbun Company. 11-15

MONEY TO LOAN AT 6 PER CENT.

$35,000.00 of Private Money.
Old Mortgages paid off, New Loans taken and Mortgages Purchased.
Apply to
GIBSON & CLUTE,
1 yr. Barristers, Napanee.

FOR SERVICE.

A THOROUGHBRED SUFFOLK BOAR Took 1st Prize at the Midland Fair, Kingston, and at the leading Eastern Township and County Fairs.
TERMS.—$1.00 to be paid at time of service.
MICHAEL KENNEDY.
11 Lot 22, 4th con. Tyendinaga

E. HARRISON,

350 Front Street, Belleville,

Keeps in Stock and makes to order on short notice all classes of Account Books. General Book-binding, from the Plainest Library Style to the best Morocco and Calf, with Gilt or Marble edge. Paper ruling, Map Mounting, Varnishing, Music Binding, Picture Framing. Improved Milk and Cheese Factory Books. Mercantile Books and intricate ruling a specialty. Prices close. 9- .1-4

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

Notice is hereby given that Charles Watson Kirk of the Village of Deseronto has pursuant to the provisions of Ontario Statute 48 Victoria, Chapter 26, made an assignment of all his estate and effects real and personal to Joseph Newlands Henderson of the City of Montreal in the Province of Quebec, accountant, for the general benefit of the creditors of the said Charles Watson Kirk.
D. H. PRESTON,
Solicitor for the said Trustee.
Dated this 19th day of November, 1885

FIRE INSURANCE!

We beg to advise those desiring Insurance that w are Agents for

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, OF ENGLAND;
THE COMMERCIAL UNION INSURANCE CO'Y OF ENGLAND;
THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY, OF TORONTO, ONT.;
THE BRITISH AMERICAN INSURANCE CO'Y, OF TORONTO ONT.,
THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO'Y.

Who will write Policies as low as any other *Stock* Company in the Dominion.

The standing of these Companies is such that all may be satisfied that in case of loss the settlement will be prompt and equitable.

Farmers will find it to their interest to insur with us.

Record kept of all Policies and Notices sent insurers before expiration of same.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,
6-L Deseronto, Ont.

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Shareholders of the Deseronto Navigation Company, Limited, will be held at the Rathbun Company's general office at Deseronto, on Monday, the First day of February, A.D. 1886, at seven o'clock, evening, for receiving the report of Directors, for the election of Directors and other general business.
F. S. RATHBUN,
Deseronto, Ont., Secretary.
Dec. 28th, 1885.

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the Deseronto News Company, Limited, will be held at the Rathbun Company's office at Deseronto, on Tuesday, the Second day of February, A.D. 1886, at seven o'clock, afternoon, for the election of Directors and other business.
Deseronto, Ont., S. RUSSELL,
Dec. 28th, 1885. Sec'y-Treas.

MOTHER'S MENDING BASKET.

Over and under, and in and out,
The swift little needle flies;
For always between her idleness
The mending basket lies;
And the patient hands, though weary,
Work lovingly on and on
At tasks that never are finished;
For mending that never is done.

She takes up the father's stocking,
And skillfully knits in the heel,
And smooths the seam with a tender touch,
That he may no roughness feel;
And her thoughts to her merry girlhood
And her early wifehood go,
And she smiles at the first pair of stockings
She knit so long ago.

Then she speaks to the little maiden
Learning to knit at her side,
And tells her about the stockings
Uneven and shapeless and wide—
"I had to ravel them out, my dear;
Don't be discouraged, but try,
And after a while you'll learn to knit
As swift and even as I."

She takes up a little white apron,
And thinks of the woeful face
Of her darling when she came crying:
"Oh, mamma! I've torn my lace."
So she mended the child's pet apron;
Then tock up a tiny shoe,
And fastened a stitch that was broken,
And tied the ribbon of blue.

The maiden was weary of working
And gone away to her play;
The sun in the west is sinking
At the close of the quiet day.
Now the mother's hands are resting
Still holding a stocking of red,
And her thoughts in the twilight shadow
To the far-off future have fled.

"O! where will the little feet wander
Before they have time to rest?
Where all the bright heads be pillowed
When the mother's loving breast
Is under the Spring's blue violets,
And under the Summer grass,
When over her fall the Autumn leaves,
And the storms of Winter pass?"

And a prayer from her heart she utters:
"God bless them, my dear ones all!
O! may it be many, many years
Ere sorrow to them befall!"
To her work from the mending basket
She turns with a heart at rest:
For she knows that to husband and children
She is always the first and the best.

OILING HARNESS LEATHER.

Oils when applied to dry leather invariably injure it, and if to leather containing too much water the oil cannot enter. Wet the harness over night, cover it with a blanket, and in the morning it will be damp and supple; then apply neatsfoot oil in small quantities, and with as much elbow-grease as will ensure its disseminating itself through the leather. A soft, pliant harness is easy to handle, and lasts longer than a neglected one. Never use vegetable oils on leather, and among the animal oils neatsfoot is the best.

WHITEWASH.

Take half a bushel of unslacked lime, and slack it with boiling water. Cover it during the process. Strain it and a add a peck of salt dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste, put in boiling hot, half a pound of Spanish whiting, and a pound of clean glue dissolved in warm water. Mix it and let it stand for several days. Keep it in a kettle and put it on hot as possible with a brush. It is said to look as well and last nearly as long as oil paint on wood, brick or stone. A very simple wash may be made in the following manner: Slack as above, and add to each pailful half a pint of salt and the same quantity of wood-ashes, sifted fine; this makes it thick like cream, and covers smoke much better. Use hot. Coloring may be used if desired.

KEEPING VEGETABLES.

We observe that some writers on vegetable gardening speak of the difficulty of keeping succulent vegetables, like beets, turnips and parsnips, from wilting, when placed in cellars, and recommend packing them in the earth of the cellar bottom. This mode is necessarily cumbersome and inconvenient. An easier and more perfect way is to pack them in damp sawdust, placed in barrels of moderate size, or in boxes of not more than two feet in width. Place a layer of sawdust at the bottom, then a layer of the roots, then fill in all interstices with another layer, and so on till the box is full, leaving no crevices. We have taken beets out of such boxes after remaining in them a full year, so fresh in appearance that no external differences could be seen between them and the fresh roots. Nurserymen's moss is neater than sawdust where it can be had, and serves an excellent purpose for packing winter cabbage in large boxes, says an exchange.

AN AGE OF DISCOVERY.

We certainly ought to appreciate the fact that we are living in an age of progress and discovery, this is especially appreciated by all persons that have been afflicted with Rheumatism, as West World's Wonder or Family Liniment is a positive cure for Rheumatism. It is invaluable for Cuts, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds and all diseases requiring external application. Sold by W. G. Egar, druggist. Price 25 cents and 50 cents per bottle.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Choice Meats of all kinds at the BIG STORE.

Very general destitution is reported from Ottawa.

FIVE cent scribbling books, ruled, at THE TRIBUNE office

A London cable states that the Duchess of Argyle is dying.

Father Bechx, General of the Jesuits, is reported to be dying.

Prince Alexander has offered to help Turkey should Greece attack her.

The Spanish rebels concerned in the Carthagena rising have been arrested.

Six hundred Arabs are reported to have fallen in the fight with the British at Kosheh.

Chief Commissioner Irwin reports that the Indians are quieting down at Fort McLeod

Fred. C. Vehmeyer's warehouse in Chicago was burned on Tuesday. Loss, $250,000.

A Mandalay despatch states that the natives are well pleased with the annexation of Burmah.

The Privy Council's new rule with respect to the landing of cattle from Canada has been rescinded.

A Gravenhurst boarding house was detroyed by fire on Tuesday, and eight men were seriously burned.

Major Smith of the 47th Battalion, has accepted the command of the 14th Batt. resigned by Col. Kerr.

In various parts in New York State on Tuesday the thermometer indicated from 30 to 40 degrees below zero.

Warrants are being issued for half the amount awarded each person by the Northwest Claims Commission.

The verdict in the case in which a Toronto barber was stabbed with a pair of scissors, is "accidental death."

The exodus of negroes from the Carolinas, Alabama, and Georgia to the west is attracting considerable attention.

A strike in the Lancashire iron trade is reported to be imminent in consequence of a notice for a reduction of wages.

Michael Davitt proposes to make an early visit to Wales for the purpose of aiding in the formation of a Land League.

Two of the five Gipsy children who were abandoned in Kingston last week have died of scarlet fever, and the others are ill with the disease.

John Crowe and Susan Barton, of Toronto, have been committed for trial on a charge of manslaughter based on the cruelty practised on their infant.

Great distress prevails on the northeast coast of Cape Breton, the settlers and fishermen have been prevented from getting in their winter supply by the severe weather.

Hardcastle, Rule & Co., cotton traders of Glasgow, and the Blantyre Weaving Company have failed, the former with liabities of $150,000 and the latter with liabilities of $100,000.

Great Britain has accepted the Russian proposal for an enforced disarmament of Greece, Servia and Bulgaria, and these countries have been called on to resume a pacific footing.

A Body of British troops attacked the Dacoits at Sogain and had a sharp engagement, in which sixty of the Dacoits were killed. The British loss was one man killed three wounded.

The G.T.R. and the C.P.R. Companies are reported to have come to an arrangement for the lessening of expenses in places where there are ticket agencies representing each Company.

During last year 3,383,205 dozen of eggs were imported into the United States from Canada through the Suspension Bridge Customs office alone. The trade is assuming immense proportions.

The Canadian Niagara Falls Park Commissioners have appointed Wednesday, the 13th inst., to commence arbitration; the Government arbitrators will meet at the Prospect House, Niagara Falls.

A special to the "Mail" says the reports regarding the illness of the Princess of Wales are greatly exaggerated. Her Royal Highness had a severe cold last Wednesday, but she is now quite recovered.

The improvement in the iron market has resulted in the formation of a strong American company to work the iron mines north of Kingston, Ont., all of which will be operating to their fullest capacity within a month.

The G. T. R. returns for the week ending Dec. 26th show an increase of $26,702 as against the corresponding week the previous year; this is the first time since the period of depression set in that an increase has been shown.

The telegraph system of the British Islands, under the control of the post office, now amounts to 136,000 miles, and employs 17,000 instruments. The standard rate is twelve words for a sixpence, address included. Press messages alone now average a million words a day.

William Ewart Gladstone is three years older than M. Grevy and one year older than the pope and he is stronger and far more alive than either. Bismarck is six years younger than the Englishman who is eleven years younger than the Kaiser, who carries ten years less than Von Moltke. Tough old men, all of them.

WEST'S Cough Syrup is a positive and certain cure for all forms of Pulmonary Complaints, it relieves a Cough almost instantly, and is admitted by all who have used it to be the best remedy of the kind ever placed before the public. W. G. Egar, Druggist, is Agents for the above medicines. Price 25 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00 per bottle.

Six inches of snow fell in Galveston on Tuesday.

Bradlaugh took the oath as a member of Parliament yesterday.

The Duke of Westminster says England will never grant Home Rule to Ireland.

A meeting of the Kingston Car Works Company resolved to wind up the affair.

The Ohio Legislature yesterday elected John Sherman to the United States senate.

Ontario Beekeepers' Association has decided to make a show at the Colonial Exhibition.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland will, it is reported, resign, and the office be placed in commission.

The Australian harvest is just over, and ninety thousand tons of wheat will be available for export.

P. J. Walker & Co., jute spinners, of Dundee, Scotland have failed with liabilities of $150,000.

A party of men left Kingston recently to make preparations for beginning operations at the iron mines.

It is asserted that the bodies stolen from the cemeteries in Kingston district are destined for Montreal.

The low-lying portion of Montreal has been flooded by the backing up of the river caused by anchor ice.

The weather continues intensely cold in all the western states. Many people have been frozen to death.

The business portion of the town of Cuba, Mo, was almost entirely destroyed by fire on Thursday; loss $50,000.

The British ship Hudson Bay, Captain Vesey, has foundered off Kenepa. Fifteen of the crew were drowned.

McCabe, a Canadian in Dakota, who was twice tried for poisoning his wives, has fallen victim to the mixture intended for his last wife.

The great and long continued trade depression, together with the cold weather, is causing much suffering amongst the poorer classes in Glasgow.

The railway station at Stratford-on-Avon has been unroofed by a cyclone, which spread devastation and death in its track through the middle counties of England.

An Ottawa report states that a Government Bill will be introduced into the Dominion Parliament to create a new electoral division out of the territory north and east of Lake Nipissing, and following the line of the C.P.R.

There is a claimant to the Burmah throne in the person of Prince Alompra, who is reported to have an army of 10,000 rebels scouring the country within 20 miles of Mandalay. It is thought that he may create a disturbance that will cost something to put down.

Stanley, the African explorer, is now busily engaged in projecting a railway up the Congo valley into the equatorial regions of Africa. It will take some iron and rolling stock to lay and equip it, and that will be good for the industrial classes of England and Wales.

There is no necesity of passing a sleepless night and annoying the entire household with that Cough, as West's Cough Syrup will cure you like magic, the best known remedy for coughs, colds, consumption in its early stages, and all throat and lung diseases. Sold by W. G. Egar, price 25, 50cts and $1.00 per bottle.

A distinguished English soldier has called attention to the fact that if British rule is unpopular in the east, it is because the Hindoos are no longer allowed to burn their wives and because the Mohammedans cannot kill their wives without being hanged for it and cannot buy girls any more by the pound. The natives he says, have thus been deprived of many of "the most valuable luxuries of life."

"What a farmer needs in this world to be successful," said Deacon Hayseed, "is a good wife. Then he's all right. My wife could git up in the mornin' at 4 o'clock, milk fifteen cows, feed six horses, git breakfast for twenty hands and be ready for a day's work before 6 o'clock. That's what I call a good wife." "Doesn't she do it now, Deacon?" he was asked. "Oh, no," he replied, wiping away a tear, "she's dead."—*Belfast (Me.) Journal.*

Almost startling estimates are made of the amount of British capital invested outside of the British Isles. The latest estimates by good authorities put them at $7,5000,000,000, on which the yearly income is $375,000,000, and it is believed that other British investments outside the United Kingdom are at least $2,500,000,000 more, yielding an annual revenue of $250,000,000. If these statistics are true Great Britain draws from foreign investments a yearly income equal to $17 for every man, woman and child in the Kingdom, and it is no wonder that England is willing to annex Burmah and build a railway up the Congo valley.

The Montreal Customs authorities last spring seized a large quantity of J. C. Ayer & co's. patent medicines for alleged infract of the duty. The authorities claimed that the firm's establishment at St. John's, Que., was only a bottleing depot. The case was heard before the department, and last November Messrs. Ayer & Co. were notified that the decision was against them. By law unpaid duty can only be collected for three years back and a fine of fifty per cent. was added to this making a total of $247,300, which the firm were required to pay. Failing this they were notified the goods under seizure would be sold and a suit taken before the Exchequer court for the balance. Nothing more has been done in the matter until a few days ago, when the seized medicines, of which there were about $80,000 worth of hair invigorator, pills and sarsaparilla, were removed from the bonded ware house of Messrs. Kerry, Watson & Co., to the examining ware house, as a preparatory step to their sale.

THE WEDDING BELLS;

OR,

TELLING HER FORTUNE.

By the Author of "PROVED OR NOT PROVED," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

The day passed slowly and heavily; a sense of mystery and oppression hung over Fetherstone Hall and its inmates. Mr. Graves, the superintendent, arrived promptly, and he was closeted for some time with Mr. Fetherstone and his brother. Then a strict search over the entire house was instituted, the ladies and gentlemen submitting willingly to allow their wardrobes and trunks to be searched, in order to prevent the household feeling hurt at the investigation. But nothing was found, and the police-officer's stolid face bore an expression of perplexity which rather amused Ted.

Clara kept her room, suffering, Sylvia said, from a nervous headache which had completely prostrated her. Lady Ellison, anxious about Clara, and perplexed about her loss, tried vainly to recover her usual serenity, and sat with Lady Mary in her boudoir, talking about everything but the robbery of which their thoughts were so full.

Late in the afternoon Mr. John Fetherstone and Mr. Burke drove off to the station, accompanied by Ted; and just as the dog cart which was to take them to the station was driven round from the stables Clara awoke from a troubled doze into which she had fallen, and lifted her head from her pillows.

Sylvia was sitting by her reading, and at Clara's movement she started up.

"Is your head better, dear?"

"A little," the girl answered, languidly. "Is any one going away, Sylvia?"

"Only Mr. Burke," Sylvia said, hesitatingly.

"Mr. Burke!" repeated Clara, sinking back, her face as white as the pillows against which she lay. "Why—why—why?"

The pale, parched lips refused to finish the sentence. Sylvia bent down anxiously.

"He is only going away for a day or two on business," she said, hastily; and Clara caught her hand.

"You are sure—you are sure?" she said, faintly.

"Quite, dearest."

"Is it not sudden?"

"Yes, I think so. Uncle John is going also."

"O, Sylvia—Sylvia!" Clara cried, suddenly; and clasping her friend closely to her, she burst into a cruel passion of tears.

Two or three days passed in the same dreary, oppressive manner. The wedding guests departed. Letters came from the happy pair in Paris, which brightened up Lady Mary immensely. Clara Frith had come down-stairs again, looking very white and fragile, and showing a strange reserve of manner unusual to her, also carefully avoiding the mention of the lost jewels. If the theft were spoken of before her, she would flush and grow pale alternately, and such a fit of shivering would seize her, that by tacit consent they were silent in her presence on the subject.

As yet nothing had transpired; the theft remained surrounded by perfect mystery. All investigation had been of no avail—the strict search had been fruitless; and when Mr. Burke returned alone on the third day after his departure, they were as far as ever from discovering the truth.

Ted's friend, as he was still very generally called by the Fetherstones, drove up, looking very handsome and far brighter than he had ever seemed before. Whatever business had taken him away, it had evidently had a satisfactory termination. Ted, who went out on the wide stone steps to meet him, put his hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"How is she?" were Mr. Burke's first words.

"Who?—Clara, or your——"

But Mr. Burke's hasty movement prevented him completing the sentence.

"Clara, of course! Ted, be careful!" said Mr. Burke, with a quick glance around.

"Clara is better; she is down-stairs again. Why, there's no one to hear us, old fellow. Dick, was it all right down there?"

"Yes; thank Heaven, there was no mistake!" And standing on the stone steps, Mr. Burke drew a long breath of relief; then arm-in-arm they entered the house together.

"Uncle John has gone up to town, then?" said Ted, as they crossed the outer hall.

"Yes; he was anxious to settle some business there," replied Dick; and they entered the inner hall, where Sylvia was presiding over five-o'clock tea; and when the home party were gathered, Sylvia, very bright and pretty, with Charlie Dashwood in attendance, looked up and smiled a welcome to her brother's friend, who crossed the hall to greet Lady Mary, who was standing on a great fur rug which was thrown down before the old-fashioned hearth. Beside her stood Clara, tea cup in hand, and Lady Mary saw that though the girl's face had been white as death, as the young man entered a bright red spot appeared on each cheek, and a sudden flash came into her soft brown eyes.

Stopping for a moment to exchange a cordial hand-clasp with Mr. Fetherstone Dick went up to Lady Mary, while he gave one swift glance—eager, passionate, tender—at the girlish figure by her side.

"I am very glad to see you back, Mr. Burke," her ladyship said, cordially. "We have missed you greatly, have we not, Clara?"

Clara made no answer; it seemed as if she had not heard the question; but Lady Ellison, who occupied a low seat near the high, carved oak mantel, answered for her.

"Greatly," she said, in her low, sweet voice; and going to her side, Richard Burke took her hand in his, and bending, brushed it softly with his lips with the graceful courtesy and chivalry of a former age. Then he went back to the rug, and put out his hand.

"I am glad to see you so much better," he said, in a low tone of unutterable tenderness, with his gray blue eyes fixed on the girl's fair face. "You are better, are you not?"

Clara said nothing, neither did she make any movement to put her hand in his. Suddenly, and still in the same unbroken silence, she lited her eyes, and looked him full in the face; and while his countenance expressed nothing but the utmost tenderness and the most unspeakable love, hers was full of the cruelest contempt, the bitterest anger.

For a moment she looked at him, surveying him from head to foot as she might have done a stranger who had grossly insulted her; then she turned scornfully and silently away, crossed the hall, and disappeared up the wide oaken staircase.

Lady Mary and Mr. Burke looked at each other in surprise, mingled, on Mr. Burke's face, with an expression of keen pain; while Ted's face flushed angrily at this insult to his friend. He started forward impetuously, but Dick's hand on his arm, and a meaning glance at Lady Ellison, who was, of course, unaware of Clara's strange conduct, stayed the angry words on his lips.

Still, it was very strange! What could such a reception mean?

CHAPTER XV.

"I KNOW WHO STOLE THE JEWELS."

"It is no use, old fellow; I have made a terrible mistake, and must suffer the consequences. I shall give it up and go away."

"Nonsense, Dick; there must be some mystery or other. The girl evidently liked you, and she is not one of those to change her mind."

"Who shall fathom the mystery of a woman's caprice!" said Mr. Burke, with a faint smile. "She thought she liked me for a time, I suppose. But I was a fool to think that I good win the love of a young girl."

"A fool—why?" said Ted Fetherstone, hastily. "Why should you not win her love? She is either coquetting with you or she does not know her own mind. At any rate, there is no one else, and not the slightest necessity for you to give it up; and as for going away, that is out of the question."

"Why is it out of the question?" said Mr. Burke, wearily, leaning his head on his hand as he sat by the window and looked out on the grounds, where Sylvia and Charlie, Clara and one of the younger lads, were playing lawn-tennis.

"Because, rather than let you go, I will make a clean breast of everything," said Ted, moodily.

His friend smiled sadly.

"You won't do that, Ted," he said, quietly. "I am not afraid of your betraying me. No man could have a truer friend than you have been to me ever since I saw you first. Do you remember it?"

"I remember it, and how you and Fred Farrell nursed me through that long fever. Don't talk of friendship, Dick—I call you Dick still, you see. I owe my life to you twice over, and it is yours to dispose of as you will."

Their hands met in a strong, close clasp. Dick smiled.

"I think Miss Allen will have something to do with the disposal of your life, old fellow," he said, lightly. "Don't make such a complete surrender of it, Ted."

Ted Fetherstone laughed; then his eyes followed the direction of his friend's, and dwelt upon Clara's graceful figure.

"She is evidently awfully unhappy," he said, meditatively. "I never saw a girl so changed in a few days. She cannot be fretting about the jewels, for I never saw a girl care less about trinkets and gew-gaws. I believe she is unhappy about you, Dick.

The other shook his head sadly.

"No; unless she is sorry to have to cause me pain. She has a tender heart, dear child."

"And yet she treats you so vilely," said Ted, angrily. "Upon my word, Dick, if you would let me, I'd give her a piece of my mind on the subject. Fond as I am of Clara, I cannot justify or excuse her insolence."

"It is not her insolence," Mr. Burke said, sadly. "It is not Clara Frith who acts thus. It is some unaccountable prejudice and dislike which have actuated her during the last day or two. She may hate me for my presumption, but I think, if she knew the pain she causes, she would not act thus."

"She's a little idiot!" said Ted, savagely.

"Don't let your friendship for me make you unjust, old fellow," said Mr. Burke, quietly. "She is one of the sweetest, truest, noblest creatures I ever knew. Nay, it will not make make me a worse man for having loved her, even if it make me a sadder one. Did I tell you how, the other evening—your sister's wedding-day it was—she told me how she had tried to find out Grant Ellison—how she had, unknown to his mother, employed a lawyer to make every inquiry? And great tears ran down her cheeks as she told me how vain the search had been. If you could guess, Ted, what a restraint I had to put on myself not to take her in my arms and kiss those tears away," he continued, with a slight laugh, "you would think me a greater stupid than ever, unless a fellow-feeling makes you wondrous kind."

"Will you let me speak to her, Dick?"

"Not for worlds."

"Why?"

"Old fellow, surely you can see that this is a matter in which no third person can meddle!"

"Then will you speak to her yourself?" Ted said, eagerly.

"How can I? She avoids me in every way. If I address her she makes no answer," Mr. Burke answered, wearily; then rising impetuously, he added, "I wish it was over. Let me go away, Ted—I only sink deeper and deeper into the mire here. I love her madly and hopelessly. While I remain here, while I am where I can see her, where I can dwell upon her sweetness, I shall never cure myself of such a mad passion. Let me go away, and perhaps——"

He broke off huskily, and sitting down by the table, covered his face with his hands.

Ted Fetherstone went softly to his side, and put his hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"Old friend, dear old friend," he said, hoarsely.

In a few minutes Mr. Burke removed his hands from his face and looked up with a slight, bitter laugh.

"You see what I shall come to if I stay here much longer," he said, unsteadily. "I had let myself dwell upon the hope more than I thought. I had pictured our happiness, hers and mine, and—and Lady Ellison's; but it is all a folly—all a mad, foolish dream. Let me get away from it all—let me go back to the old life. It is all I am fit for—all I can hope for now."

"And your mother?" said Ted, very quietly.

Richard Burke's face flushed, and he turned away. There was a moment's silence, then Ted spoke again, in the same quiet, earnest voice.

"Listen to me, Dick," he said. "You are older and wiser than I am, and no doubt you know your own affairs the best; but if you will take my advice in this, I think you will not repent it."

"What do you advise me to do?" Dick asked, calmly.

"This: see Clara alone, and insist on receiving an explanation of her conduct to you. You have every right to demand it. She had shown a preference for your society; she had given you permission to love her; she has no right to withdraw it and to insult you without reason."

"How can I see her? She shuns me like a pestilence."

"I will manage that. Will you let me?"

"If you will; but, Ted," and Mr. Burke smiled faintly, "I may as well tell you beforehand that I shall be as wax in her hands."

"Not you," said Ted, laughing. "To-morrow, when the party for Arundel goes, make some excuse and remain behind. Clara is not going. Lady Ellison thought it would be too fatiguing for her. I am going to stay at home, and between us we shall bring this refractory young lady to a sense of her iniquities."

This conversation took place some three days after Mr. Burke's return, and during that time Miss Frith had treated him with the same uncompromising coldness and insolence. She never spoke to him, she never looked at him; she avoided him in every possible manner, and a slight bow morning and evening was the only notice she ever took of his presence. Had Mr. Fetherstone and his wife been less preoccupied they might have commented upon this conduct; but the host was concerned in trying to make some discovery anent the jewel robbery, and Lady Mary was anxious about one of her children who was laid up with a sharp attack of inflammation of the lungs; while Sylvia was too much occupied, between her new duties as Miss Fetherstone and her engagement to her cousin, who had at last won his uncle's consent, to heed anything else.

Thus it happened that Clara's strange conduct remained unnoticed except by Ted, who was quick to see anything that concerned his friend, who was equally with him at a loss to understand it; while the girl herself was strange and irritable in her manner, and more than once her maid had surprised her in her room weeping passionately.

Having entered into the little conspiracy which was to explain Miss Frith's conduct and bring her to a sense of her iniquities, the two young men rose to leave the library. The lawn-tennis contest was over, and the players had reentered the house, for the courts were deserted. As the two friends passed into the hall the door of Mr. Fetherstone's study opened, and he put his head out.

"Is that you, Ted? Come here, will you? You also, Mr. Burke, if you please," he said, hastily; and obeying the summons, they went into the study.

They found Mr. Fetherstone not alone. Lady Ellison was there and Clara, who knelt beside her with a look of forced composure on her face. Sylvia and Charlie were there, and Superintendent Graves from the police station was standing with his face set and impenetrable as usual.

"We seem no nearer the end of this mystery," Mr. Fetherstone said, in a nervous, fidgety manner, "and I am exceedingly anxious to solve it. Superintendent Graves, after having given the case due consideration, thinks that the thief must be in the house. We can discover no way by which the house could have been entered."

"At the same time," Lady Ellison, interposed, gently, "we have full confidence in the servants. They are all of them tried and faithful, and their feelings have already been sufficiently outraged by the strict search over the house."

"But your ladyship should remember that the ladies and gentlemen in the house were quite willing to let their wardrobes and trunks be searched," said the police-officer, respectfully.

"Yes; but in their position they were above suspicion," said Lady Ellison, in her soft voice. "The household were not, and I would rather never recover my jewels than cause such unpleasantness in the house."

"My dear Lady Ellison," Mr. Fetherstone said, gently, "there must be no question of unpleasantness. We have a duty to perform, which must be done in spite of pain; and I will go on until the thief is discovered and the suspicion which has fallen on all the members of the household shall be cleared."

Lady Ellison held Clara's hand in hers, and as she listened she felt it grow cold as marble. She turned her sightless eyes on her face in alarm.

"What is it, my child?" she said, in a low tone. "Are you faint? Would you like to go?"

"No, mother," the girl answered, calmly; "there is nothing the matter with me."

But as she spoke she released her hand from Lady Ellison's with a little pressure, and moved across to the window. Mr. Burke's eyes following her, saw that she was white as death. The grave, tender gray eyes which watched her so anxiously came back slowly from their scrutiny clouded with pain.

"Would you not think it advisable to send for further assistance from London?" Mr. Burke said; and as he spoke Clara turned from the window and flashed her brown eyes upon him with her long look of supreme contempt and indignation. "I do not question Superintendent Graves' ability," he hastened to add; "but a second opinion might be desirable."

"Indeed I think so," Mr. Fetherstone said, quickly, like a man who saw a way out of his preplexities. "I have some slight acquaintances with the Chief Commissioner of Police, and I will send him a note by to-night's post."

There is no doubt that he will send us some one to help us out of the difficulty," said Ted, in a relieved tone. "Clara," he added, going to her side, "is not the air cold for you?"

"No," she answered, shortly; then she came quietly forward, but just as she was about to speak Mr. Burke looked up eagerly.

"Do you know," he said, quickly, "that I almost think I know something of this?"

"You, Dick!" cried Ted. "What do you mean?"

Clara was standing beside Ted, and almost involuntarily she caught at his arm. She was white and trembling, and the young man saw that she was incapable of standing alone. He put her into a chair, and holding her hand in his, waited for Mr. Burke's explanation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REAWAKENED MEMORY.

How Often a Very Simple Thing May Restore the Connection.

Two years ago a young man living in a Vermont village, having finished his academical education was ready to enter college. But just before the day appointed for his examinatian he was taken ill. After several weeks of suffering he slowly recovered his health, but discovered that his mind had lost the knowledge acquired by six years of hard study. Latin, Greek and mathematics, all were gone, and his mind was a blank in respect to his preparatory studies. His doctor prescribed that he should rest his mind, and familiarize himself with the few simple details of light work.

He obeyed the advice, and found, in his old habit of doing things carefully, the schoolmaster that brought back his old knowledge.

Before his illness the young man, in order to earn a little money, had taken care of the village church, sweeping it out, cleaning the lamps and doing all the work of a sexton. He now resumed this work, and by the physician's advice tried to keep his mind from puzzling itself about its loss of memory. Several weeks went by without bringing any change in his mental condition.

One Sunday evening a stranger entered the church, and, as the sermon was a dull one, gazed carelessly around until his attention was attracted by the lamps on the wall. He noticed that all the wicks were so carefully trimmed that there was not an irregular flame to be seen. He wondered as to who could be the careful sexton, and, happening to be in the place the following Sunday, he again noticed the same uniform trimming of the wicks.

Passing the church the next day, and seeing the door open, he walked quietly in, and saw the young sexton sweeping out the central aisle. Looking closely at the young man, the stranger asked: "Do you do all the work about the church?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you trim the lamps?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why do you trim them in such a peculiar way?"

"I don't know what you mean?"

"Why, the flames are all alike."

"Oh, but they ought to be. You would not have them uneven, would you?"

"No," answered the stranger, with a smile. "But it speaks well for your carefulness. Why, I should think one of the flames would fit all the others exactly if it were superimposed on them."

"Superimposed! Isn't that word used in geometry?"

"Certainly. If polygons, having equal sides and angles—"

Before the stranger could finish his sentence the student threw down his broom, rushed frantically out of the church, ran across the street and into his house, where he astonished his mother by exclaiming, in tones of triumph, "Mother, I know that the square of the hypothenuse of a right angle triangle is equal to the sum of the square of the other two sides!"

In a moment his school knowledge had come back to him, flashed into his mind by the mention of superimposed figues.

The "Rogers" Name On Spoons.

As the world-wide celebrity of the Rogers stamp upon silver-plated spoons has stimulated the growth of many imitations, it may be interesting to recall briefly the history of this famous brand. In the year 1847, only seven years after the first application of electricity for silver-plating articles of domestic use, the first objects bearing this trade mark were manufactured in Hartford, Conn. The three brothers who originated the manufacture, and who had the surname of Rogers, placed upon the market a class of goods greatly superior to anything previously known. The venture was carried forward for considerable time, until it was found that the high quality of the wares could only be maintained profitably by the employment of greater capital and resources than the brothers had at their command. They were, consequently, obliged to succumb, and the business was sold to the Meriden Britannia Company, of Meriden, Conn., who required thereby not only the established trade-mark, but also, during their lives, the services of the originators. The facilities and able management of the new owners enabled them to maintain and improve the high quality of the wares, and it is due principally to them that the Rogers name has become so famous for superior workmanship.

Naturally, parties who seek to reap some of the harvest of these years of labor are not wanting, and the consumers are compelled, in self-protection, to examine particularly the distinguishing marks of this celebrated brand to avoid being deceived.

The integrity and reputation of the manufacturers furnish to the consumer the only guarantee of quality. To enable purchasers to select the genuine and best "Rogers goods," two prefixes were long ago adopted, the presence of either of which in the stamp on the goods may be relied upon as an infallible test of quality. The most prominent is "1847," referring to the date or origination, thus: "1847, Rogers Bros." Too much importance cannot be given in this date as distinguishing the genuine wares. The other prefix referred to is a *star*, "* Rogers & Bro." All articles bearing either of these prefixes are genuine, are made by the parties who have legally succeeded to the original manufacturers, and are guaranteed by the Meriden Britannia Company to be of the very best quality.

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AN UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY.

A TALE OF CANADIAN BACKWOODS LIFE.

III.

The morning succeeding that dreadful Christmas night, dawned clear and beautiful. It was one of those gloriously bright awakenings in mid-winter, for which Western Canada should be famous. The heavy snowfall over night had heaped the white crystals many feet deep alike in the forest and the clearings. Even the tree-branches were weighted down with the bright particles, indicating that the wind had blown itself out before the snow had ceased falling.

The sun, bursting into radiant flame over the eastern margin of forest, transforms the whole landscape into a fairy-like scene of splendour. In the transparent, frosty air, every icicle, touched by the sun's rays, suddenly turns into a sparkling diamond, every snow crystal a lesser gem, every encrusted tree-leaf a cluster of brilliants—until the general effect of the whole is dazzling in the extreme.

As far as eye can reach an Aladdin's garden, more splendid and marvellous perhaps than ever Oriental imagination dreamed, lay spread out, like some magical transformation scene, over the evergreen forests of Canada.

Responsive to the change from a long night of cold and storm to a morning bright and beautiful, every living thing warms with fresh life, and the myriad sounds which fall upon the attentive ear attest the unusual joy in the newly-awakened day. Every frost-nipped bird and beast sends forth a blessing after its manner.

Away off in the forest depths one hears the heavy booming of the ruffled grouse; from all the tree-tops come the twitterings of the numberless cross-bills and pine-finches; and from the settler's out-houses rises, lustily and cheerily, the clarion notes of the guardians of the poultry-yard.

Now, some human being, oblivious of the ghostly visitation of the night, starts the machinery of the mill, and the sharp noise of the steel saw, as it begins to eat its way through a solid pine log, puts to flight all lesser sounds. The mill hands are now gathering for the day's labour, and are standing in little knots discussing the mysterious crys said to have been heard by one sharp-eared fellow above the roaring storm of the preceding night. Before much opinion has been elicited, the door of Mr. Brooke's house opens and that gentleman, accompanied by the stranger guest, emerges and walks slowly across to where the men are gathered.

Both men look serious and somewhat careworn, evidence, not yet effaced, of the events of the previous night. They had come to a mutual understanding regarding the search for Redlaw, which the detective was anxious should begin without any delay. He had greater expectations of finding him dead, however, than alive.

Mr. Brooke selected Hart and Peters from among the men and sent them home for their rifles, telling them they were wanted for a bit of a tramp in the woods.

The remainder of the men, although wondering greatly what was in the wind, were obliged to go to work as usual. In a few moments the two men selected returned equipped for the expedition, and the party of four started immediately, the detective taking the lead, and making direct for the westerly side of the clearing, he having noticed the night before that Redlaw's footsteps were pointed in that direction. These tracks were still faintly perceptible and they had only to follow them which ever way they led.

"This is much better than I feared," remarked the detective. "I was almost sure the track would be quite obliterated, and thus our work made much more difficult. We have only to follow up these foot prints and Redlaw is ours."

"You are more confident than I am," answered Mr. Brooke. "There are several possibilities in the case to be considered and some of them are pretty weighty. For instance, he may be dead of exposure; or he may have been torn to pieces by wolves; or he may have reached the London Road, in which case he is likely to be safe for the present. Or his tracks may grow indistinguishable presently. You see already how the footprints of wild animals cross and recross the trail we are following?"

The detecive acknowledged the justice of this opinion, but said that the search must be kept up until the man was taken, track or no track.

The four men were now some distance within the grim borders of the interminable swamp which stretched away for a hundred miles to the borders of the northern lakes, and without further words they set themselves to follow Redlaw's footsteps, which led at first in a straight course through bush and thicket, over fallen trees, across little frozen lakes, into the very heart of the silent, dim, mysterious region, shut out from the sunshine of the clearing by rank upon rank of heaven-towering tree trunks, whose dark, evergreen crowns intercepted the sun's rays, allowing but a few struggling beams to find their way down to the earth.

Hour after hour passed and still the trail led the way deeper and deeper into the gloom. By and by they came to a spot where Redlaw had stumbled and fell, and where he had probably rested for a spell. After passing this point the foot-prints no longer led in a straight course, but grew uncertain and finally actually doubled back for a short distance. The party began to hope that they would not have to proceed much farther. The foot-prints gave evidence that Redlaw was nearly exhausted.

Every one kept a sharp-look-out for the object of their pursuit with their hands near the locks of their rifles. They expected to have to cope with a desperate man, perhaps armed, who would not allow himself to be easily taken, and who would doubtless hold his own life, as well as theirs, very cheaply. The detective had done his best to nerve them to their work by his personal assurance that Redlaw was undoubtedly the murderer of Sampson.

Their abhorence of that deed was all the stimulus required to spur them forward with the greatest eagerness to bring the criminal to justice. Yet they all felt that the task was a very dangerous one.

They moved on slowly but surely along the difficult path, in Indian file, which was now headed by the younger man, Dick Hart. The party had now entered a still gloomier part of the forest, a region of dense, scrubby firs, growing at the bottom of a deep valley, or rather basin, which in the summer season would be simply a cold, boggy marsh. The trees in this place, from the nature of the soil, were twisted and contorted into every hideous, weird and fantastic shape imaginable. Peters grew frightened at the threatening aspect of this ghoulish place, and all the party, more or less, felt the uncanny and diabolical influence.

Dick Hart, who had gradually drawn a few paces in advance of the rest of the party, suddenly came to a halt with a suppressed exclamation. He held up his hand, and then motioned that all should listen. Then they heard the confused sounds of some kind of a conflict taking place some distance off on the opposite side of a dense thicket of luxuriant creepers. They could distinguish quite clearly the howls and yelps of some wild animals, horribly interpolated with human cries and the dull thud of blows.

The party, now hurrying forward, pressed through the thicket and beheld a sight that not one of them will ever forget while he lives!

Standing upon a gigantic fallen tree-trunk was the tall figure of Redlaw, brandishing wildly a heavy club. Surrounding him on every side were a number of wolves who were tearing and snapping and snarling in a most vicious and blood-curdling fashion. Redlaw's clothing was torn to tatters and from his naked limbs the bleeding flesh was hanging in long strips.

Every instant a wolf, more daring than his fellows, would leap at the forlorn wretch, snapping his hungry jaws, only to receive a stinging blow from Redlaw's bludgeon, felling it to the earth with a yelp of pain. The man seemed perfectly indifferent to the suffering he was himself undergoing. In fact he seemed to regard the whole scene in the light of a huge joke. But his appearance was frightful in the extreme.

His eyes were glaring and bloodshot, froth oozed from the lips, and he had by chance drawn a bloody hand across his cheek, leaving a ghastly streak. But more horrible than all this, were the occasional bursts of maniacal laughter, interlarded with the words of some old forgotten song, which rang through the forest with an awful mockery of mirth. The wild figure would every moment or two strike a hideous caricature of a jaunty attitude, and skip along the tree-trunk, dealing his blows right and left amongst the wolves and chanting some such gibberish as the following, addressed to first one wolf and then another:

> "'Pray, sir, don't you be impudent,
> Else I shall show you the difference soon'.—

(Take that, you devil! And that! And this!")

Then would follow a series of blows from the bludgeon which knocked over two or three wolves, but they returned to the attack in a moment.

> "'Sir, let me tell you, you're mighty ridiculous
> O, to be sure, here's the cat in the pan.'

(Here now, this is for your mother-in-law! Take it home.)

> 'Let me come at him now!
> Kate, dear, do let me pat him now!'

(Hey you brutes! Take that now! And that too! oh, oh!)"

And then followed a shriek of wild laughter which was as much like real mirth as a fit of palsy is like a minuet.

"Poor devil," whispered the detective to Mr. Brooke, "his mind's gone—he's mad."

The conflict so unequally carried on could have but one ending but for the interposition of the detective and his party. They had stood dumb-founded for a few seconds gazing at the unwonted battle, too surprised to interfere. But even while they were standing watching, an immense wolf leaped up and caught Redlaw by the hand and jerked him from his perch and would have torn him to pieces in an instant, had not Dick Hart recovered himself sufficiently to shoot it dead with a well-directed shot from his rifle.

The report was immediately succeeded by two others in rapid succession, and three wolves lay dead upon the trampled and bloody ground. The remainder, unwillingly enough, slunk away among the bushes. When the party reached the place where Redlaw lay they found him senseless from loss of blood.

They could hardly recognize in the mangled and bloody mass of flesh and rags, the resolute and dangerous Redlaw of the day before. The change a few hours had wrought was almost incredible.

Mr. Brooke cut a couple of light poles and some twigs and with them constructed a rude stretcher upon which they placed the inanimate figure, and not knowing what moment the last breath would be drawn, the party set out on their return journey, two men carrying the stretcher alternately.

They had many miles to cover ere the settlement could be reached, and progress over the rough, log-strewn path was necessarily slow and tedious. Redlaw, as the hours wore away, remained in the same condition and gave slight signs of life. These were an occasional low groan elicited by some of the unavoidable jolts. The men, somewhat awed by the woeful condition of the fugitive, maintained silence amongst themselves, and threaded their way through the interminable forest aisles with all possible speed.

When within a mile or so of the clearings the detective noticed that the maimed man was gradually reviving. He began to utter unintelligible words and to toss restlessly to and fro on the stretcher. The detective walked along by the side of the body and occasionally put his head down to catch, if possible, the import of some of the mutterings. By and by the sentences became less scrappy and more connected. By carefully listening the detective made out something like the following:

"O, my head! my head!—a horrible dream—I thought I had killed old Sampson—'Tilda helped me—In the night we went away—O how we loved each other, 'Tilda and I—I wanted no money—But she did—Told me it was buried in the mill—All for her—for her—Ah me! She never cared for the old miser—true always—to me."

Then ensued silence for a time. But Redlaw broke out in a changed mood and a louder tone:

"Ha! there's that awful shape again—it haunts me—I'm lost—doomed—O Heavens! look! its right here! Oh! oh! oh—Seared with red hot irons!"

This time the delirious outburst ended in a prolonged shriek of agony inexpressibly pitiful, because it was so muffled by weakness.

And now the party rapidly approached the verge of the clearing. Strange to say, the closer they approached it the worse became Redlaw's mental condition. Whether the fact was owing to increased delirium caused by his wounds becoming inflamed, or whether it was owing to some inward perception that he was approaching the scene of his recent crime, his bearers could not say. But it was a fact, let the cause be ascribed to what it may, that the culmination of Redlaw's troubles was reached just as the houses of the settlement came into view at the threshold of the swamp.

Suddenly flinging his torn arms apart, he feebly strove to spring off the stretcher, the while glaring wildly at something that seemed to terrify him. He was so weak, however, that the detective and Mr. Brooke had no difficulty in holding the sufferer in his place. In a moment a terrible shudder passed over his frame, his head fell back, the lips gasping, "O, it's come!—Help! Help!"

But no mortal help was of any avail to the man known to the detective as Redlaw, as, with the suppressed cry, his spirit laid down its earthly burden forevermore.

The following day the dead body was consigned to its last resting place in a small churchyard on the London Road. The simple settlers, deeply as they abhorred his crime, never dreamed of denying his remains this last privilege. But no stone or other monument designates where they lie buried.

When the events just described became generally known in Millhollow, the mill loomed up a terror to everybody. No one could be induced to enter its precincts even in the daytime. No one wanted to see the ghost of the murdered miller, and the certainty of its near proximity (no one doubted the fact when the story was told with circumstantiality) made all the people in the settlement uneasy.

One family after another moved away to other places, which were rapidly springing into existence all through the country.

Mr. Brooke and his family were the last to leave, and after his departure Millhollow was completely deserted save by the bats and its reputed ghostly tenants, from that time to the present.

Years passed away and its owner, Sampson's widow, gave no sign of her existence. No one ever found a satisfactory clew as to where she had gone, or as to her relations with the dead Redlaw.

So Millhollow was suffered to crumble silently into dust, its evil repute forever clinging to its dismantled and storm-worn abodes.

No explanation is here attempted of the apparition that the three men saw in the mill. Many minds can admit nothing but what can be explained and demonstrated. To such, as I can do neither, my story must appear perfectly idle. I have contented myself to relate the facts as they are said by some of the parties concerned to have occurred, and I shall leave the task of accounting for them to those who are more learned than myself in the lore of the "Night Side of Nature."

R. W. DOUGLAS.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Paraffin-oil will soften boots and shoes that have been hardened by water, and will render them pliable.

Half a pint of boiling water poured upon a quarter of an ounce of quassia-chips and sweetened with sugar or treacle will destroy flies, and is perfectly harmless to human beings or animals.

All case-hardening is superficial, as its name implies. The best method of case-hardening is packing the article to be treated in a tight box of iron, with ground bone, prussiate of potash, and charcoal, and heating for several hours to a red heat; then plunge into water.

A soft silver solder may be prepared by melting one part of lead; when the latter is fluid, add two parts of tin, using a small piece of resin as a flux. In soldering fine work, wet the parts to be joined with chloride or zinc solution. Borax can be used as a flux. The pointed flame of the blow-pipe is best, and should be directed on the parts to be soldered.

Immediately on being stung by a wasp, place the hollow barrel of a key round the sting and press until it begins to hurt. On removing the key, the sting will be found lying outside the puncture it has made, and inside the ring formed by the pressure of the key-barrel. All pain ceases at once, no swelling takes place, and in a few minutes it is difficult to find again where one has been stung.

When brass castings are of too complicated a form to be ground, filed, or machined they may be finished by the action of acid, either alone or followed by a varnish. After cleaning the casting by heating it and plunging it into acidulated water, it is immersed in a bath composed of two parts of nitric acid and one part of water, or one part of sal ammoniac, one of sulphuric acid, one of nitric acid, and one of water. The casting is then plunged into pure water, then into hot soap-lye, and dried in hot sawdust.

There is perhaps no test of the purity of water so crucial or searching as its use in the operation of brewing. For successful brewing it is indispensable to have a water almost wholly free from organic matter, as the latter in any but the most minute quantity induces a premature and unhealthy fermentation of the brewer's wort. The brewer, in fact, requires a water free from bacterial life, so that in the process of mashing the diastatic action of the malt may take place unmolested by the chemical changes which are incidental to the life of bacteria.

A man at the telephone, the other day shouted: Hello, there; why in thunder don't you speak louder?" An angelic voice replied. "What did you say?" "Oh!" exclaimed he, recognizing the voice of the daisy at the central office. "excuse me; I thought I was talking with my wife."

Col Fizzletop was under the painful necessity of administering a severe castigation to his son Johnny. After he had completed his labor he said sternly to the suffering victim: "Now tell me why I punished you?" "That's it," sobbed Johnny, "you nearly pound the life out of me, and now you don't even know why you did it."

FOLLOWING HIS FALSE WIFE.

E. T. Johnston's Death After his Wife's Suicide and the Murder of her Betrayer.

The death of E. T. Johnston of Indianapolis revives the story of his strange and painful history, a history which exemplifies the adage that truth is sometimes stranger that fiction. He is the man whom Senator Voorhees successfully defended at Greenville, Tenn., a few months ago on a charge of murder, the details of the case, Mr. Voorhees says, being the strangest he had ever known. Johnston was a prominent lawyer and politician, with a wife who was a member of one of the best families of that city. His health failing, he procured an appointment as Pension Agent in Tennessee, taking with him his wife and son. During his stay there his wife fell a victim to a seducer, a man named Henry, who had left his family in New York and settled in Tennessee as agent for some mine owners. Johnson believed to the day of his death that it was through some mesmeric power that this man obtained the influence which he did over his victim. After the occurrence, and before Johnston became aware of the full state of the facts, the wife returned to Indianapolis and during her stay there, while the husband was still at his post of duty in the South, she confessed her crime in a series of letters. Stunned by the terrible revelation and wavering as to his proper course, Johnston went there from Tennessee, and after consulting with one friend, their pastor, held an interview with her. In this interview he told her that while he could not so far forget her wrong as to then take her again to his arms as his wife, he was yet so much devoted to her and hers that no word of intimation of the terrible truth should ever escape his lips; that he would continue to support and care for her in every particular, making her even a larger allowance for maintenance than before, and doing all that he could to render her comfortable. Whether he could ever do more than this, by accepting her again in the nearest and dearest relations of life, he could not then tell.

He then left her, promising to return on the following morning and complete in legal form the agreement which he had outlined. The next morning came, but with it the announcement that she was dead—dead by her own hand. She had dressed herself in purest white, placed his picture upon the mantel so that her last look should fall upon it, laid herself upon a bed, arranged her clothing with the utmost care, and shot herself through the heart. Johnston's first thought, on hearing of her suicide, was as to the best manner in which he could prevent the facts from becoming known. He decided immediately to protect her memory at all cost, and announced as the cause of her suicide, insanity. The theory was generally accepted, for no suspicion of the terrible truth had yet come to the minds of any citizens or friends of the family. The indications were favorable to the success of his plans, but some of his political enemies induced his wife's father to believe that she had been murdered by her husband. This startling suspicion spread through the community, creating intense feeling and excitement, yet in the midst of it all the husband persistently remained silent, refusing to give any explanation of the few suspicious circumstances which had come to the surface, preferring to even live and die under the suspicion of wife murder, rather than tell the facts of her shame. The father, however, persisted in his groundless suspicion, and bringing the case into court, compelled him to produce the correspondence which had passed between them, and thus the terrible story became known.

Johnston, though promptly acquitted, left the city a broken-hearted man, and, returning to Tennessee, took up again the burden of life in his duties as pension agent. While there, he found himself harrassed by the constant attacks of the man who had ruined his home and happiness, who, not content with this, was now deliberately maligning the character of the dead wife, asserting as a climax to all his course that the original crime was committed only at the instance and urgent solicitation of the woman now dead. This last assertion was more than Johnston, in his excited condition, could bear, and arming himself with a shot gun, he started in search of the seducer and traducer, and finding him, blew his brains out. The people of the town where the tragedy occurred welcomed Johnston with shouts of approval, and placing him upon the shoulders of excited men carried him in a triumphal manner to the Court House, offering ten fold the sums required for his bond, and threatening to tear down the jail should he be for a moment imprisoned. When the trial was had he was triumphantly acquitted the jury scarcely leaving the box before a verdict in his favor was rendered.

This was the beginning of the end. Johnston, who had struggled for months against the dread destroyer, praying only to live that his act might be sanctioned by the law, sank rapidly from that time, week by week, month by month, welcoming the death which should place him beside her whom he loved to the last.

"Have you any occupation? Do you do any work?" the magistrate asked the prisoner, who was charged with vagrancy. "Yes, your honor, I am an actor." "Ah, well, then, you don't work, you play." Ah, yes, your honor; you only see me on the stage. You should see me when I'm trying to collect my salary." The magistrate entered "day laborer" against the prisoner's name, and gave him an honorable discharge.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Mrs. F., after vainly endeavoring to pour hot water out of the empty teakettle, "how did I forget to fill it, I wonder! I'm getting to be a perfect simpleton. I wish I did have a little common sense." "But, my dear," interrupted Fogg, "suppose you had. Do you think you'd know what to do with it?" "Do with it?" echoed Mrs. F., "many things. I might want to be married again, you know, and it might save me from making a fool of myself a second time."

A young man who had been away from his native place for many years, during which time he had grown from a boy to a man, went back to make a visit not long since, and was surprised at his friends all saying, "I wouldn't have known you." But one man knew him, and didn't express any astonishment. The young man said. "You are the first one I have found who knew me." "Know you," said the old friend, "I would know you if I found you in my soup." The young man thought a moment, and remarked. "That's the kind of cockroach I am, eh?"

MERRY RIPPLES.

Pink and blonde babies continue to be fashionable.

Never suppress an orator. A cackling goose saved Rome.

Woman was made after man, and she has been after him ever since.

People we must put up with—hotelkeepers and pawnbrokers.

"A miss is as good as a mile," and a deal better. You can't miss a mile.

Some men are like eggs. You can't tell whether they are good or bad until they are broke.

An impressive witness at the police court —"Judge, you know me. I'm an honest, full-blooded Irishman, and I'm the husband of twelve children."

"What's a croquette, father?" "Well, at our boarding house, Johnny, it's hash under a new name."

It is said that cows only live fifteen years, but you can never get people who reside at boarding-houses to believe it.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but a tough answer maketh the boarding-house to rage like the measles in a country school house.

Master Georgie (allowed for the first time to see his two little sisters, with a vivid recollection of the fate of the kittens) —"Which will ma keep? I say that one."

"Say, sis, what are you all dressed up for?" "I'm going to be baptized to-day." "Are you going to take ether?"

Each inhabitant of mitey England consumes ten pounds of cheese per annum. This is the average for landsmen. We are not informed how much is eaten by skippers.

Young mother (displaying the baby)— "Isn't she a dear little thing, Mr. Podsnap?" Podsnap (father of a large family) —"Yes, they're very expensive. I've got six of 'em."

"Have you ever been sea-sick?" asked a young man of his big best girl. "No, but I came mighty near it once." "How was that?" "I saw two men kissing each other. Ugh!"

Teacher—"Now, Susie, you may read the next verse." Susie—"Cast thy bread upon the waters." Teacher—"Susie, why should we cast our bread upon the waters?" Susie—"To feed the fish, ma'am."

An exchange says: "A young lady writes to inquire how long a gentleman should be acquainted with her before she allows him to kiss her. Long enough for the father and big brother to have gone to bed."

"Has George yet hinted that he is fond of you?" asked the girl's mother. "No," she replied, thoughtfully, "and I doubt if he ever will. He complained last night that his corns pained him, and it was not ten o'clock."

Mamma (with much show of indignation): "I have called you three times. I am very much annoyed." Charlie (who is fond of Bible stories): "Well! the Lord called Samuel three times and he didn't get mad about it, did he?"

"Vesuvius is again in a state of eruption," read a boy to his grandmother, who was interested in Canadian matters. "Well, I declare to goodness," she answered, "that's what comes, of being so foolish and not getting vaccinated."

Tailor—"Married or unmarried?" Customer—"Married." Tailor (to cutter)— "One pocket concealed in lining of vest." Customer—"Eh? What's that?" Tailor (explaining)—"To hide your change, you know, at night. I'm married myself."

It is always safe for a society girl to be asked to play on the guitar in company. By the time she has shown her handsome arm to good advantage in tuning it, the E string will break, and then she can excuse herself without profanity and ask some one to play on the piano.

"What is it, my friend," cried Judge Pittman, the temperance lecturer, gazing ferociously around him, "what is that causes men to desert the fireside, break up homes, and bring endless misery to all the human race?" "Skating rinks," responded a small boy in the corner.

A young mother, traveling with her infant child, writes the following letter to her husband at home: "We are doing first-rate and enjoying ourselves very much. We are in fine health. The boy can crawl about on all fours. Hoping that the same can be said of you, I remain, etc., Fanny."

"Don't be a fool, my dear," remonstrated a husband to his wife, who was letting her jaw swing loose in the breeze. "I won't, Mr. Jenkins, I won't" she answered; "people wouldn't know us apart if I did." He went right down town.

"Well, we are penniless, or mighty near it," he said, as he reached home and threw the evening paper to his wife. "Wh—what is it?" "The Mechanics Bank has busted, and we had $4 000 on deposit there." "But, Richard," she said, after glancing at the article, "the president says he hopes to pay all depositors in full." "And didn't I say the same to my creditors when I failed in the grocery business, and did a single one of them receive five cents on the dollar?" he howled.

Judge (to negro woman who had been summoned as a witness)—"Is this man your husband?" Woman—"He's my step-husban'." Judge—"What?" Woman—"I says dat de gennerman is my step-husban'." Judge—"How do you make that?" Woman —"Wall, sah, yer see dat jes' 'bout de time my fust husban' wuz buried, dis gennerman come er steppin' er long an' I married him."

He was in a sober mood, a state to which he had of late been a stranger, and the old love yearnings toward his patient and long suffering wife were slowly returning. "My dear," he said, as though half ashamed of making the confession, "I don't like pulling yer around by the hair of yer head this mornin'. I don't know wot's a comin' over me." His favorite child's face was fairly radiant, and as the happy light shone in her eyes, the little 5-year-old said: "Oh, ma, ain't pa getting good?"

Solicitor, and elderly Benedict consulting him as to certain matters in connection with his (E. B.'s) approaching marriage with young bride—E. B.; "Now, then, regarding the marriage settlement; how much should you say I ought to settle upon the lady?" Solicitor (blandly)—"Well, you know, as you really want my opinion, I should say, settle upon her as much money as you have to dispose of; you see, her second husband may not, perhaps, have a dollar."

The Tribune.

FRIDAY, JAN. 15, 1886.

GERMANY has on some frivolous protext taken possession of the Samoan Islands in the Pacific. This action is contrary to treaty agreements with England and the United States, and Bismarck will be compelled to repudiate the action of the naval officers. Bismark's colonizing ventures have proved in every case only failures, and Germany still remains without a colonial empire.

It is said that Mr. Royal, of Manitoba, will be appointed Lieut-Governor of the Northwest Territories in the place of Mr. Dewdney. The removal of Mr. Dewdney will everywhere be hailed with satisfaction as his grasping and arbitrary conduct was probably more than anything else the cause of the late insurrection. Another official, in the person of Judge Jerry Travis, has been doing his utmost to bring the administration of justice into contempt in the Northwest by his legal eccentricities. He has imprisoned a Mr. Cayley for alleged contempt of court and disqualified the Mayor and councillors of Calgary. Officials of the Dewdney and Travis stripe should not be allowed to exercise authority over a free people.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH.

The annual Missionary Meeting of St. Mark's Church was held last Sunday evening. There was a good congregation who manifested much interest in all the proceedings. The delegation on the occasion consisted of Rev. Canon White, of Iroquois, and Rev. W. Wright, of Newboro. The Rev. G. A. Anderson, of the Mohawk Mission, was also present. After the regular service of evening prayer, the Rev. Mr. Stanton, the Rector, who presided, proceeded to introduce the speakers. He remarked that the church was the proper place and no time could be more appropriate than the Epiphany season for such meetings. As far as Deseronto was concerned, winter, he thought, was not the best time for these meetings as business was then dull. He pleasantly remarked also that the deputation had as usual brought bad weather.

Rev. Mr. Wright first addressed the meeting, congratulating the congregation on having such a comfortable church. The object of such meetings was to awaken an interest in the mission work of the church. He reminded them of Christ's commission to the apostles, and the command to the growth and expansion of the church. Before the preaching of the gospel old religions trembled and old philosophies disappeared. Where Christianity prevailed there was a larger measure of civil liberty, and women especially had been elevated to a higher sphere. Charitable institutions, such as hospitals and orphanages were unknown before the introduction of Christianity. There was thus everything to enlist their active sympathy with the mission work. Much yet remained to be done in the diocese. He feared the laity did not realize the importance of home mission work. All should be enlisted in the work and by their contributions extend the church in sparsely settled districts. Churchmen did not give as they should to church objects. In politics and secular matters it was different. Instead of $9,000 a year the people should give $25,000 for Domestic Missions.

Rev. Mr. Anderson followed in a few remarks stating that he had always taken a deep interest in Missions, and when formerly in the diocese had been a member of the Mission Board. When the diocese was formed in 1862, there were only 31 ministers and not one cent in the treasury. The Mission Board had been established and deputations sent out and as a consequence the missionaries were paid. Before that time there was nothing but the old Church Society. He referred to the Clergy Reserve Fund and thought its withdrawal a great blessing. The church had been thrown on the liberality of the people and had accordingly prospered. He took a hearty interest in St. Marks as he was the first person who had held services in Deseronto. The people could do a great deal to assist their pastor by contributing to this important work.

Canon White, the convener of the deputation, remarked that as one who had frequently been in Deseronto in its early days he was gald to see the wonderful growth of the town, and pleased to see that the congregation had such a beautiful church. His part was to present the financial facts. The Bishop wished delegates to be practical. Towns should taken an interest in mission work in the country as from the country districts came those who formed the town congregations. During the past year 42 congregations received grants from the Board, four of which were now self-supporting. They were often asked "why aid them to assist well-to-do farmers?" People in villages were more liberal and they were getting country parishes to work better. He regretted that the contributions had remained stationary during the past few years, and that last year they were $56 less than the year before. Their first object was to wipe out the debt of $2,000 which had been incurred by meeting urgent claims. A second object was the subdivision of parishes, so that people in all the charges could have services every Sunday. To do this the Board needed greatly increased contributions. He gave a statement of the excellent work done by the Board on the Upper Ottawa and in other sections of the diocese. He concluded by urging systematic organization for increasing the interest in the work of the Mission.

At the close of the meeting the congregation organized a Missionary Association and elected officers for the current year.

TYENDINAGA PARISH.

The Missionary Meetings held last Sunday were of a very interesting character, the attendance despite the bitter cold weather being good. They were held at Christ Church in the morning. An interesting feature of the services was the singing of a number of hymns in the Mohawk language. Rev. Mr. Anderson in introducing the delegation referred to the misfortune of having such cold weather, which he stated was invariably an accompaniment of their missionary meeting. Some objected to having the meeting on Sunday but he did not believe it wrong for people to meet together on that day to talk of the Christian duty of giving. When 35 years ago he was appointed to the charge of the Mission it embraced a very extensive territory. It had been since divided into the charges of Roslin, Shannonville, Selby, Deseronto and Tyendinaga. He subsequently referred to the work by the Society for the propagation of the Gospel and to the introduction of Xy among the Indians. The Mohawks were not a charge on the Mission Board being self-supporting. They were of late manifesting more liberality by increased contributions. The Revs. Canon White and Mr. Wright, the delegation, then delivered interesting addresses, referring to the pleasure afforded them to be present to meet their Indian brethren who had ever been loyal sons of the church. They were especially pleased to listen to the sweet singing in the Mohawk language. They urged the duty of the Indians also assisting those who were not so highly favoured with church ministrations as they were and gave full statements of the splendid work which the Mission Board had accomplished in the past.

When the convener of the deputation proposed forming a Mission Association to assist in collecting funds for Diocesan Missions there was no response for some time. At length Chief S. Green rose and said in English that his people had always assisted in every church work according to their ability, but now, owing to the manner in which they had been treated in the late church troubles they declined to do anything outside the Parish. Their late Missionary, not satisfied with dividing the congregation and fostering schism when here, was still keeping up ill feeling by corresponding with the only friends he left, Cecilites, interlopers, and mountebanks, urging them to oppose the supporters of the church, some of whom he called cut throats. The Chief concluded a lengthy address by stating that he had documents in his possession which should condemn this disturber of the peace, and said his people could join in no scheme whilst such interference was permitted to go on. After some persuasion on the part of the convener of the deputation the Mohawks consented to form an Association and appointed officers, a list of which we publish below. From what Chief Green said the action of the late Missionary to the Band will be brought before the next meeting of the synod:—

PAROCHIAL ASSOCIATION.

Chief S. Green, President.
Mr. Andrew Maricle, Secretary.
Mr. Allen Loft, Treasurer.

COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Mary Brant.
Mrs. Joseph Picord.
Miss Anderson.
Miss Susan Maricle.
Miss Lydia Hill.
Mr. Isaac W. Green.
Mr. Joseph John.
Mr. Isaac Baptiste.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Harry Burgess, of Picton, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Sidney Parks, of Richmond, was in town last week.

The Rev. A. L. Geen, of Belleville, was in town on Monday.

Mr. Thos. Deasy, of Marysville, gave us a call on Saturday.

Mrs. Wm. Harband, of Macdonald, was in town on Saturday.

Mr. John Corrigan, of Tyendinaga, was in the city on Tuesday.

Mr. Ed. Wilson is out on the N. T. & Q. Ry. line searching attorties and posts.

Mr. E. Arthur Rixen, spent a few days this week in Lindsay on a business tour.

Mr. Maurice W. Britton, of Thomasburg, gave us the pleasure of a visit on Monday.

Mr. Sidney W. Baker, of Kingston, was in the village on Tuesday last on business.

Mr. W. A. McLeod has returned to town after a very pleasant visit to his friends in Ottawa.

We observe that Mr. George W. Madole, J. P., of Richmond, was in the village on Monday.

Mr. Justice McGaughey was confined to the house for a few days by an attack of bronchitis.

Mr. R. R. Johnston takes the position of cutter in the Big Store during Mr. Stoddart's absence.

Mr. H. Barber, of Thousand Islands Ry., Gananoque, spent a few days in town this week on business.

Mr. Michael Donoghue and family left for Smith's Falls last Friday evening. Mr. Donoghue intends to go into the business of farming in that locality.

Our citizen Mr. James R. Booth has returned from New York State, where he has been employed on a contract. He returns after spending the holidays to finish his work.

Mr. George D. Dickson, Q. C., of Belleville, was the guest of Mr. E. W. Rathbun for a few days during the past week. We are glad to see that the learned gentleman is recovering from his severe attack of sickness.

Mr. Edward Bowen, Attorney-at-Law, of Chicago, is in town on a visit to his father, Mr. A. C. Bowen. We regret to learn that he has been suffering from a severe attack of illness, and trust his visit will tend to his recovery.

MARRIAGES.

MORDEN—MAYBEE.—On the 13th inst., at the parsonage, Shannonville, by the Rev. Wm. H. Poake, William Stanley Morden, of Tyendinaga, to Miss Josephine Maybee, of Hillier.

DEATHS.

TILLEY.—At Napanee, on Sunday, Jan. 3rd, 1886, William Tilley, aged 63 years, 4 months and 24 days.

DAFOE.—In Richmond, on Saturday, Jan. 2nd, 1886, John Dafoe, aged 25 years and 7 months.

HANNAH.—In Camden, on Sunday, January 3rd, 1886, Robert Hannah, aged 73 years.

HOWIE.—At Fellows' Corners, on Tuesday, 5th January 1886, Alexander H. M. Howie, third son of Mr. Robert Howie, aged 20 years, 9 months and 26 days.

MORGAN.—In North Fredericksburgh, on Wednesday, January 6th, 1886, Henry Morgan, aged 39 years and 9 months.

DESERONTO MARKET.

Deseronto, Jan. 14th 1886.

BARLEY, 55 to 65 cents per bushel.
OATS, 30 to 35 " "
BUTTER, 18 to 21 cents per pound.
LAMB, 5 to 6 " "
BEEF, 3 to 4 " "
LARD, 9 to 11 " "
EGGS, 18 to 20 cents per dozen.
POTATOES, 50 to 65 cents per bag.
HAY, 8 to 10 dollars per ton.
CHICKENS, 20 to 35 cents per pair.
DUCKS, 50 to 60 "
GEESE, 50 to 60 cents each.
TURKEY 60 to $1 "
Hides 5 to 7 dollars per cwt.
Pelts 50 to 75 cents each.
Tallow in rough 3 cents per lb.
Tallow rendered 5½ "
Hogs, live weight, $4.00 to $5.00 per cwt.
Hogs, dead, $5.00 to $6.50 " "

ESTABLISHED 1873.

Apothecaries Hall.

FRESH and PURE DRUGS
CHEMICALS
FANCY SOAPS,
PERFUMES,
BRUSHES,
HERBS,
ROOTS,
PILLS,
OILS,
FANCY POWDER FOR THE TOILET.
PIPES,
CIGARS,
TOBACCO,
SPONGES,
PATENT MEDICINES.
RAZOR STRAPS,
LAMP GOODS,
Horse & Cattle Medicines.

OFFICE OF DR. NEWTON.

W. G. EGAR.
MAIN STREET, DESERONTO

THE RATHBUN CO.,

Deseronto, Ont.,

Manufacturers of

Doors, Sashes, Blinds,
Mouldings, Frames,

and every description of

House Finish.

We make a Specialty of

GLAZED WINDOWS

And parties building will find it greatly to their *advantage to buy their Sashes Glazed and Primed* ready for use. Send for prices.

—ALSO—

LUMBER,

At reduced prices, including *Flooring, Siding, &c.*

Dressed Lumber always on hand.

You will also be able to purchase from us

SHINGLES

Cheaper than ever.

Call or write before purchasing any of the articles required for new building or for repairs.

THE BEST AND

—AND—

SEWING MACHINES

FOR SALE BY

JOHN DALTON

AT THE

FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

ST. GEORGE STREET.

RARE CHANCE FOR HOLIDAY SHOPPERS.

LATEST NOVELTIES AND BIG BARGAINS IN

ELEGANT CHRISTMAS GOODS

OUR ASSORTMENT INCLUDES A FULL LINE OF

Jewelry of Every Description,

WATCHES & CLOCKS,

Novelties, Silver & Platedware.

Repairing Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, and Engraving, &c.

We Meet all Wants at Prices Low.—COME.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

GEO. E. SNIDER.

Cheap! Cheap! Cheap!

THE DESERONTO NEWS COMPANY

Offers BOOKS and STATIONERY of every description at exceedingly low prices.

INK
PENS
PAPER
SLATES
PENCILS
MUCILAGE

all marked down to lowest rates.

NEW SERIES SCHOOL READERS.

A new supply of well selected books by popular authors at prices from 10 cts. up.

SANTA CLAUS'

HEADQUARTERS FOR

BOOTS AND SHOES

FOR THE HOLIDAYS IS

T. N. CARTER'S,

OPPOSITE THE O'CONNOR HOUSE,

Where he has a Large Stock of Boots and Shoes, suitable for the Holidays, which he sells so cheap that everyone can buy a pair for a present for their friends.

A LARGE LOT OF

RUBBER GOODS Just Received,

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Head Quarters for FELT BOOTS, OVERSHOES, and MEN'S HEAVY RUBBERS for Felt Socks.

First-Class Boots and Shoes Made to Order in the Latest Styles and

At Reasonable Prices.

Deseronto, Dec. 17th, 1885. **T. N. CARTER.**

CORRESPONDENCE.

SHANNONVILLE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Your correspondent is still alive but owing to the extreme cold has not been able to obtain many items of interest.

The D. C. Clerk being unable to attend court on the 5th inst., appointed Mr. W. E. Pearsall as Deputy and on the 11th inst., still being unable to resume his duties as Township Clerk appointed Mr. Chas. Simpkins as Deputy.

The Presbyterian tea meeting held on Friday evening last proved a decided success, the proceeds amounting to about $90.

Our new teacher, Mr. Morris, has commenced his duties in the school room from the assistance he rendered so acceptably at the Presbyterian tea meeing we think he will prove quite an acquisition to the place.

The Young People's Prayer Meeting is being carried on very successfully by our esteemed friend, Mr. T. Morden.

Evening gatherings are becoming quite the rage. Your correspondent was informed that there were no less than six held on Monday evening last, pretty well for Shannonville.

Miss Nellie Emmons is spending a few days in the village with her young lady friends, the Misses McLaren and Williams.

Mr. Fred Emmons paid a flying visit to Northport or vicinity on New Year's day. What is the attraction Fred?

Mr. T. Blondin after spending a very pleasant vacation left on Monday last to resume his studies at the Grammar School, Belleville.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A REASONABLE REQUEST.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

DEAR SIR,—

May I take the liberty of sending your honor a bit of a letter, hoping ye will find a spare corner for it.

Ye see the folks all around here have been getting up Christmas trees, jubilees, and sich like divarshuns to amuse the skollars of the various Sunday Skules, and I must confiss; they wor mighty fine affairs; especially our jubilee—that was as lively as a wake or a fair in my dear Ould Country. In short, sur I was satisfied intirely with the whole performance. Judge thin of my surprise when I asked the children the nixt mornin if they wor not much obliged to the grand folks fur providin sich a grand intertainment for their benefit.

"No!" replied Patsy stoutly, (and a fine broth of a boy he is too,) "we are not. If they gave us nice papers, illustrated with purty pictures, full of nice stories and poetry we might be grateful, but as it is we are under no obligation to em at all, at all."

"Why, Patsy dear?" said I anxiously, (for I can't bear to think my children unthankful whin favors are shown thim,) "didn't I hear something about a trip to Glenora nixt summer with the surplus money taken at the dure or——

"Oh, father dear!" broke in Patsy, eagerly, "didn't you know we all, (the skollars I mane), rich and poor would 100 times sooner be treated to a paper, sich as Pleasant Hours, Magnet, than to one day's pleasure, be it ever so foine."

"And where could ye get these wonderful papers? and how often, Patsy?"

"Why in Deseronto, and they are given every Sunday to the skollers. They keep stacks of em on hand. Say, can't we go, father dear?" (coaxingly.)

Well, I'll think about it, let us take things easy, and in order, and in the meantime I'll write to Mr. Editor and beg him to say a few words in our favor, and it may be the boss of our S. Skule will be influenced to think the matter over, and put the subject to vote and ye may get the lively papers so much nearer home, for 'tis a long tramp ye would be after taking to get to Deseronto." So I quieted the children down for the prisint, but thim papers have got to come, for if the boss of our skule is deaf to raysin and refuses to keep up wid the times in this age of go ahead and telephones and lots of other improvements; why, I will just get the darlints an early dinner and they may wind their way to Descronto S. Skule to their hearts' content. I shall sind Patsy, Jamesy, Teddy and Biddy; wee Nora, bless her bright eyes, can't walk so far, mor's the pity, and a big disappointment it will be for the little girleen.

However, sir, I am in hopes you can help us with the good word, but if not, you will see more children than mine marching in to your wide awake town where the beautiful papers can be got or my name is not

MICHAEL O'TOOL.

ENTRANCE EXAMINATION.

At the entrance examination at Tweed and Deseronto there were 20 candidates, 9 at Tweed and 11 at Deseronto. The failures were chiefly in grammar, composition and history. We give a list of the successful applicants, arranged in order of merit, with the marks obtained and the teachers who prepared them:

1. Armitage Mary, Miss Demorest, Tyendinaga, 501.
2. Huyck W. B., Mr. Dunlop, Tweed, 497.
2. Brown Emma, Mr. Emerson, Deseronto, 404.
4. Duffy John, Mr. Eggleton, Bogart, 443.
5. Bogart Louisa, Mr. Emerson, Deseronto, 421.
6. Brown Lura, Mr. Emerson, Deseronto, 413.
7. LeSarge, Rosa, Mr. Demorest, Tyendinaga, 381.
8. Curry Kate, Miss Demorest, Tyendinaga, 381.
9. Meraw Fred. Mr. Eggleton, Bogart, 377.

Special Bargains in Dress Goods at the BIG STORE.

Wool Hosiery, Clouds, Shawls, &c., cheap at the BIG STORE.

Daily Globe, Mail, News and Witness for sale at THE TRIBUNE office.

The net proceeds of the Roman Catholic Bazar at Belleville amounted to $2,900.

STEPS will be taken at once to have a grand demonstration in Kingston on July 12th. Lodges between Brockville, Ottawa and Belleville will be invited to participate.

The BIG STORE has been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Johnson during Mr. Stoddart's absence in Europe. Mr. Johnson is one of the Leading Cutters in Ontario and will Guarantee a Good Fit with every garment he manufactures.

DISTRICT.

Trenton had its horse races this week.

Napanee would fain introduce the electric light.

Pickled Pigs Feet for sale at the BIG STORE.

Toronto Dailies and Weeklies clubbed with THE TRIBUNE.

The Salvation Army have effected a lodgement in Odessa.

The new R. C. Church at Belleville will be commenced early in the spring.

A new orange lodge has been opened at Madoc to be known as No. 160.

Belleville expended $8,406 on its streets, bridges and sidewalks during 1885.

Work on the Brockville and Westport railway is to be commenced immediately.

Stages now run between Kingston and Cape Vincent, the ice bridge being quite firm.

The residence of Mr. Ira McConnell, 3rd con. Rawdon was recently destroyed by fire.

A stave and heading factory will be established at Sharbot Lake by Detroit parties.

John A. Kemp, of Simcoe Island, lost a team of valuable horses through the ice at Kingston.

Mr. Alfred Keech died last week from injuries received by his horses running away near Centreville.

Rev. F. S. Depew, Methodist clergyman of Tamworth, was presented with a purse of $42 by his congregation.

The collector for Rawdon finds greater difficulty in collecting the taxes this year than for the past dozen years.

There are 218 pupils in attendence at the Belleville High School which appears to be becoming an efficient institution.

73,950 bushels of grain were shipped from Belleville by water in 1885. The harbor revenues of the port were $4,275.

Glanders is prevalent amongst horses around Bath. Several farmers are reported to have lost horses by this disease.

Gentlemen's Persian Lamb Caps at the BIG STORE, only $4.50 each. Can not be equalled elsewhere at the same price.

A barn belonging to Mr. Thomas Keller, near Croydon, which was filled with unthreshed grain was recently destroyed by an incendiary fire.

A brakesman named Deo, employed on the K. & P. Ry., was badly hurt last Saturday by striking his head against a bridge while on top of a car.

Picton butchers, following the example of Belleville, are petitioning the town council to prevent farmers selling meat at less quantities than the quarter.

Some streets of Belleville have been flooded by reason of ice blocking the channel. Considerable property was damaged in Downey & Preston's warehouse.

Mrs. John Murray, relict of the late Capt. Murray, of Amherst Island, fell on a sidewalk in Kingston the other day and broke her arm near the wrist.

Bishop Cleary visited Tyendinaga last Sunday and installed Rev. Father McCarthy as priest of the parish, vacated by the retirement of the Rev. Father Meade.

188,000 pounds of fish, of the value of $7,000 were exported from Milford during the season ending Dec. 31st, 1885. The varieties were chiefly salmon trout and whitefish.

Stock Taking is now over at the BIG STORE and Woollen Goods have been marked down to clearing prices. A large import order has been placed for Spring Goods and in order to make room for them all Winter Goods must be sold.

A sad drowning accident occured at Chisolm's Mills on Tuesday morning. A simple man by the name of Robert Watson, who has been living with W. F. Chisolm for the past two years, went out on the ice in the mill pond this morning to get a pail of water, and slipped in the river and was drowned; the body has not as yet been found.

The Picton *Times* says:—"A wealthy old resident of Hiller is about to take unto himself a wife. Their united ages will amount to 134 years. The expectant groom some time ago solicited the aid of a Picton lady, who undertook to make a match for him and to pick him out a wife. She arranged matters with a blushing widow of 64 summers. It is said the betrothed couple had never seen each other prior to the engagement. The nuptials will take place in about two weeks.

The Farmersville correspondent of the *Recorder* says:—"An estimable young lady school teacher whose field of labor for the last year was about five miles from Farmersville, upon trying to make an engagement for another year was asked by the trustees to positively agree to three things, not generally found in school teachers agreements 1st. not to be seen skating on the Farmersville rink or any other public rink. If she must skate, to go off quietly to some flooded flat and indulge in the questionable pastime in the presence of females only. 2nd. not to go with many young fellows during the year (just how many is not stated). 3rd. not to dance. The saved army has been working in the neighborhood. The young lady has been engaged in another section."

UNDERTAKING.

JOHN DALTON,
FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
KEEPS CONSTANTLY IN STOCK
COFFINS AND CASKETS
of all kinds, from the cheapest to the most expensive.
Burial Robes, BLACK, BROWN and WHITE, at all prices, and all other furnishings usually found in an Undertaker's Establishment.
Mourning Badges & Hearse supplied.
Deseronto, Oct. 23rd, 1885.

NEW STORE,
NEW GOODS.
Belleville Prices!
Messrs. WALMSLEY & SPAFFORD
have much pleasure in announcing to the people of Deseronto and surrounding country that they have opened a branch of their BELLEVILLE
Tea & Grocery House,
—IN—
SMITH'S BRICK BLOCK,
DESERONTO.
The Best Quality of Goods will be offered at the Lowest Prices for Cash.
WE trust to receiqe a share of your patronage and the good will of all. Our MR. MOTT will endeavor to please those favoring us with a call.
WALMSLEY & SPAFFORD,
Tea and Coffee Merchants.
18—21

BAY OF QUINTE
Railway & Navigation Company.

CHANGE OF TIME.

THE TRAINS OF THIS ROAD MAKE sure connection with all G. T. R. trains both East and West, and with Steamers of the Deseronto Navigation Company for all Bay and River ports.

1885. TIME TABLE. 1885.

DESERONTO & GRAND TRUNK LINE.
BAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS	EXP. WEST. No. 1	MIXED. WEST. No. 3	MIXED. WEST. No. 5	EXP. EAST. No. 7	MIXED. EAST. No. 9	EXP. WEST. No. 11	MIXED. WEST. No. 13	EXP. EAST.
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Deseronto leave	3:30	7:45	7:45	12:20	4:45	9:20	12:00	
East End, "	3:35	7:50	7:50	12:25	4:50	9:35	12:05	
Deseronto Jun ar.	3:50	8:05	8:05	12:40	5:05	9:50	12:20	

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	EXP. EAST. No 2	MIXED. WEST. No. 4	MIXED. EAST. No. 6	EXP. WEST. No. 8	MIXED. EAST. No. 10	EXP. EAST. No. 12	MIXED. EAST. No. 14	EXP. WEST.
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.
Deseronto J. le'v	4:05	9:00	9:00	1:00	6:30	[illegible]	10:40	12:40
East End	4:20	9:15	9:15	1:15	6:45	[illegible]	25	12:55
Deseronto ar	4:25	9:20	9:20	1:20	6:50	[illegible]	30	1:00

Trains Nos. 1 and 13 run daily, (Sundays included.)
Stage connections to and from Bay of Quinte Ports
Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

This Time-table shows the times at which the Trains may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several Stations; but, as the regularity of Trains depends on connection with other lines, the Arrivals and Departure of the time stated are not guaranteed, nor will the Company hold itself responsible or delay or any inconvenience arising therefrom.

R. C. CARTER.
Deseronto, Ont. Gen. Manager

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

1885. FALL 1885.

THE BIG STORE TO THE FRONT.

BUSINESS BOOMING IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

FURS! FURS!! FURS!!!

A large assortment at the most reasonable prices.

Ladies' Astrachan Jackets; Persian Caps, Muffs and Boas; Seal Caps, Muffs and Boas; Mink Caps, Muffs and Boas; Black Fur Capes

A splendid assortment of Woolen Goods at remarkably low prices for Women and Children, unsurpassed by anything in the Trade.

Flannels of every description and quality now in Stock at the BIG STORE, and we respectfully solicit an inspection of these Goods; they are special value and will excel in make and prices anything previously offered to the public in Deseronto.

The Tailoring Department is now replete with the most fashionable and varied makes of goods that can be obtained in the European and Continental Markets, and we wish to impress upon our friends, that, as the best of Trimmings only are used in the making up of Garments, we can guarantee a style and finish which will stand comparison with any House in the Trade. Mr. Stoddart, who is already well known for his superiority in making a good stylish fit, is in charge of this Department, and will be pleased to have an opportunity of exhibiting these special goods to his friends, and quote prices for same.

BOOTS & SHOES.

In this Department the BIG STORE still maintain their well known reputation for keeping only the best quality and the most fashionable Goods manufactured, their facilities for buying, and the immense quantity of Boots & Shoes disposed of, enable them to offer at more advantageous prices than can be done by other competitors who profess to sell the same class of Boots. Do not be induced to purchase inferior Goods simply because the price is low; such articles are dear at any cost. The Big Store do not impose upon their customers trashy goods, but sell only first-class articles, and this principle has won for them their well earned reputation which is so generally known and appreciated by their Customers and the Public.

THE BIG STORE is the head rendezvous for Groceries and Provisions of Sterling Quality and finest brands, Canned Goods of every description in the market being on sale, but space will not permit us to enumerate in detail the specialties obtainable, but suffice it to say that for all Provisions seasonable and of the best quality, we recommend THE BIG STORE as unsurpassable.

HARDWARE, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, VULCANISED CHIMNEYS, RUBBER GOODS PAINTS, OILS, SALT.

We must not omit the astounding fact that the sales at the BIG STORE during the month of October were the largest since the erection of this establishment, which proves beyond doubt that in their endeavors to supply their Customers with the best goods at the most reasonable prices, they have won the confidence of the public, and now beg to thank their Customers for the very liberal support hitherto accorded them, and in the future solicit a continuance of the patronage so gratuitously bestowed upon them during the past

THE BIG STORE,
A. A. RICHARDSON,
Deseronto, Nov. 5th, 1885. MANAGER,

DRY GOODS & MILLINERY.

MRS. DALTON

Has now completed opening her large importations of FALL and WINTER GOODS, which will be offered at prices to suit the times.

GREAT BARGAINS! GREAT BARGAINS

DRESS GOODS!! DRESS GOODS!!!

In great variety—Very Cheap—Call and Inspect them

—FLANNELS! FLANNELS!! FLANNELS!!

all colors and all prices, exceedingly LOW.

CLOUDS, CLOUDS, CLOUDS,

CHILDRENS HATS, AND KNITTED CAPS AND HOODS.

Ladies' Wool and Cotton Underclothing,
Men's and Boy's Wool Shirts and Drawers at a bargain.

THE MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

Is now open and comprises all the novelties in HATS, BONNETS and TRIMMINGS for the coming season, and all exceedingly CHEAP.

MRS. DALTON, St. George Street.

NEVER FAILS TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

McCOLL'S LARDINE
MACHINE OIL

Our "English" Wool Oil—something new—finest in the market. Our Cylinder Oil,—600 fire test—much superior to tallow.

GIVE OUR TRAVELLER A TRIAL ORDER.

McCOLL BROS. & CO., Toronto, Ont

Talcott's Confession.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

"You're wrong; he was the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat, with such true breeding of a gentleman you never could divine his real thought."

There was a river which flowed silently toward the sea, a dingy river when stirred to its clayey depths, but blue and serene when calm, with clear skies above it But it is New Year's evening, and the Ice King holds it fast. There is no memory of summers past except the silent, leafless trees that stand as sentinels upon the bank. In the background some tin-roofed houses glitter in the moonlight, and a church, with gleaming spires that shine like silver in the rays of pale light. The merry voices of skaters peal forth in laughter, and snatches of song, as they do nowhere else save in Canada, and the stars shine in the sky with steady light, as if they as well as the moon were doing their best to end the year gloriously. Add to this the Aurora Borealis that clashed and flickered with a grand il'umination, and one need not wonder that Raymond Tracy called to Ben Dunston that the Polar bears were having a torch-light procession. But Ben did not hear, for he was whirling off with Amy Willets, and talking to her, so Raymond passed on out of sight. As it grew darker, the couples started for home and the gay-colored costumes, with nodding tuques, were soon all out of sight. All but one skater, who was bent on a final skate, and a lonely figure on the shore—a man who did not seem to take any part in the amusement. His clothes bore traces of long travel, and his felt hat was unsuited to the rigors of a Canadian winter. He watched the skater with an air of dogged determination, and kept his bare hands covered with the loose coat that fluttered where pockets should be. The skater paused at last, wheeled to shore in one strong swift slide and was confronted by the man who waited. "Desmond." "Talcott." There was no clasp of hands, no disguising the fact that the meeting was mutually unpleasant. Desmond gives the skater a searching look then dumbly waits while he stoops to unfasten his skate straps. "You are out," says Talcott at last, in dry laconic tones, as he lifts his head preparing to walk on. "I am," was the answer, in low bitter tones; "you know, too, who should have been there in my place. The listener shrugged his shoulders. "*Jine si pas*," was all he vouchsafed. "It is a New Year," said Desmond. "You have blighted my life; what can you give me as compensation? I was just married when the blow came. "My wife,"—"Refused *me* to marry *you*," said the other in bitter tones. "You might have left the country, Philip Desmond. Four years ago I gave you a chance; it would not have been difficult to get across the lines." "But I was innocent, and did not fear," be answered, passionately. "And the result has been that, convicted by a respectable jury of your peers, you have spent four years in jail. I must go—good night, a Happy New Year." He lit a cigar, and with a mocking laugh strolled away.

The wind rose in terrible gusts as they parted, and Philip Desmond passed through the lighted streets of his native town, unknown by those who met him. There was the schoolhouse where he had studied as a boy, the well lighted grocery near by that he used to think such an Eldorado. Was this all there was of life for him, to be branded with shame for what he did not deserve? He might have revenged himself when Talcott was there—but there was Ellen, and his innocent child, born after he was taken away. He would see if she trusted him still before he did anything rash. Perhaps that villian—but, no, he would not give up hope. The lights went out as he walked and the little town slept. His limbs were weary with the miles of travel and the hardships he had endured. He knew the old church porch, and vestry; if it was the same as it used to be there was heat enough to keep him from freezing. No more people would he see till he had read his doom in Ellen's face. If that failed—why, the world was wide, and somewhere else there might be work for him and a chance to forget. He stretched himself on a bench, and thought all this out as he lay. The sky was already overcast, snow was coming indeed, and the clock of the old church struck the hour of twelve.

> "Ring out the old ring in the new,"
>
> . . . .
>
> "We looked upon a world unknown,
> On nothing we could call our own,
> Around the glistening wonder bent,
> The blue walls of the firmament,
> No cloud above, no earth below
> A universe of sky and snow."

It was New Year's morning. The snow lay white over the landscape as a woman's face peered from the window of a small tenement house in the principal street. Then she hurried to get breakfast, but every now and then walked anxiously to the window as if expecting some one. But the table was set for three at last, and she hastened into another room and awakened a child of about four years of age, dressing her in feverish haste, interposed with kisses and wishes for the "happiest" new year, "Where am I going, mamma," said the baby, and then laughed with delight at the unwonted splendor of its attire. "I'm going to church New Year's day," she crooned, but the mother gently smiled as she carefully arranged each golden curl. The clock ticked, and struck eight, and nine, till Nelly loudly protested that she was hungry, and with a parting and dissapointed glance out of the window the woman sat down with a sigh. It was an unusual breakfast, for the little one was astonished at the luxury, but no taste of bread passed Ellen Desmond's lips. Devoutly the little one said grace and commenced her meal when at the door was heard a timid knock, and the woman rushed to open it. "Philip," she said, "you have come," and the man entered without a word and took the little child in his arms, who was alarmed at the sudden aspect of affairs, but did not shrink from him. "I have served my term, Ellen," he said, at length, "four years in the penitentiary for something I never did. I always have a feeling that it was Talcott's fault somehow, but cannot bring it home to him. I was Squire Talcott's business man, and only his son had access to the books.' He paused. Even in his silent joy at meeting her, and the child he had never before seen, he could not forget his unjust punishment, or the man who had caused it. But the influence of that little home, the inward happiness of this faithful wife who had remained near and helped to live down his shame, thawed even his poor broken spirit, and he was persuaded to eat, and to wish his little Nelly a "Happy New Year"

In this quiet household of poverty, kept at bay by only one woman's fingers, no callers came but Mrs. McMullen, who lived next door, and she wished Philip a Happy New Year, with many protestations of friendship. "Troth and kape up yer heart, sir; it's a cold world, but there's some kindly souls to light it," she said encouragingly The day passed, and to all of them it had been one of tearful happiness, for Ellen Desmond believed in her husband's innocence, and that his wrong would be righted, till she inspired him with some of her own courage. Out of doors the merry sleigh bells jingled and the child watched them with delight. "Oh, mamma, here comes another—such a black horse and pretty lady." It is a young man, and Ellen's cheek is pale as she says quietly, "Mr. Talcott and Lelia Bangs." Does he see the man he has wronged who stands silently holding his child at the window? The spirited steed shies, rushes on, and sends the sleigh up on the curbstone. "Is he hurt?" Desmond has opened the door and carried him in—the young girl follows. For awhile he lay senseless; then the doctor came. He was an old college chum of both. "Desmond!" he said, hesitated, then gave a generous hand clasp. The injured man stirred, opened his eyes, shivered at the sight of Desmond, and closed them again. He lay awhile breathing in short gasps, then said, faintly: "He is innocent—*I* should have been in his place—God be merciful!" Ellen Desmond took his lifeless hand, while tears rained down her face. "It is not for us to condemn him," she said, "he has gone to a Higher Tribunal."

The light of love and faithful trust shone in her eyes. "Philip," she said, "it is indeed a Happy New Year!"

Marriage in Other Lands.

They have interesting marriage ceremonies in Norway and Sweden. The custom among the Swedish peasants is exceedingly droll. When a girl is to be married in Sweden she is dressed in her bridal garments, and is placed in the middle of a room. As she stands she is surrounded by a circle of bright lights. The groomsmen then enter, each carrying a lighted lamp. The villagers have assembled about the cottage in the mean time, and the doors and windows are thrown open. Through them whoever wishes may enter, and the most liberal criticisms of the bride are made. Men and women walk about her and talk freely to one another about her appearance, her character, her prospects, &c. One will hear some young fellow say:

"'Well, she's to be married at last, eh? About time, I think. It's the first offer she has had since I jilted her.'

"'Yes,' some one else will say, 'and I pity the man who marries her.'

"'But don't she look old, though,' another spectator will say; 'and won't she make the poor fellow stand around?'

"Women wearing masks and different disguises will always be present for the purpose of making remarks both pointed and insulting, but everything is borne patiently and in good part by the bride and groom. The chaffing is kept up for an hour or two, every one but the friends of the parties are ordered to quit the house, and the ceremony is performed.

"'It takes a good while for a village wedding festival to be carried out in Norwegian villages, sometimes as long as a week. Beer, spirits, plenty to eat, music, and dancing are the features. The guests begin to assemble on the day before the wedding. They are welcomed with plenty of spirits and beer by the bride and groom. The village schoolmaster is always master of ceremonies, and it is he who invites the guests to the reception meal. He says grace. A psalm is then sung to the accompaniment of two violins. The repast is simple, and served on a bare table. No plates are used, but large flat cakes of meal instead. The night is spent in revelling. The next morning at eight o'clock the wedding procession starts for church. The bride always wears a silver crown and silver ornaments. In some parts of the kingdom she is clad in a purple robe, richly embroidered with gold, frequently the heirloom of centuries. Sometimes the way to church is by boat and sometimes on horseback. Music leads the way. The march to church is never halted, but when the party returns after the church ceremony a salute is fired from every house along the route, and at every one the newly married pair alight and partake of beer. The journey home often takes a day, owing to this general joining in the festivities.

"'As soon as the bridal party reaches home a grand dinner is served. After that what is known as the cradle tax is collected. A tin dish is placed before the bride, and her father deposits in it a bank note and two silver spoons. The guests all contribute money or silver gifts. The rest of the wedding day and part of the night are spent in drinking and dancing. Then a procession forms, and each person carries a lighted candle and escorts the bride and groom to their apartment. The next day the wedding gifts are presented. They are not displayed, but each giver shouts out what he or she gives, and shakes hands with the married couple. The revelling and rejoicing are kept up until the following Sunday, when they are brought to a close, and the young couple are considered fitly married. I know something about marriage in Norway, for I was married there myself and went through the entire programme."

Miss Franklin's Presence of Mind.

Miss Belle Franklin, a young schoolmistress of McHenry county, is the heroine of the Missouri slope. Miss Franklin was sleeping in a shack which she had built upon her claim, when she was awakened by the cracking noise of the prairie fire. Looking out across the plain she saw the dancing flames skimming across the prairie. The brave girl knew that her neighbors living a half-mile distant were away from home, and the fire would soon envelop the house, barn, hay and grain. Jumping from her bed she hurried away to the low log barn in which the farmer's extra team was tied. Harnessing the animals she rushed them out to the plough, and before the fire had reached the premises she had turned several furrows and formed a fire-break which saved the property. What a subject for an artist?

"This chilly weather makes me think of my poor, dead husband," said a widow, as she sat down beside a lady, close to the stove. "He was always so cold, poor man, and he used to wonder if he ever would get warmed through. He was so miserable when he was cold, poor man, but it is a great comfort for me to feel that he is happy now."

THE FARMER.

THE FEEDING HABITS OF HORSES AND COWS.

If horses do not chew their food before swallowing it, it is seldom more than half digested. Among them there are many "perfect hogs"—ravenous feeders, who swallow a mouthful simply to make room for another, without waiting to chew it or to moisten it with saliva, which is the real beginning of digestion. The writer once had a mare that was such a voracious eater, that she frequently nearly choked herself, and finally in one of her half-choking paroxysms drew some oats or bran into her lungs, which produced inflammation and death. When dry feed—corn and oats ground together, bran, etc., is fed, horses having this tendency are obliged to eat slowly, for it is necessary for them to moisten the meal thoroughly before it is swallowed, and this involves chewing, so that they cannot eat faster than the flow of saliva will moisten the food. With oats, or corn, unground, a very little moisture suffices, and the grain is swallowed whole, and is not digested at all. We should bear in mind that it is a provision of nature, or at least a fact of nature, that most seeds taken into the stomach of men or quadrupeds, unbroken, are not affected by the processes of digestion, but are subsequently deposited upon the earth; protected and accompanied by manure enough to give them a good start, when they begin to grow. Another interesting fact is, that horses often prefer to eat hay with dry meal, rather than the meal alone; and will take both hay and meal in their mouths at the same time, when both lie separately before them. Why they do this, is not easy to state, but probably they find the process of mastication easier.

With neat cattle, it does not matter much how rapidly they eat, if they do not choke themselves; for, as is well known, the half-chewed food will be returned from the paunch to the mouth, to be thoroughly masticated. This is a process which a cow always takes her time about. We have never known one to be in a hurry. If disturbed, cows will stop. So they will if they are not well, or are worried or harassed. It is therefore desirable that the cow stable, after feeding time, should be as quiet as possible, and the cows disturbed as little as may be, in their ruminations.

PROTECTION AGAINST COLD.

It is, or should be, well known that exposure to cold wastes the fat in the body of an animal, and this waste is made up only by the use of food rich in fat. The inhabitants of the arctic regions feed themselves upon the blubber, or solid fat of whales and other animals, and thus prepare themselves to withstand the excessive cold. But a coat of fat under the skin is a great protection, and we find all the arctic animals thus provided. We may learn valuable lessons from these facts: to feed the stock well with good food in the winter; to keep farm animals in good condition at all times; and to provide them with well ventilated, comfortable and warm lodging.

CRUMBLY BUTTER.

Winter made butter carries its own certificate of quality. It is usually white and tallowy, and crumbles into small fragments. It is always deficient in the oily part of the fat. Fats consist of three acids: stearic, margaric, and oleic, combined with glycerine. Stearic acid, or stearine, is hard, white and friable; oleic acid or oleine, is yellow soft, and oily, and dilutes the whiter and harder stearine and margarine. In the winter the oleine of the butter is in much less proportion, being used up in making fat, to keep the animal warm. And unless food that is rich in oil is provided for the cows, the butter made in the winter will always be hard and crumbly, and white in color. This fact applies also to some cows, which consume the oleine of the food, and consequently make white, hard butter at all times; but much more so in winter than in summer, while others make richly yellow and oily butter. The rich butter of the Jersey cows is associated with a lean carcass, while some other cows are always fat and sleek, but their butter is white and of poor flavor.

Much, however, may be done in the way of feeding to secure an excellent quality of butter, even in winter. Some of those who have made winter dairying a special business, are much troubled by the poor quality of the butter, and farmers generally, who make butter at this season, complain almost universally of the same difficulty. While some part of it lies in the cows, beyond doubt; yet the greater part of the difficulty is in the feeding, and dairymen must provide an abundance of food that is rich in oily matter, to supply both the wants of the cow for herself to sustain the vital warmth, and to leave an abundant surplus for the butter. A caution may be given against depending upon the so-called oil meals for this purpose. By the new processes in use in the mills, every particle of oil, in cotton seed and linseed, is taken out, by means of benzine, or naptha, as it is sometimes called; which dissolves the oil and leaves the meal entirely free of it Formerly, these meals contained from ten to eighteen per cent. of oil, and they were then most valuable food for fattening and for the butter dairy. Now they are of no use for making fat, excepting so far as their protein elements may be converted into it by a round-about transformation; but it is known that fat, given in the food, is formed into an emulsion by the process of mastication and digestion, and is assimilated directly and taken into the blood by way of the lacteal vessels and the portal vein. If we want to get rich milk, we must feed food rich in oil; and the best food of this kind we can use is corn meal, finely ground, mixed with cut hay, or fodder, so that it is thoroughly masticated and made to yield up its oil to the action of the saliva.

"I understand that Tosspot has quit drinking; how did it happen?' "Why, he wandered into a temperance meeting the other evening, and he was asked to take the pledge, and did it. Poor fellow, he couldn't refuse, you know. He never had refused when asked to take something, and he hadn't the courage to break his record."

A lady who received through the post office a few days ago a postal card containing 1,030 words written by a gentleman, replied on a card containing 1,040. That should teach him a lesson, and go far toward making such foolishness unpopular with the male sex. A man might as well attempt to get the last word, as the most words with a woman.

SERIOUS MOMENTS.

This universal joy of Christmas is certainly wonderful. We ring the bell when princes are born, or toll a mournful dirge when great men pass away. Nations have their red-letter days, their carnivals, and festivals; but once in the year, and only once, the whole world stands still to celebrate the advent of a life. Only Jesus of Nazareth claims this world-wide, undying remembrance. You cannot cut Christmas out of the calendar, nor out of the heart of the world.—[T. W. Handford.

The "wise men" were marching to the manger—we to the throne. They to see a babe—we to look upon the King in his beauty. They to kneel and worship—we to sit with Him on His throne. That trembling star shone for them through the darkness of the night, lighting their way—Jesus is always with us, our star of hope; and the pathway is never dark where He leads; for He giveth "songs in the night."—[A. E. Kittredge.

I have always thought of Christmas-time, when it has come round, as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. . . . And so as Tiny Tim said: "A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us, every one."—[Charles Dickens.

After all, the Christmas spirit at its best is but the Christly spirit. All this world needs to make a Heaven here and now is the prevalence of this spirit in the homes and hearts of men. And slowly as the morning grows from gloom to glory the world is coming into the possession of this peace and good will. Slowly but surely the weary world is marching toward the "one far-off divine event." Sooner than many men think, the dream of the old Hebrew prophet will be fulfilled: "Thine officers shall be peace, and thine exactors righteousness."—[Elmo.

I would that on the desk of every counting-room and on the bench of every artisan there were a Bible, and that by its instruction all men were regulated.—[Talmage.

Prayer is the chalice in which we fetch the water from the rock. It is the ladder on which we climb to pick grapes hanging over the walled Heaven. It is the fire that warms the frigid zone. It is the ship that carries away our wants and comes back with a return cargo of Divine help.—[Talmage.

The Jailer's Wife.

It was then the "con" man's turn to tell a story, and he cleared his throat and began:

"I had got tired of footing it over the highways of Indiana, and one day borrowed a horse to make travelling easier. For some reason I never could understand, they called it stealing, and I was arrested, bound over, and sent to the county jail.

"The place was full of hard cases, and I hadn't been in there three days when we formed a plot to break out. Every country jail has its weak spot. This one was strong in doors and bars and walls, but weak at the bottom. It would be no job at all to go through the floor and tunnel out.

There were six cells in the one corridor and sixteen of us in the crib. Ten of us had therefore, to sleep on cots outside of the cells. We took the cell furthest from the door to begin operations in. There was no watch kept on us at night, and before morning we had a fine tunnel started.

"There was a jailer, a stupid boy of 18 as turnkey, and the jailer's wife. Everything was passed into us through a wicket, and there was no call for the jailer to come among us. It was a terribly strong place, just the same, and the only weak spot, as I have said, was the chance for a tunnel. A chap named Dodging Bill, who was in for burglary, bossed the job. He pretended to know just which way to head the tunnel, and just how far to dig to come out in the alley behind the jail, and of course none of us interfered.

"At the end of three days we were all ready to go out. The idea was, of course, to go at night, but one of the prisoners was taken very ill, and we put off the escape for another twenty-four hours. About mid-afternoon of the next day there was an alarm of fire, we concluded to go out then.

"Dodging Bill had dug as near the surface as he dared. He now passed on ahead to break out the way, and we followed close upon his heels—that is, three or four of us The tunnel was short, and would not hold over three or four. The others stood ready to creep in as we crept out. I was next to Bill, and as he broke the crust, and daylight streamed in, I heard a scream from a woman. Next moment there was a dash of water into the tunnel, followed by another and another, and enough came in to drown us. We had to 'shin' back and Bill was half dead when we seized his heels and drew him out.

"What had happened? Well, the tunnel was too short by 15 feet. Instead of coming up in the alley, Bill broke ground in the back yard, and right at the feet of the jailer's wife, who was washing. As the ground gave way, she saw a hand and arm, and, being a quick-witted woman, she tumbled to the tunnel plot. There were three tubs on her bench, and she poured the contents of each one into the hole, and then ran in and brought in a boiler of hot water, and swished that in for good luck. That didn't satisfy her that she had driven us back, and she puts a wooden conductor under the pump, leads the other end to the hole, and she didn't let up pumping for a straight hour. Such was the grade of the tunnel that we were ankle deep in water in the corrider before she ceased operations. It was a fine display of woman's ready wit, and although we were half starved, and shackled to the cell doors for the next fortnight, none of us hold any grudge against the jailer's wife."

I detest slang," said an old lady to her niece, "especially when used by girls. Why, the other day I heard you speak of having made a mash. Perhaps you thought I didn't know what it meant, but I tumbled to it all the same." Say, aunty, isn't 'tumbled to it' a slang phrase?" demurely asked the young lady.

First Missionary's Daughter: And your father died at the foreign mission you say. I am sincerely sorry to learn it. Did his death result from natural causes?" Second Missionary's Daughter: "Yes, they ate father on the fourth of September."

YOUNG FOLKS.

TWO DOUGHNUT BOYS.

"Oh, dear!" said Ray, his blue eyes full of tears, "he's such a hateful boy, that Tommy Briggs is, mamma. I wish I didn't ever get acquainted with him. I wish his father didn't live so near Uncle Jack's farm."

Mamma Trevor looked at her boy's flushed little face and smiled; but she didn't say a word until she had taken Ray to the wide kitchen and sponged forehead and dimpled chin, blue eyes and rosy mouth with clear, cool water.

"Now, what is it, dear?" she asked.

"It's Tommy Briggs," said Ray, putting out his lip again. "Oh, mamma he is so mean and hateful——"

"Ray, Ray! that isn't the right way to talk even about those whom we believe are our enemies," interrupted mamma gently. "Do you think it is?"

"No'm," Ray answered honestly, winking pretty fast; "but I can't help it mamma. I know Tommy Briggs is my enemy, and a good deal worse. Why, mamma, don't you b'lieve——"

Ray stopped and shut his white teeth together with a snap Mamma didn't smile this time. She spoke very soberly:

"Well, dear, go on. What did Tommy do?"

"You know that big, nice apple Aunt 'Rusha gave me this morning, don't you?" Ray swallowed a big sob. "Twas the very last one she had, 'cause she'd kept it wrapped away in tissue paper all winter to see how long it would keep, and there came a little tiny speck of rot on it, and she gave it to me. 'Twas the very last one, you know; and it smelled just as nice, and the rest won't be ripe for a long time. And I started to go out where the men are mowing to show it to Uncle Jack, and when I was going across the pasture Tommy Briggs ran up behind me and grabbed it, and ate it every mite up but the bones, mamma, and didn't give me even so much as a bite. Don't you think he's a real mean, bad boy, mamma?" Ray's face was flushing up again as fast as ever it could.

Mamma looked pretty sober, though she almost had to laugh about the bones.

"I think he did very wrong, dear," she said; "and if I were in your place I would kill him."

How astonished Ray looked at that. He could hardly believe his ears.

"Why mamma," said he "what do you mean?"

"I mean," mamma answered, gently, "that I would kill the naughty spirit in Tommy's heart with a good deal of kindness."

Ray understood and tried to look interested, though a little doubtful.

"I don't hardly know how," said he; but I'll try next chance I have."

"That's my good boy," Mamma Trevor said, kissing first one round cheek and then the other. "Your chance will come soon enough, dear."

And so it did. That very day was baking day, and when Aunt 'Rusha was frying cakes she remembered Ray's disappointment, and fried two rich, plump, brown dough-nut boys for him.

"These are to pay for the apple you lost," said she laughing. "You must look out sharper this time, dear."

"Yes'm, Aunt 'Rusha, I will," said Ray. "Oh, thank you ever so much."

Then he went out under the vines on the back porch, and sat down on the steps with his doughnut-boys, waiting for them to cool. And pretty soon who should come along but Tommy Briggs himself! He was barefooted, and his straw hat hadn't a sign of a brim. He looked over the backyard fence, and his sharp black eyes spied the doughnut boys.

"Oh, gimme one!" cried he. But he didn't believe Ray would do it, all the same. He looked roguish, and ready to run away in a minute if Aunt 'Rusha should look out at the door.

As for Ray, he looked at the two puffy doughnut-boys, and then he looked at the at the mischievous face that was a little dirty, too, peering over the fence. Then he started and ran down to the gate.

"Yes, I'll give you one," said he smiling pleasantly and then he handed Tommy Briggs the largest one of the two doughnut-boys. "They're real nice," said he.

You can't think how surprised Tommy Briggs looked. He was so surprised that he couldn't say a word—at any rate he didn't; not even "Thank you." But he took the doughnut-boy Ray reached out to him, and scampered away, and Ray thought that was the last of it.

"Anyhow, though, I don't b'lieve he'd snatch my apple again," said he to mamma, "by the way he looked."

"I don't think he will myself," said mamma. And she thought to herself though she wouldn't have said it to Ray for the world, that if he would he must be a very hard-hearted little boy, indeed.

But that wasn't the last of it. Nobody had even thought of strawberries being ripe but the next morning when Uncle Jack opened the kitchen door he found a little box of them, red, ripe and sweet, on the threshold. Around the box was pinned a bit of paper very much soiled, and on this was printed in uneven letters:

> These is for the little boy wot I took his aupul. I'm sorry, an' I won't do it agen. From
>
> TOMAS BRIGGS

"Now what do you think?" asked Uncle Jack.

And Ray's blue eyes fairly danced as he ate his strawberries with sugar and cream

"Now isn't that the best way to make folks good?" he asked. Isn't it, mamma?"

"I think it is," said mamma, kissing both rosy cheeks again.

What do you think?

It was rather amusing the other day to see a man strike a position and stand as still as possible, when the civil engineer was looking through the surveying instrument After waiting quite a while the man approached the surveyor and said: "Mister did you get a good picture?" He thought the man was taking a photograph.

Two tramps, one of them a young man, the other well advanced in life, had just left a house where they had been supplied with a bountiful dinner. "I say, Bill," queried the younger of the two, "where do you s'pose we'll get our supper?" The old man turned on him in disgust. "Here you've just had your dinner," he said, "and you begin to wonder where you'll get supper. If that's the kind of disposition you've got, young feller, you had better quit the profession and go to work."

THE WEEK'S NEWS

HOME.

Lord and Lady Melgund have left Ottawa for England.

The Ottawa newsboys were banquetted in Victoria Hall by the Women's Temperance union.

Hon. Adam Crooks, ex-Minister of Education for Ontario, died last week in Hartford, Conn.

The latest returns of the election in King's county, New Brunswick, increase Hon. Mr. Foster's majority to 322.

The rumoured transfer of the Canada Atlantic railway to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company is authoritatively denied.

The Middlesex, Ont., registrarship, made vacant by the death of James Ferguson, has been filled by the appointment of Col. Walker.

Sir Ambrose Shea has been appointed Governor of Newfoundland, being the first native and Catholic governor since the days of Cabot.

Smallpox has broken out at Pontypool, in East Durham. Energetic measures to prevent it spreading are being taken by the local health authorities.

Returns so far received of the Scott Act election in the county of Argenteuil, Province of Quebec, show a majority of thirty-four against the measure.

A young man named Douglas Stevenson, of Seneca township, while out shooting near Indiana, Ont., accidentally shot himself through the neck, killing him instantly.

A judgment for $1,500,000, advanced to Hon. Bradley Barlow while president of the unfortunate South-Eastern Railway Company, has been secured by the Canadian Pacific directors.

A man named Richard Fitzgerald was found lying on Church street, Toronto, the other afternoon, apparently drunk. He was taken to the police station where he expired in about an hour afterwards.

The remains of the late Hon. Adam Crooks arrived in Toronto the other day, and were interred in St. James' cemetery, several of his former colleagues and a large number of prominent citizens attending the funeral.

Pensions have been granted to Sergeant Mawhinney and Gunners Wilson and Ashland, of "A" Battery, who were wounded in the North-West, the former receiving ninety cents and the two latter fifty-five cents a day.

It is reported that a collision has occurred between the Orange and Green factions at Courages Beach, Newfoundland, in which two men were fatally wounded, and also that serious riots are threatened at Harbor Grace.

Diphtheria is causing serious mortality among children in Montreal and the surrounding villages. Six deaths occurred in the city last week from the disease, and a resident of St. Laurent lost five children in two weeks.

A party of young men attempted to force their way into a house of ill-fame near Brantford, when a fight ensued, and two of them were shot, one in the breast and one in the head. The proprietor of the house was arrested.

Mr. J. Sharpe, one of the victims of asphyxiation by the leakage of gas in Kingston on Sunday night, has died, but all the others are expected to recover. The leakage was caused by the pipe being broken through the settling of the earth.

An important judgment has been rendered by Mr. Justice Loranger in the Superior Court at Montreal, deciding that associations incorporated by the Dominion Parliament have not the right to buy or sell real estate in the Province of Quebec without the license of the Provincial Legislature.

At Perth early New Year's morning a hovel occupied by a man named Robert Nallan, ninety years old, and his wife nearly the same age, took fire, and the unfortunate couple who were almost helpless from feebleness, were burned to cinders, the only trace of their remains found being a few charred bones.

The Newfoundland executive has issued a proclamation forbidding Orange processions in Harbor Grace and other ports of Conception Bay. Numerous affidavits were made before Judge Bennett, affirming the certainty of a disturbance of the peace in the event of a public demonstration or procession.

Only last week a case of neglect on the part of Montreal civic officials was reported which was likely to cost the city something over two hundred thousand dollars. Another case has now turned up, in which, by the neglect of the authorities, the city is threatened with the loss of forty thousand feet of land presented to it thirty years ago for the purpose of opening a new street. The land was never deeded to the city, and the heirs, who have been paying taxes on it ever since, now refuse to give it up.

The recalcitrant authorities of Ste Cunegonde have at last been reduced to submission by the determined stand taken by the Board of Health, who had commenced the erection of a barricade at the Montreal city limits for the purpose of enforcing a strict quarantine against the villagers unless they took immediate and effective measures to stamp out the small-pox in the municipality. The village health board having given sufficient guarantee that they would do so, the threatened quarantine has been withdrawn.

AMERICAN.

The smallpox quarantine inspection on the Michigan frontier has been discontinued.

At least 250 persons received injuries at the burning of the Christmas tree in the county hospital at Chicago.

At Foxboro, Mass., on Christmas Day, Mrs. Errington, a widow 80 years old, who lived alone, was murdered by some one unknown.

Pasteur's method of rabbit inoculation for hydrophobia was tried the other day for the first time in America at Newark, N. J.

The locomotive engineers and firemen employed on the New York elevated railways threaten to strike unless their demand for the eight hours' rule be granted.

An Italian organ grinder in St Louis while leaning against an electric light pole was instantly killed by an electric shock. A companion who caught him as he fell had one hand burned to a crisp.

The first case of cremation in Buffalo was performed the other morning at the new crematory, in presence of the directors of the Crematory Society, the friends of the deceased and a few physicians. The test was pronounced a complete success.

At Gamstown, Ala., Alex. Reid, colored, who brutally murdered Miss Boyer on the 18 inst., was chained to a tree at the spot where the crime was committed and slowly burned to death by a crowd of indignant whites and blacks.

The attempt to rescue the miners buried in No. 2 slope of the mine at Nanticoke, Pa., has been abandoned, as the victims are undoubtedly buried beneath the sand, culm and rock, and can never be found. The company will liberally recompense the relatives.

The new year was inaugurated in Detroit by the most costly conflagration in the history of that city by which the entire square bounded by Randolph, Brush, Lafayette, and Croghan streets, containing Ferry's immense seed store and the Music hall block, was laid in ashes. The loss is estimated at a million dollars and a half. One fireman was killed and three dangerously injured by the collapse of a wall.

FOREIGN.

M. Grevy has been re-elected President of France without opposition.

A Cario despatch says the military authorities have decided to attack the rebel position at Koshey.

The volcano of Colima, situated thirty miles north-east of the city of Colima, Mexico, is in violent eruption.

Lord Randolph Churchill is in Ireland at present, probably for the purpose of obtaining information on the Irish question.

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* complains of the unpatriotic conduct of Irish banks in purchasing the paper for their bank notes in England.

It is alleged in London that a plot has been discovered showing that the Parnellites are anxious to upset the Protestant religion in Ireland.

It is stated that the attempts made to settle the Dilke scandal have failed, and that the hearing of the case has been fixed for the 29th of Jan.

It is announced that Miss Mary Gladstone daughter of the ex-Primer, is to be married to Rev. Harry Drew, a curate of the Church of England at Hawarden.

It is said Lord Randolph Churchill is in favor of an early dissolution of Parliament, and an appeal to the country with the cry, "The Empire is in danger."

Right Hon. Edward Stanhope, Vice-President of the Council, says Englishmen will not allow Irishmen to dictate what policy is best for the welfare and interests of the nation.

England is having an almost hyperborean winter. A special reports that a railway train, headed by three engines and two snow ploughs, is embedded in the snow in Caithness.

It is understood that a measure founded on the report of Lord Iddesleigh's trade commission will be introduced into the Imperial Parliament at an early date, readjusting the tariff on imports.

Mr. Kauffman, who was bitten by a dog supposed to be mad at Newark, N. J., on November 28, has arrived in Paris. M. Pasteur says if the dog was really mad there is very little hope of treating the patient successfully.

It is stated that the Tory political managers in London are arranging for a great series of anti Home Rule meetings to be held simultaneously throughout Great Britain as soon as Mr Gladstone has formulated the Liberal scheme.

Distress, to the verge of famine, prevails, in some districts of the west coast of Ireland, and subscriptions are being raised in Dublin, Galway and Castlebar, to provide relief until the attention of Parliament can be called in February to the subject.

At Limerick, Ireland, the house of a man named Blake was attacked by opponents, and his friends rallying to his defence, a desperate fight ensued, in which sticks, stones, guns and pistols were used as weapons, and about twenty persons, including several women, were dangerously wounded.

Mr. Philip Callan has telegraphed to London stating his intention of taking legal proceedings to expose the tactics by which Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, and Harrington secured his defeat in North Louth in favor of Col. Nolan.

The family of King Ludwig of Bavaria are urging him to resign owing to the pressure his creditors are bringing to bear for the collection of his debts, but it is believed that Emperor William and Prince Bismarck would not sanction the resignation.

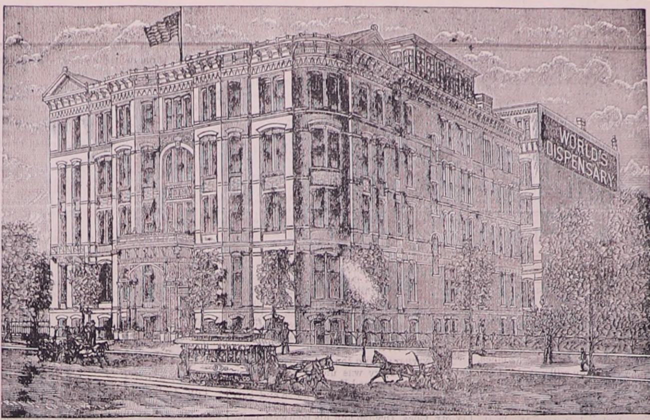
Lord Randolph Churchill's latest scheme for Irish Home Rule does not include a Parliament for Ireland, but proposes to abolish the Viceroyalty and the whole system of Castle authority, substituting therefore a complete set of administrative officers to be elected by the Irish people.

Earl Cowper, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1880 to 1882, fears that the strike against payment of rents will soon be a bigger difficulty for the Government to deal with than was ever the Home Rule question, and must eventually interfere with Imperial interests.

The Czar is about to reinstate Prince Alexander of Bulgaria in his former rank in the Russian army. The presence of Gen. Volcikoff and other Russian officers at Sofia marks the close alliance between Russia and Bulgaria. The fact is causing some alarm to the friends of Turkey, and it is believed the compact between the Czar and Prince Alexander is a prelude to a Russian campaign in the Spring and the final dismemberment of the Turkish Empire.

The Moon's Influence

Upon the weather is accepted by some as real, by others it is disputed. The moon never attracts corns from the tender, aching spot. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the most painful corns in three days. This great remedy makes no sore spots, doesn't go fooling around a man's foot, but gets to business at once, and effects a cure. Don't be imposed upon by substitutes and imitations. Get "Putnam's," and no other.



INVALIDS' HOTEL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE

No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Not a Hospital, but a pleasant Remedial Home, organized with

A FULL STAFF OF EIGHTEEN PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,

And exclusively devoted to the treatment of all Chronic Diseases.

This imposing Establishment was designed and erected to accommodate the large number of invalids who visit Buffalo from every State and Territory, as well as from many foreign lands, that they may avail themselves of the professional services of the Staff of skilled specialists in medicine and surgery that compose the Faculty of this widely-celebrated institution.

NOT ALWAYS NECESSARY TO SEE PATIENTS.

By our original system of diagnosis, we can treat many chronic diseases just as successfully without as with a personal consultation. While we are always glad to see our patients, and become acquainted with them, show them our institutions, and familiarize them with our system of treatment, yet we have not seen one person in five hundred whom we have cured. The perfect *accuracy* with which scientists are enabled to deduce the most minute particulars in their several departments, appears almost miraculous, if we view it in the light of the early ages. Take, for example, the electro-magnetic telegraph, the greatest invention of the age. Is it not a marvelous degree of accuracy which enables an operator to *exactly* locate a fracture in a submarine cable nearly three thousand miles long? Our venerable "clerk of the weather" has become so thoroughly familiar with the most wayward elements of nature that he can accurately predict their movements. He can sit in Washington and foretell what the weather will be in Florida or New York as well as if several hundred miles did not intervene between him and the places named. And so in all departments of modern science,

SIGNS OF DISEASE.

what is required is the knowledge of certain *signs*. From these scientists deduce accurate conclusions regardless of distance. So, also, in medical science, diseases have certain unmistakable signs, or symptoms, and by reason of this fact, we have been enabled to originate and perfect a system of determining, with the greatest accuracy, the nature of chronic diseases, without seeing and personally examining our patients. In recognizing diseases without a personal examination of the patient, we claim to possess no miraculous powers. We obtain our knowledge of the patient's disease by the practical application, to the practice of medicine, of well-established principles of modern science. And it is to the accuracy with which this system has endowed us that we owe our almost world-wide reputation of skillfully treating lingering or chronic affections. This system of practice, and

MARVELOUS SUCCESS.

the marvelous success which has been attained through it, demonstrate the fact that diseases display certain phenomena, which, being subjected to scientific analysis, furnish abundant and unmistakable data, to guide the judgment of the skillful practitioner aright in determining the nature of diseased conditions. The most ample resources for treating lingering or chronic diseases, and the greatest skill, are thus placed within the easy reach of every invalid, however distant he or she may reside from the physicians making the treatment of such affections a specialty. Full particulars of our original, scientific system of examining and treating patients at a distance are contained in **"The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser."** By R. V. Pierce, M. D. 1000 pages and over 300 colored and other illustrations. Sent, post-paid, for $1.50. Or write and describe your symptoms, inclosing ten cents in stamps, and a complete treatise, on your particular disease, will be sent you, with our terms for treatment and all particulars.

OUR FIELD OF SUCCESS.

NASAL, THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.

Recognizing the fact that no great institution dedicated exclusively to the treatment of chronic diseases, would meet the needs of the afflicted of our land, without the most perfect, complete and extensive provision for the most improved treatment of **diseases of the air-passages** and lungs, such as **Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Asthma,** and **Consumption,** we have made this branch of our institution one of the leading Departments. We have every kind of useful instrument for examining the organs involved, such as rhinoscopes, laryngoscopes, stethoscopes, spirometers, etc., etc., as well as all of the most approved kinds of apparatus for the application of sprays, fumigations, atomizations, pulverizations, inhalations, and all other forms of approved medicinal applications.

We publish three separate books on Nasal, Throat and Lung diseases, viz.: A Treatise on Consumption, Laryngitis and Bronchitis; price, postpaid, ten cents; A treatise on Asthma, or Phthisic, giving new and successful treatment; price, postpaid, ten cents; A treatise on Chronic Nasal Catarrh, price, postpaid, two cents.

DISEASES OF DIGESTION.

Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Obstinate Constipation, Chronic Diarrhea, Tape-worms, and kindred affections are among those chronic diseases in the successful treatment of which our specialists have attained unparalleled success. Many of the diseases affecting the liver and other organs contributing in their functions to the process of digestion, are very obscure, and are not infreqently mistaken by both laymen and physicians for other maladies, and treatment is employed directed to the removal of a disease which does not exist. Our Complete Treatise on diseases of the Digestive Organs will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

KIDNEY DISEASES.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, and kindred maladies, have been very largely treated, and cures effected in thousands of cases which had been pronounced beyond hope. The study and practice of chemical analysis and microscopical examination of the urine in our consideration of cases, with reference to correct diagnosis, in which our institution long ago became famous, has naturally led to a very extensive practice in diseases of the urinary organs. Our specialists have acquired, through a vast and varied experience, great expertness in determining the *exact* nature of each case, and, hence, have been successful in *nicely* adapting their remedies for the cure of each individual case.

The treatment of diseases of the urinary organs having constituted a prominent branch, or specialty, of our practice at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, and, being in constant receipt of numerous inquiries for a complete but concise work on the nature and curability of these maladies, we have published a large illustrated treatise on these diseases, which will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

BLADDER DISEASES.

INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, Gravel, Enlarged Prostate Gland, Retention of Urine, and kindred affections may be included among those in the cure of which our specialists have achieved marvelous success. These are fully treated of in our illustrated pamphlet on Urinary Diseases. It includes numerous testimonials from well-known people. Sent by mail for ten cents in stamps. Send for it at once.

STRICTURE.

STRICTURES AND URINARY FISTULÆ.—Hundreds of cases of the worst form of strictures, many of them greatly aggravated by the careless use of instruments in the hands of inexperienced physicians and surgeons, causing false passages, urinary fistulæ, and other complications, annually consult us for relief and cure. That no case of this class is too difficult for the skill of our specialists is proved by cures reported in our illustrated treatise on these maladies, to which we refer with pride. To intrust this class of cases to physicians of small experience, is a dangerous proceeding. Many a man has been ruined for life by so doing, while thousands annually lose their lives through unskillful treatment. Send particulars of your case and ten cents in postage stamps, for a large, illustrated treatise containing many testimonials.

NERVOUS DISEASES.

Epileptic Convulsions, or Fits, Paralysis, or Palsy, Locomotor Ataxia, St. Vitus's Dance, Insomnia, or inability to sleep, and threatened insanity, **Nervous Debility,** arising from overstudy, excesses, and other causes, and every variety of nervous affection, are treated by our specialists for these diseases with a measure of success heretofore regarded as impossible. See numerous cases reported in our different illustrated pamphlets on nervous diseases, any one of which will be sent for ten cents in postage stamps, when request for them is accompanied with a statement of a case for consultation, so that we may know which one of our Treatises to send.

DISEASES OF WOMEN.

So alarmingly prevalent are those chronic diseases peculiar to females, and so famous have our institutions become for their cure that we were long ago obliged to create a special department, thoroughly organized, and devoted *exclusively* to the treatment of these cases. The physicians and surgeons in this Department have made these delicate diseases their sole study.

Hundreds are brought to our institutions from far distant States on beds, and they go home well and strong. Every case consulting our specialists, whether by letter or in person, is given the most careful and considerate attention. Every important case (and we get few which have not already baffled the skill of all the home physicians) has the benefit of a full Council, composed of skilled specialists. Our Department and rooms for ladies in the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute are so arranged as to be very private, and free from the annoyances so common in other institutions. Send ten cents in postage stamps for our large Complete Treatise on Diseases of Women, illustrated with numerous wood-cuts and colored plates.

PILE TUMORS.

PILES, FISTULA IN ANO, and other diseases affecting the region of the lower bowel, are largely treated, and with marvelous success, by specialists, who give their whole time to the study and treatment of this class of affections. We never fail to cure pile tumors, however large. When the patient can come here for treatment, **we will guarantee a cure.**

Fortunately for suffering humanity, a method of treatment has been perfected and thoroughly tested in our institutions, by which in from six to fifteen days radical and perfect cures of the worst forms of piles are effected without causing any severe suffering. Send ten cents in stamps for our large illustrated Treatise on Piles.

RUPTURE.

Hernia (Breach), or **Rupture,** no matter of how long standing, of what size, or what the age of the patient may be (if not under four years), is **speedily and radically cured in every case undertaken by our specialists, without the knife, without dependence upon trusses, without pain, and without danger.**

THROW AWAY TRUSSES. There is no longer any need of wearing clumsy, awkward, chafing, old trusses, which, at best, give only partial relief, which never cure, but often inflict great injury and induce inflammation and strangulation, from which thousands annually die.

NOT SAFE. There is no safety in depending upon any kind of truss, though, no doubt, every man who has suffered the agonies of a strangulated hernia, and died, thought himself safe. Both the rupture and the truss keep up a mental strain and induce nervous debility and various organic weaknesses of the kidneys, bladder, and associate organs.

CURES GUARANTEED in every case undertaken. Can any sufferer ask for greater inducements than these?

Notwithstanding the great number of ruptures treated in the three years past, many of them of immense size and of such a character that no other plan of treatment could possibly have succeeded, every case to which this perfected system of treatment has been thoroughly applied, has been perfectly cured. Only a few days residence at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical institute is necessary.

Abundant references, by permission of those whom we have cured, will be furnished to any one wishing to call upon or write them.

An illustrated treatise on Rupture sent to any address upon receipt af ten cents.

DELICATE DISEASES.

Organic weakness, nervous debility, premature decline of the manly powers, involuntary vital losses, and kindred affections, are speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured.

To those acquainted with our institutions it is hardly necessary to say that the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, with the branch establishment located at No. 3 New Oxford Street, London, England, have, for many years, enjoyed the distinction of being the most largely patronized and widely celebrated institutions in the world for the treatment and cure of those affections which arise from youthful indiscretions and pernicious, solitary practices.

We, many years ago, established a special Department for the treatment of these diseases, under the management of some of the most skillful physicians and surgeons on our Staff, in order that all who apply to us might receive all the advantages of a full Council of the most experienced medical men.

WE OFFER NO APOLOGY. We offer no apology for devoting so much attention to this neglected class of diseases, believing no condition of humanity is too wretched to merit the sympathy and best services of the noble profession to which we belong. Many who suffer from these terrible diseases contract them innocently. Why any medical man intent on doing good, and alleviating suffering, should shun such cases, we cannot imagine. Why any one should consider it otherwise than most honorable to cure the worst cases of these diseases, we cannot understand; and yet of all the other maladies which afflict mankind there are probably none about which physicians in general practice know so little.

We fully agree with the celebrated Dr. Bartholow, who says, "I think it a reproach to our profession that this subject has been permitted, in a measure by our own indifference, to pass into the hands of unscrupulous pretenders. Because the subject is disagreeable, competent physicians are loath to be concerned with it. The same unnecessary fastidiousness causes the treatment of this malady to be avoided in private practice."

We shall, therefore, continue, as heretofore, to treat with our best consideration, sympathy, and skill, all applicants who are suffering from any of these delicate diseases.

Our Complete and Illustrated Treatise on these subjects is sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in stamps.

ALL CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY.—Although we have, in the preceding paragraphs, made mention of some of the special ailments to which particular attention is given by the specialists at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, yet the institution abounds in skill, facilities, and apparatus for the successful treatment of every form of chronic ailment, whether requiring for its cure medical or surgical means.

All letters of inquiry or of consultation should be addressed to

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,
663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

DESERONTO NEWS CO'Y.
(LIMITED.)

OUR JOBBING DEPARTMENT

Is replete with an abundant supply of new type and printing material. We are therefore in a position to execute Fine Job Printing in all its branches in first class style and at rates to suit the times. Send or call and get prices. ☞Orders by mail will receive our prompt and careful attention.

The Tribune.

FRIDAY, JAN. 15, 1886.

LOCAL ITEMS.

THE County Council will meet on Tuesday, Jan. 26th.

SAVE your money by ordering all newspapers and magazines at THE TRIBUNE office.

THE Rathbun Company will cut about 500 cords of hardwood on the Bogart farm in Fredericksburg.

SOME wags stole Sager Bros. sign on Wednesday night and placed it over Mr. Rathbun's front gate.

ON a recount of votes in Napanee, Mr. Lapum was declared to be Deputy-Reeve by a majority of two votes.

A SLEIGH load of Foresters went over to Picton last night to pay a fraternal visit to their brethren in that place.

MR. Scott, of the Napanee *Beaver*, was in town on Wednesday and gave us the pleasure of a call. He is now fully recovered from his recent illness.

IN whitewashing the Big Mill it was found that the numbers of sparrows' nests were enormous. The little builders are again hard at work repairing damages.

SUPT. SHERWOOD of the N. T. & Q. Ry., has all his section men busy widening the rock cuts, and making ready for snow blockades. The line is in excellent condition.

WITH the new turntable at the Junction, and the Y at Deseronto, the engines of the B. of Q. Ry. are now spared the necessity of coming in tender first, thus greatly expediting business.

NAPANEE reports 56 deaths; 60 marriages and 80 births in 1885. The *Express* states that the births are considerably in excess of former years. Deseronto had 100 births to its credit in 1885.

THE Grand Trunk trains both East and West have been considerably delayed by the snow the last day or two. The morning "mixed" trains have been an hour or two late for some few days.

THE season for killing partridge, woodcock, mallard, grey duck, wood or summer duck expired on the first of January; other duck may be shot until the first of May, and hare until the first of March.

"Payable on Demand" next Tuesday night. Those who have not already secured tickets had better do so at once, as the reserved seats are being rapidly taken up. The plan of the hall can be seen at Egar's drug store.

THE Deseronto Flour Mills daily attract large numbers of farmers from all parts of the bay district. They justly acknowledge that no where else can they obtain such entire satisfaction as at this popular establishment.

Mr. Jesse Martin requests us to state that he was not in any way responsible, as some have asserted, for the appointment of a constable on the reserve. He had no correspondence whatever with the Indian Department on the matter.

Mr. Witts is now ready for business in his photograph gallery. He uses the lightning process and guarantees entire satisfaction. If you wish to see yourself as others see you, get your photo taken at once by Mr. Witts. Prices will be found to suit the times.

SOME changes have been made during the past week in the interior arrangements of THE TRIBUNE office which will tend to expedite business. The work was neatly and speedily performed by Messrs. Asselstine and Allum under the directions of Mr. Irvine, of the Sash Factory.

THE *Whig* says that Mr. A. Hoppins, of the Rathbun Company, has purchased the entire cut of the Hinchinbrooke saw mill. It will measure 130,000 feet, and consists of pine, hemlock, basswood, oak and ash. Mr. Hoppins will also purchase all the ties and fence posts between Kingston and Renfrew.

Mr. Wm. Stoddart, Supt. of the tailoring department of the Big Store, left on Wednesday on a trip to Edinburgh, Scotland. He goes by rail to Halifax, where he takes the str. Nova Scotian for Glasgow. With his many friends we wish him a pleasant voyage to the "Land o' Cakes."

THE Messrs. Farnham are giving the interior of the Big Mill a thorough whitewashing. This will improve the light and add greatly to the health and cheerfulness of that great establishment. But few changes will be made on the machinery this season, everything being in the best possible condition.

THE officers of the Missionary Association of St. Mark's Church which was formed after the close of the service on Sunday evening are:—John Hoppins, Pres.; E. A. Rixen, Secy.; Geo. Field, Treas. The Executive Committee consists of the Misses Oliver, Anderson, Gault, Tait and Mr. R. N. Irvine.

THE tea meeting and social held by the Presbyterian Church at Shannonville was a great success, a large sum of money being donated to the church. Some of our townspeople drove up there to take in the show although the thermometer was considerably below zero; but then when one has his best girl with him his temperature is considerably increased.

BELLEVILLE will not only endeavour to make connection with the C. P. Railway, but it has also applied for a charter for right of way from Belleville to some point on James' Bay. Belleville has been too long indifferent on such matters and it is pleasing to see that its citizens are now determined to compete with other towns and cities for the control of the great north country.

AT a meeting of the Ladies' Missionary Association of the Church of the Redeemer held on Tuesday afternoon the following officers were elected for the current year:—Mrs. E. W. Rathbun, Pres.; Miss Davis, V. P.; Miss Stoddart, Treas., and Miss Sinclair, Secretary. This society during the past year collected the handsome sum of $150 for the schemes of the General Assembly of the church.

A socialle under the auspices of the Ladies Missionary Society of the Church of the Redeemer, will be held at the residence of Mrs. E. W. Rathbun, on Friday evening, the 22nd inst.

THE Mutual Improvement Association of the Church of the Redeemer held its meeting this evening in the lecture room of the church. A lecture will be delivered by a member of the session.

THE Supreme Treasurer of the Independent Order of Foresters during the week paid through Mr. James Stokes, C. D. H. C. Rs., the sum of $21.45 to Mr. Arthur Carter, who has been quite ill during the past few weeks. The Foresters are noted for the promptitude with which they pay all their money obligations.

THREE of the wounded soldiers of "A" Company, Midland Battalion, have received their government allowances from 1st August to January 1st. Sergt. Wrighton, wounded through the shoulder at Batoche, got $92; Corporal Daly, wounded through the hand $153 and Capt. T. C. Lazier, rheumatism, $547.74.

NOTWITHSTANDING the severe frost the ice at Peterson's ferry was unsafe on Monday when two men named Vanhorn and Lambert broke through the ice with a horse and cutter while crossing the bay. Very fortunately Mr. Chas. Dryden and his men were passing at the time and managed to get horse and all out of the water.

THE Rev. Thos. Stanton, B.A., Rector of St. Mark's Church, Deseronto, has been appointed by his Lordship the Bishop of Ontario to the position of Rural Dean of the Deanery of Hastings and Prince Edward. We congratulate the Rev. gentleman on his appointment to such a responsible position.

MR. EGAR is offering special bargains for a few weeks in all kinds of fancy goods of which he still has a large assortment. He also affords an opportunity of purchasing wall papers at prices unprecedently low. Books and stationery can also be secured at lowest rates with all the articles usually found in a well stocked drug store. Farmers and citizens will find it to their advantage to call at Apothecaries Hall.

THE members of the new Council meet at the Town Hall next Monday at 11 a. m., for the purpose of making the usual declarations and reorganizing for the work of the year. In this connection we might remark that ratepayers would find it to their advantage to attend all the meetings of the Council in order to follow the discussions on public matters and thus have more intelligent acquaintance with the business transacted during the year.

MESSRS. Walmsley & Spafford, the well known tea and coffee merchants, of Belleville, have opened a branch store in Deseronto. They have secured one of the shops in the Smith Block as a stand, and as their reputation is deservedly high, there is little doubt of their receiving a large share of public patronage. The branch here is under the management of Mr. Mott, who will be only too happy to make the early acquaintance of intending purchasers.

A pleasant entertainment was held at the residence of Mr. E. W. Rathbun last Friday evening. It consisted of tableaux, recitations, singing, &c., by a number of children, who acquitted themselves admirably and afforded no small measure of amusement to the audience. The children had previously been instructed in their parts by Miss Rathbun who also took the direction of the evening's proceedings. A silver collection amounting to $6.50 was taken up at the close which the fair manager donated to the Ladies' Aid Society.

NOTWITHSTANDING cold weather the attendance at the public schools is very good. Every boy and girl in Deseronto should be at school. Parents will confer a favor on teachers by sending their children punctually and regularly. No boys, except in rare cases of urgent necessity, should be allowed to work in the factories if they are of school age. Canada stands greatly in need of a Factories Act. Those that we have on the Statute book were never intended to be carried out by the general or local governments, both of whom are merely the slaves of the manufacturers.

A QUEER story comes from Thomas-st. A young lady is reported to have returned from the Christmas market expressing herself disgusted with the institution and asserting that the THE TRIBUNE, market and everything else was a fraud. It seems she was disappointed because she could not purchase a plum pudding on the market, evidently thinking that it was a species of fruit which fell from trees like hickory nuts. No wonder that viewing such ignorance of domestic economy the occupants of Calamity Hall tremble and hesitate as they stand on the very brink of matrimony.

THE train leaving the station on Monday evening to catch No. 2 Express got derailed at the Grist Mill owing to a misplaced switch. Luckily the engine stopped when within an inch or two of the engine room of the grist mill, otherwise a loss of life might have been occasioned. As it was no damage was done of any consequence. Chaisy, the engineer, stuck manfully to the lever at the risk of getting severely scalded, and by so doing, no doubt, prevented a catastrophe. The passengers were forwarded to the Junction by team, and reached there in time to continue their journey.

WE have to request the audience to be in their places on Tuesday evening not later than a quarter to eight. The performance will commence precisely at eight, and late comers not only lose the thread of the play by not seeing the commencement, but by the noise and confusion caused by them in taking their seats they are emphatic nuisances to those who have come at the proper time with the intention of enjoying the entertainment. The orchestra which is under the direction of Mr. Sam Anderson have been supplied with entirely new music for the occasion, and not to hear the overture will be to lose a first rate part of the proceedings.

WE have received the first number of *The Indian*, a neatly printed journal published at Hagersville. As its name implies it will devote itself chiefly to Indian affairs, and will give its readers news from the principal reserves in North America. Biographical sketches of noted Indians will be given, and the first number commences the life of Thayendanegea. Special attention will be paid to archaeology. Chief Kah-ke-wa-quo-na-by is managing editor, and the subscription is placed at $1.50 a year in advance. We wish the new journal all success, knowing that if judiciously conducted it must tend to promote the welfare of the Indian race in Canada.

Two or three inches of snow are still required to make good sleighing.

Mr. A. McNeil, a well known resident of Napanee, who has been ill for some time breathed his last on Wednesday evening.

DR. BERGER, President of the Bay of Quinte Conference, will preach the annual educational sermon in the Methodist Church, on Sunday, 31st inst.

MR. P. D. Gordon writing from Pembroke to renew his subscription wishes THE TRIBUNE and all its readers A Happy New year. On Tuesday, the date of his letter, it was 30° below zero at Pembroke and there was good sleighing.

MR. R. H. BAKER, who has so long been the representative on the road for the Deseronto Flour Mills, has retired from that position to enter on other duties. The genial and popular councillor parts with his old employers on the very best of terms.

"MICHAEL O'TOOL" writes from a country district urging us to use our influence on Sunday School authorities to procure papers and reading generally for the scholars. By all means let the boys and girls get instructive papers, or anything which will get them into a habit of reading.

THE Ladies of the Methodist Church, Shannonville, will hold a Public Tea in the Masonic Hall of that village on the evening of Wednesday, Jan. 20th, at 6.30 o'clock. Addresses will be delivered by several clergymen and the choir will render music. A thoroughly enjoyable time is expected. Tickets, 40 cts., or 75 cts. per couple.

LOCAL TRAIN.—For the benefit of the Travelling Public and to afford accommodation to the people of Deseronto, a mixed train leaves the R. R. Depot every morning at 7:45 for Kingston. Parties can go to Kingston or Napanee and back same day having about eight hours in Napanee and four in Kingston. Low rates of Fare. Kingston and return, $2.20. Napanee and return 50 cents.

THE Committee appointed by the Belleville City Council to adjust the expenses for the administration of justice, with the County, had a meeting on Friday. After going over the ground very carefully they could not offer the County more than $2,600 as their share of the expenses. The County demands $3,000. It appears altogether likely that the question will have to be settled by arbitration.

ON Tuesday last this office was visited by a tramp type. He had just walked over from Picton that morning and called in to see if the staff would "chip in" and give him a lift on the road. He was bound for Brockville, where he expected to get work on his arrival. The weather being a little colder than usual, he concluded to stop over night under the care of Chief Gunyon who gave him a room on the lower flat of the "coop." He walked out of town the next morning well satisfied with the hospitable manner in which the Chief used him.

THE cold spell which set in last week continued with unabated rigour for several days. On Saturday a biting wind with a fall of snow prevailed and the thermometer marked 4.5° below zero. On Saturday it showed 6.8° below; Monday, 13.5°. On Tuesday morning, it dropped to 27° below, the coldest day of the season. Wednesday was more moderate only 4° below and yesterday was fine and comparatively mild. Comparing the temperature on Tuesday with the coldest days of the past few years, we may remark that Jan. 19th was the coldest day in 1883, the temperature being 23.3° below; Jan. 25, in 1884, when it actually fell to 33° below, and Feb. 2nd in 1885, when it was 22° below zero.

IN no place are people of all classes more prompt and willing to assist the poor and needy than in Deseronto. We learn that there are several cases of pressing poverty in town. The Council are always ready to assist the poor; but there is something distressing in receiving aid which has thus public to be voted on in each case. We ought to have a citizen's fund, from which to draw for such a cause. Why not get up an entertainment or two for that purpose as is the custom in other towns? Mr. Cameron kindly offers to give the opera house without charge; the dramatic association and all our singers and readers will give their services and a large audience would attend. An emergency fund could thus be raised and placed at the disposal of the Reeve and councillors for proper distribution. Who will lead this charitable movement?

THE annual meeting of the congregation of the Church of the Redeemer was held on Thursday evening, 8th inst. Rev. R. J. Craig presided. Reports were presented by the Kirk-Session, Board of Managers, Ladies' Aid, Ladies' Missionary and other associations connected with the church, all of which gave evidence of substantial work during the year. The Board of Managers reported having raised about $1,000 for current congregational expenses. The debt on the manse had been reduced to the trifling sum of $140. The amount raised for Assembly funds was double that of any previous year. By a hearty effort the congregation would find itself clear of debt at the close of 1886. A vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. James Davis for his services in connection with the Manse Fund. Cordial votes of thanks were also given to Mrs. Douglas, the Ladies' Associations, and the choir for their assistance during the year. The following constitute the new Board of Managers, viz:—Messrs. Davis, F. S. Rathbun, A. E. Gracey, Sims, Stoddart, Mackie and Russell.

THE Annual Convention for 1886 of the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance, for the suppression of the liquor traffic will be held in the Temperance Hall, Temperance Street, Toronto, on Tuesday and Wednesday, February 2nd and 3rd, commencing on Tuesday at 10:30 a.m. It is expected that this meeting will be unusually large and interesting. Arrangements have been made to secure the co-operation of all classes of temperance workers, and discussions upon the different questions connected with the prohibitory movement will be initiated by prominent men of ability and experience. There will be three sessions of the Convention each day, all of which will be open to the public, but only members and delegates will be expected to take part in the discussions and voting. The public are cordially invited to attend. This circular is sent to all temperance societies, to church organizations, and to known temperance workers. The bodies named are earnestly requested to elect delegates to the Convention, and all who desire to aid the great prohibition movement are invited to become Alliance members. Cards entitling members and delegates to the privileges of the Convention may be secured by application to the Secretary.

THE Dafoe House was not injured by the recent fire in Belleville.

THE Ontario Court of Appeal gave its decision last Tuesday in the celebrated case of Scott v. Benedict. They dismissed the appeal, the costs to be paid by appellant. This case which involves the possession of valuable milling privileges and timber limits has been before the courts for many years. Mr. Benedict will, it is supposed, be now allowed peaceful possession of the property.

THE cut of the Big Mill during November was 4,460,000 ft. The whole cut of the season reached 29,573,110 ft. There was also cut 12,342,000 pcs. of lath; 767,000 pcs. of mouldings and 1,500,000 of small dimensions stuff. The Cedar Mill cut during the season 20,000,000 of shingles or 5 millions more than the previous season. It also turned out 5,000,000 ft of lumber and dimension stuff; 137,610 ties; 161,718 posts and 2,170,000 lath.

DURING the past season Mr. E. W. Powell, Agent of the Rathbun Company at Ottawa, purchased over 17,000,000 feet of lumber in the Ottawa district. A portion of this was manufactured from logs purchased by the Rathbun Company at three mills, viz.: Hillman's, Higginson's and McIntyre's, below Ottawa. He also purchased over 100,000 railway ties and 8,000,000 lath. Mr. Powell is again purchasing logs, ties, &c., this winter for another season's operations.

MESSRS. H. B. Rathbun, W. C. B. Rathbun and H. Burt have reached Santa Barbara, California, where they intend passing some time. *En route* they visited Salt Lake city and remained for some time at San Francisco where they lodged at the mammoth Palace hotel with its thousand rooms. While in San Francisco, Mr. H. B. Rathbun suffered from a severe cold and other complaints. Leaving "Frisco" they proceeded to Monterey which they found beautiful beyond description. The grounds were magnificent, many species of flowers being in full bloom, and of wonderful size; it was, in fact, a regular paradise. Returning to San Francisco the party sailed for Santa Barbara where they will remain for some time. It is a pleasant resort. On New Year's Day the thermometer was 65° in the shade. At lunch all regaled themselves with fresh strawberries, green peas and similar delicacies. In this land of orange groves their friends in Deseronto will be glad to learn they are now enjoying good health and rapidly regaining strength.

Wonderful is the instantaneous effect of West's Pain King in the relieving cramps, colic and all bowel difficulties. Worth its weight in gold and costs but 25 cents. Should always be kept in every household. Sold by W. G. Egar, Druggist. 16-w-2

PAYABLE
ON
DEMAND
BY THE
DESERONTO DRAMATIC
ASSOCIATION
—AT—
CAMERON'S
OPERA HALL
—ON—
Tuesday Evening,
THE 19th INST.,
In aid of the Funds of
St. Mark's Church.

The above Popular Domestic Drama by TOM TAYLOR, Esq., will be produced (under the management of MR. WILLIAM D. McRAE) with full cast of characters and New and Appropriate Scenery,

MR. BEDFORD
—AS—
REUBEN GOLDSCHED,
MISS MILLIE ANDERSON
—AS—
LINA.
To conclude with the Laughable Farce-
"THE QUIET FAMILY."

A special Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Sam. Anderson has been engaged for this occasion.

Admission - - - - 25 cts,
Reserved Seats - - - 35 "

Plan of Hall at Egar's Drug Store.
Doors open at 7:00, Curtain will rise at 8:00 sharp.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

BIBLES
—AND—
TESTAMENTS.

ALL persons desirous of securing cheap, handsome and substantially bound
Bibles and Testaments
will find it to their advantage to call on
W. G. EGAR,
Depositary of the Deseronto Bible Society.
November 18th, 1885.

DR. IRISH, L.D.S.

DENTIST, TRENTON, ONT., will visit the Deseronto House, Deseronto, on the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of every month punctually. Full cases of artificial teeth furnished for $7.00 each. 1st and 2nd cases and extracting, $10.50. Gas or vitalized air used for extracting teeth without pain. Particular attention given to the treatment and filling of diseased teeth. Business hours from seven a.m. to half past four p m

Health is Wealth

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration, caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the Brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by W. G. EGAR.

JUST OPENED
$2,000 worth of New Staple Dry Goods,
—AND—
50 SUITS OF MENS' CLOTHING,
Which will be sold at Prices Cheaper than you ever bought them.
Deseronto, Nov. 19th. C. GOODMURPHY.

Book & Drug Store.
(STEWART'S BLOCK.)
MAIN STREET, DESERONTO.

STATIONERY,
WALL PAPER.
BOOKS, NOVELS,
ENVELOPES.
LETTER PAPER,
PENS, PENCILS,
FANCY GOODS OF ALL KINDS.
HYMN BOOKS,
NOTE BOOKS,
BLANK BOOKS,
SCHOOL BOOKS,
PRAYER BOOKS
CARDS,
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PRICES TO SUIT DULL TIMES
DR. NEWTON'S OFFICE.

The Tribune.

VOL. III. DESERONTO, ONT. FRIDAY, JAN. 22, 1886. NO. 19

THE TRIBUNE,

Published every Friday Morning.

THE DESERONTO NEWS CO.

(LIMITED.)

Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—One copy, $1.00 per year 50 cents per six months. Strictly in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE	1 Year.	6 mos.	3 Mos.
Column	$50.00	$30.00	$18.00
Half Column	30.00	18.00	10.00
Quarter Column	20.00	12.00	7.00
One Inch	5.00	3.00	2.00
Business Cards, (less than one inch.)	4.00	2.50	1.75

Wants, Lost, Found, Strayed, etc, 25 cts. each insertion, or on a contract at the rate of 75 cents per month.

Casual advertisements 5 cents per line first insertion; each subsequent insertion 2cts. per line.

communications should be addressed to

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T. G. PILE, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES, Deseronto Ontario. 3

COAL.

FOR HOUSE USE OR BLACKSMITH SHOPS, AT lowest market rates. Write for prices.
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BY CAR LOAD, BARREL, OR IN BULK, AMERIcan or Canadian, at lowest market rates. Write for prices.
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WATER LIME.

WATER LIME, PORTLAND CEMENT, AND Plaster Paris for sale, cheap, and full directions given how to use successfully. Write for prices.
THE RATHBUN CO.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN HOTEL.

JOHNSON & ONTARIO STS., KINGSTON. This house has been refurnished and refitted throughout. Charges moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.

INSURANCE ON FARM OR VILLAGE PROPERTY at low rates in Standard Stock Companies—the Royal Insurance Company and Commercial Union of England, Western, and British American of Toronto.
THE RATHBUN CO.,
17-z Agents.

O'CONNOR HOUSE.

THIS HOTEL IS ELEGANTLY FURNISHED throughout, in the latest styles. Large and convenient Sample Rooms; and every accommodation and comfort for guests. The Bar is supplied with best imported and domestic Liquors and Cigars. Charges moderate First-class Livery in connection. Good Yard and Stables attached.

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OPPOSITE CITY HALL,
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First-class hacks connecting with all trains. Street cars pass the door every fifteen minutes.

-2.1y. SIBBITT & CO., Proprietors

Napanee, Tamworth

—AND—

QUEBEC RAILWAY.

NAPANE VALLEY LINE.

TIME TABLE No. 6.

IN EFFECT MAY 18th 1885.

ASTERN STANDARD TIME.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.		No. 2. P.M.	No. 4. P.M.
Napanee	Leave	1 05	5 30
Napanee Mills	"	1 20	5 45
Newburgh	"	1 30	5 50
Thompson's Mills*	"	1 37	5 57
Camden East	"	1 40	6 00
Yarker	"	1 55	6 15
Colebrooke*	"	2 00	6 18
Galbraith Road*	"	2 05	6 20
Moscow	"	2 10	6 30
Mudlake Bridge*	"	2 20	6 40
Enterprise	"	2 30	6 45
Wilson's Crossing*	"	2 35	6 55
Tamworth	Arrive	2 50	05

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.		No. 1. A.M.	No. 3. P.M
Tamworth	Leave	7 00	3 15
Wilson's Crossing*	"	7 15	3 30
Enterprise	"	7 26	3 35
Mudlake Bridge*	"	7 30	3 40
Moscow	"	7 40	3 50
Galbraith Road*	"	7 50	4 00
Colebrooke*	"	7 52	4 02
Yarker	"	7 55	4 05
Camden East	"	8 10	4 17
Thompson's Mills*	"	8 15	4 22
Newburgh	"	8 25	4 28
Napanee Mills	"	8 35	4 35
Napanee	Arrive	8 50	5 50

*Stop only when Passengers at or for.

R. C. CARTER, Gen. Mgr. H. B. SHERWOOD, Asst Gen. Mgr. E. W. RATHBUN, Supt & Superintendent Napanee

LOST OR FOUND.

LOST.—A Black Fur Cape, on Saturday, 9th inst., between Napanee and Deseronto. The finder will oblige by leaving same at TRIBUNE Office. 18

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

PARTIES WISHING TO HAVE LETTERS POSTED after hours will pleas leave them at Egar's Drug Store, Main St. Deseronto.

STOVES FOR SALE.

LATEST PATTERN BASE BURNER Cool Stoves for sale very cheap.
Apply to H. C. JEFFERS,
The Rathbun Company. 11-15

MONEY TO LOAN AT 6 PER CENT.

$35,000.00 of Private Money.

Old Mortgages paid off, New Loans taken and Mortgages Purchased.

Apply to
GIBSON & CLUTE,
1 yr. Barristers, Napanee.

E. HARRISON,

350 Front Street, Belleville,

Keeps in Stock and makes to order on short notice all classes of Account Books. General Book-binding, from the Plainest Library Style to the best Morocco and Calf, with Gilt or Marble edge. Paper ruling, Map Mounting, Varnishing, Music Binding, Picture Framing. Improved Milk and Cheese Factory Books. Mercantile Books and intricate ruling a specialty. Prices close. 9- .1-4

FIRE INSURANCE!

We beg to advise those desiring Insurance that we are Agents for

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, OF ENGLAND;
THE COMMERCIAL UNION INSURANCE CO'Y OF ENGLAND;
THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY, OF TORONTO, ONT.;
THE BRITISH AMERICAN INSURANCE CO'Y, OF TORONTO ONT.,
THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO'Y.

Who will write Policies as low as any other *Stock* Company in the Dominion.

The standing of these Companies is such that all may be satisfied that in case of loss the settlement will be prompt and equitable.

Farmers will find it to their interest to insur with us.

Record kept of all Policies and Notices sent insurers before expiration of same.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,
6-L Deseronto, Ont.

A FEW HINTS

FOR THE USE OF

AYER'S PILLS

DOSE.—*To move the bowels gently, 2 to 4 Pills; thoroughly, 4 to 6 Pills. Experience will decide the proper dose in each case.*

For **Constipation, or Costiveness**, no remedy is so effective as AYER'S PILLS. They insure regular daily action, and restore the bowels to a healthy condition.

For **Indigestion, or Dyspepsia**, AYER'S PILLS are invaluable, and a sure cure.

Heart-burn, Loss of Appetite, Foul Stomach, Flatulency, Dizziness, Headache, Numbness, Nausea, are all relieved and cured by AYER'S PILLS.

In **Liver Complaint, Bilious Disorders,** and **Jaundice,** AYER'S PILLS should be given in doses large enough to excite the liver and bowels, and remove constipation. As a cleansing medicine in the Spring, these PILLS are unequalled.

Worms, caused by a morbid condition of the bowels, are expelled by these PILLS.

Eruptions, Skin Diseases, and **Piles,** the result of Indigestion or Constipation, are cured by the use of AYER'S PILLS.

For **Colds,** take AYER'S PILLS to open the pores, remove inflammatory secretions, and allay the fever.

For **Diarrhœa** and **Dysentery,** caused by sudden colds, indigestible food, etc., AYER'S PILLS are the true remedy.

Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, and **Sciatica,** often result from digestive derangement, or colds, and disappear on removing the cause by the use of AYER'S PILLS.

Tumors, Dropsy, Kidney Complaints, and other disorders caused by debility or obstruction, are cured by AYER'S PILLS.

Suppression, and Painful Menstruation, have a safe and ready remedy in

AYER'S PILLS.

Full directions, in various languages, accompany each package.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

THE

DESERONTO NEWS CO'Y.

(LIMITED.)

OUR JOBBING DEPARTMENT

is replete with an abundant supply of new type and printing material. We are therefore in a position to execute Fine Job Printing in all its branches in first class style and at rates to suit the times. Send or call and get prices. ☞Orders by mail will receive our prompt and careful attention.

The Tribune.

FRIDAY, JAN. 22, 1886.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Now for snow-shoe tramps.

FIVE cent scribbling books, ruled, at THE TRIBUNE office

A SHOAL of commercial travellers and agents struck town this week.

Miss Nash, of Napanee, succeeds Miss Sanderson as teacher of the East Marysville school.

HENRY AERAMS, who was so badly scalded on the Thousand Islands Railway, is improving rapidly.

CANADIAN ALMANACS for 1886 for sale at THE TRIBUNE office. They contain a great amount of useful information.

MR. DANIEL GOODMURPHY intends retiring from the butcher business to take up a farm in Tyendinaga, not far from the water mill.

THE Reeve and Clerk, together with Messrs. E. W. Rathbun, F. C. Whitton, and Dr. Clinton, constitute the new board of health.

MR. WILLIAMS, the new druggist, is busy unpacking his goods and preparing for a grand opening. His shop on St. George st. is quite neat and commodious.

Mr. M. J. BUTLER and staff are still busy on the survey of the extension of the N. T. & Q. Railway. He reports much good land on the section between Tamworth and Tweed.

EASTER Sunday of 1866 falls on St. Mark's Day, April 25th, its latest possible date. The last time this occurred was in 1736, and it will not fall on that date again until 1943.

THE new Presbyterian Church at Melrose will be dedicated next Sunday, 24th inst., when Rev. Prof. Ross, Queen's College, will officiate. A tea meeting will be held the following Monday.

WE have received an exceedingly handsome calendar from Messrs. McFarlane, Austin and Robertson, wholesale stationers, of Montreal. It is a splendid specimen of artistic taste and skill.

THE young people of the Methodist congregation have surely not despaired of beating their seniors in the matter of a concert or similar entertainment. It is time the community was hearing from them,

Mr. JOHN MCCULLOUGH has been appointed assessor. His duties will be much more onerous this year, as under the new act he will be required to give a list of children of school age for the school board.

GREEN Point is yet only served with one mail a week, even though the stage passes through the settlement twice a day. Surely there is some person in Prince Edward who can bring pressure to bear on the government to give that important section greater postal facilities.

THE ladies of the missionary Association of the Church of the Redeemer hold a social this evening at the residence of Mrs. E. W. Rathbun. An excellent programme is prepared and refreshments will be served. Proceedings to commence at 8 o'clock. Admission 15cts.

THE new Council met last Monday forenoon and organized for the year. They are a substantial looking lot, Mr. Edwards being the only light weight. They lost no time in getting to business and seemed evidently aware that the eyes of the ratepayers are scanning their every act.

IT is a pity some one of the post-office inspectors could not spare time to so improve the mail train service so as to prevent packages of letters and papers being carried by the different stations. There is much need for improvement in this and other departments of the postal service.

THE School Board met on Monday for the purpose of organization under the new regulations. W. R. Aylsworth, Esq., was elected chairman and Mr. R. Rayburn, Secretary. On casting lots it was found that Messrs. Aylsworth, Cameron and Mc Cullough will be the retiring members of the board at the end of this year, the others members retaining office for two years.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE for 1886, the pioneer seed annual of America, comes to us this year a real gem, not a dry list of hard botanical names, but over thirty pages of reading matter, among which articles on Roses, House Plants, Cheap Greenhouse, Onion Culture, Mushrooms, Manure, Young Gardens, and very interesting reading, followed by about 150 pages containing illustrations, descriptions and prices of seemingly everything the heart could desire in the line of Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Potatoes, &c. It is a mystery how this firm can afford to publish, and really give away, this beautiful work of nearly 200 pages of finest paper, with hundred of illustrations and two fine Colored Plates, all enclosed in an elegant cover. Any one desiring goods in this line cannot do better than send 10 cents for the Floral Guide, to James Vick, Seedman, Rochester, N. Y. Deduct the 10 cents from first order sent for seeds.

BIG corner in snow shovels.

Daily Globe, Mail, News and Witness for sale at THE TRIBUNE office.

MESSRS. RAYBURN and McGaughey are again appointed assessors on the old salary. Geddis keeps oysters.

THE Sabbath School of the Methodist Church has now got its library ready. It will add greatly to the efficiency of the school.

LOCAL TRAIN.—For the benefit of the Travelling Public and to afford accommodation to the people of Deseronto, a mixed train leaves the R. R. Depot every morning at 7:45 for Kingston. Parties can go to Kingston or Napanee and back same day having about eight hours in Napanee and four in Kingston. Low rates of Fare, Kingston and return, $2.20. Napanee and return 50 cents.

WE regret to learn that Rev. J. H. McDonough, pastor of the Roman Catholic Church, still continues seriously ill as the result of a bad cold contracted by exposure at a recent burial service. He has been unable to officiate during the past two weeks. Last Sunday his place was taken by Rev. J. O'Gorman, of Belleville, who celebrated mass and preached a sermon characterized by no ordinary eloquence and ability.

Mr. J. H. THOMPSON, who with Mr. Wm. Rixen, sailed for England about six weeks ago, writes to us from Leigh, Lancashire, stating that they had a pleasant voyage, though the weather was pretty rough at times. The weather has been mild in England and he saw roses in bloom. It was turning colder however. He welcomed the arrival of THE TRIBUNE with its news of Deseronto friends, We have to thank Mr. Thompson for late English papers.

AT the meeting of the Mutual Improvement Association of the Church of the Redeemer last Friday evening Mr. E. W. Rathbun delivered an interesting address describing his recent trip to the Western and Southern States. There was a large attendance on the occasion and all were more than pleased with Mr. Rathbun's graphic description of what he saw in his travels. A vote of thanks was accorded the speaker at the close and there is a general desire that he will repeat the address at an early day.

AT the late meeting of the Council the Clerk read a communication from Judge Fralick, the Revising officer for East Hastings, asking the advice of the Reeve and Councillors as to the division of Deseronto polling division. By the terms of the Dominion election law no more than two hundred electors can vote in one polling division. As there will be more than four hundred in Deseronto at the next election this will necessitate three polling places instead of two as at present. It was suggested at the meeting that all east of Princess-st might form one division, the district between Princess and St. George-sts another, and all west of St. George-st, the third.

THE publishers of *Rutledge's Monthly* offer twelve valuable rewards in their *Monthly* for Feburary, among which is the following: We will give $20.000 to the person telling us which is the longest verse in the Old Testament Scriptures (not the revised edition), by Feb. 10th, 1886. Should two or more correct answers be received, the REWARD will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner Feb. 15th, 1886. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver or postal notes, (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the *Monthly* for March, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and the correct answer will be published, and in which several more valuable rewards will be offered. Address Rutledge Publishing Company, Easton, Pa.

Councillor Cameron at the meeting of the Council suggested the propriety of getting any gravel that might be required drawn in during the winter months, thus giving employment to men and teams at present idle. All the councillors seem disposed to make the gravelling of the streets a matter of prime importance. It was resolved to make inquiries concerning the more convenient deposits of gravel before proceeding to action. Anything done to improve the streets of the town will be gladly welcomed. It would take a large expenditure to make them what they should be. The mud last autumn was something fearful and must have impeded work very considerably. If the village and the Rathbun Company could come to an arrangement to secure one of those large rollers which are found to be such a benefit to other towns, it would be an investment mutually advantageous. Let us get out of the mud.

A PLEASANT party assembled on Monday last at the residence of George Maracle, Mohawk Reserve, to adopt and give names to the Rev. Mr. Anderson's family. After the reverend gentleman had been heartily welcomed by all assembled and the inner man had been bountifully provided for, the ceremony, a solemn and impressive one, took place. The name given to Mr. Anderson and by which he will hereafter be known in the Band is *Ka-ge-ka-ri-you'i*, which signifies "a good vine." At the close of the proceeding Mr. Anderson thanked those assembled for the honor conferred upon himself and family. He said that in his childhood he had by a similar ceremony been adopted by the Ojibways of the great Manitoulin Islands, where he had passed his early life, and now the Mohawks, amongst whom he expected to spend his declining years, had received and welcomed him back as one of themselves. He hoped he would always be a worthy member of the band. They belong to a common brotherhood of the church, and while this new band must not dissolve he prayed that it would unite us closer to promote the welfare of the people. After a speech in Mohawk by ex-Chief Maracle thanking the people for the pleasant assembly which showed the affinity they had for their clergy and family, the party separated well pleased with the proceedings.

Mr. Wm. Jamieson is building a new barn on the Grills place.

Mr. Williams,, druggist, has moved into Peter Colp's brick house.

THE Cedar Mill commenced work again on Monday thus giving employment to a large force of men.

Mr. Geo. Akey, manager of Bay View farm, advertises an unlimited quantity of fine pure milk at 5 cents a quart

Mr. Wm. Parnham slipped on some ice the other day and fell, breaking his shoulder, He was attended by Dr. Newton and is progressing favorably.

Two engines and a snow plow soon cleared the line of the B. of Q. Railway yesterday morning. The N. T. & Q. Ry was not delayed to any great extent by the storm.

Messrs. Walmsley & Spafford are rushing trade in the brick block and offer tea, coffee, and other groceries at exceedingly low prices. They invite the closest inspection of the quality of their goods.

A YOUNG lady on Dundas-street is reported to have given a young man the cold shoulder, when she learned he was not a subscriber to THE TRIBUNE. The sensible girls are not all dead yet.

NEXT Sabbath being the anniversary of the opening of the Presbyterian Church, Prof. Mowat, of Queen's College, Kingston, will conduct the services, preaching both morning and evening.

A LARGE party came in from Richmond the other evening on a kind of surprise visit to a residence in the east end. They enjoyed themselves by playing games and winding up with a taffy pull. With rare prudence the country cousins passed the hat and took up a collection to defray expences. Nothing like thrift.

Mr. Rayburn, Supt. of the Deseronto Flour Mills, was the picture of happy satisfaction on Wednesday. On that day the rush of farmers to the Deseronto Flour Mills exceeded that of any previous date. From all points of the compass they flocked in with grain and departed with "Crown Jewel," "Diadem," and other brands of flour.

We record the death of Mrs. James Wilson, sr., who breathed her last on Wednesday afternoon. Deceased, who enjoyed the respect of a large circle of friends, was probably the oldest resident in this section of the country having reached the advanced age of 88 years. She was a native of the North of Ireland and had been a resident of this district for over forty years.

LAST Friday the weather continued fine followed on Saturday with sleet, and on Sunday with high winds from the south-west and two inches of snow. Monday there was a dip of the mercury which marked 7 below zero. On Tuesday more snow and on Wednesday night a heavy drifting snow-storm set in from the south-east, about ten inches having fallen during the night. Great drifts piled up on the streets and railway traies were behind time.

AS WILL be seen by the minutes of the proceedings of the last meeting of the Board of Health, that body is acting with commendable energy. They have determined on the compulsory vaccination of all the residents of Deseronto and with that view have ordered a house to house visitation by medical men. They are also making inquiries concerning the site for a hospital and taking other steps to prevent any possibility of an introduction of disease into the village. In this they will be aided by all classes of the community. The Rathbun Company have issued an order insisting on all their employees being at once vaccinated.

A LARGE surprise party consisting of fifteen couples drove out on Wednesday evening to the residence of Mr. R. W. Lloyd. Arriving there they were most hospitably received by Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, who succeeded admirably in making their visitors feel at home by their kind, hospitable reception. The party passed an exceedingly pleasant evening, and very unwillingly parted from their kind Marysville friends.

IT was reported on Monday morning that there was a case of small-pox at "Eagle Hill" about five miles west of Deseronto on the Tyendinaga Reserve. It seems that Napoleon Deronzeau came from Trenton where he had been working and put up at the residence of his father-in-law, Peter Johndraw, at Eag'e Hill. He broke out with a bad rash but recovered from it after some time. Other members of the household were seized with the same disease and two infant children died of it. Up to this time they had no medical attendance, being either ignorant of or anxious to conceal the real nature of the disease. Friends and neighbors appear to have been allowed access to the house, though not permitted to come near those who were sick. On Monday morning Dr. Newton having been sent for the previous day went up to visit the sick when he found that the disease was small-pox. He immediately informed the Indian department who wired him to use every means possible to prevent the spread of the disease. Constables were placed on duty to prevent all communication with the house and Mr. Hill, the Agent for the Reserve, ordered the schools to be closed. There are now only two young men suffering from the disease and they are rapidly recovering. Dr. Newton is hopeful that the disease will not spread. Johndraw's house at Eagle Hill is in a most remote and isolated spot, surrounded on three sides by water and separated from all neighbors by the big plains which are three-quarters of a mile wide. This makes it very easy to isolate the patients. It is hoped that every precaution will be taken by the government, for though those affected are not members of the band, they are situated on the Indian Reserve. We presume that churches will be closed and all assemblies on the Reserve strictly forbidden. It is feared that the Trenton authorities are not exercising proper vigilance or these cases would not need to be reported.

THE WEDDING BELLS.

OR,

TELLING HER FORTUNE

By the Author of "PROVED, OR NOT PROVED"

CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED.)

"On the night the theft occurred," he said, hastily, "I was on the terrace alone, and suddenly I was startled by a slight sound near me. I turned quickly, and saw distinctly a dark shadow on the portico; but when I went forward there was no one there. I thought it must be one of the servants, and subsequent events dismissed it from my memory."

"You have no other clew, sir?" Superintendent Graves said, eagerly.

"None whatever. I was thinking deeply at the time, and may have been mistaken as to whence the sound proceeded."

"It is a clew, though a slight one. It would seem that the thief came from them," said the superintendant, thoughtfully.

"Does that help you?" said Ted, somewhat disdainfully, for he was by no means impressed by the police-officer's ability.

"It may prove useful, sir," was the rather dogged reply, and before Ted could utter the rather dogged reply which rose to his lips, Clara stood up and made a step forward.

"The jewels are lost," she said, passionately, "but that man will not help you to find them. Send him away! —send him away!"

"My dear Clara!" ejaculated Lady Ellison.

"Mother—oh, mother," the girl said, passionately, "let me have my way in this. Let the diamonds go. You told me yesterday that I was the sufferer, and not you. I do not care for the loss. I have lost"—she pressed her hands passionately to her heart—"I have lost much more than that in the last few days. Oh! let him go before I say that which I shall regret to my dying day!"

They looked at her in astonishment. Lady Ellison's face was quivering with pain, and Mr. Burke made a sign to the superintendent to retire, and he left the room with a faint expression of surprise and comprehension dawning on his stolid face.

When the door had closed upon him there was a silence, and all eyes turned on Clara, who stood, with flashing eyes and flaming cheeks, in the centre of the room, her hands pressed close against her heart. She was evidently in the deepest agitation and excitement and as she stood, the slight fingure swayed to and fro, as if she were about to fall, and she caught at the back of the chair near her for support.

"My dear child," said Mr. Fetherstone, "will you give us an explanation?"

"An explanation!" she repeated, slowly. "I suppose my conduct requires an explanation, but I have none to give you. All I can tell you is this, that Superintendent Graves will not be able to assist you; nor are you likely," she added, in a tone of the keenest contempt, "to obtain a clew from Mr. Burke."

"What do you mean?" said Mr. Fetherstone. "Clara, do you know what you are forcing me to imagine?"

"I neither know nor care," she said, desperately. "I know what imputations I am laying myself open to. I cannot help it—I cannot help it. Oh, do let it drop. All search, all investigation is useless—you will not find the diamonds! Mother," she ran to lady Ellison and fell on her knees, "mother, tell them you will have it dropped—if you have any love, any pity, for me." She rose, and ran back to the center of the room. "Mr. Fetherstone, let it drop. Ted, Sylvia, help me—help me to ask!"

"My darling—my darling!" said Lady Ellison in the greatest distress, "I am willing—I am more than willing—I wish that it should be dropped!"

"But, Lady Ellison," said Mr. Fetherstone, "it cannot be dropped now. I cannot allow my household to rest under the suspicion which your loss in my house necessarily casts upon them. It *must* be gone on with."

Clara uttered a little cry of pain, and shrank back against the wall with the look of terror deepening on her face, and holding out her hands as if to ward off some invisible horror pressing upon her. Ted and Sylvia were watching her with eager interest and surprise. Mr. Burke, whose face was as pale as her own, looked at her with a sorrow and compassion too deep for words. Once he made a step toward her, as if to shield or defend her, then he drew back; while Lady Ellison's sightless eyes went from one to the other with painful intensity as if she would, by very force of will, see what was passing.

"You must be reasonable, my dear child," said Mr. Fetherstone, kindly. "It is very painful for us all; but there is no reason to distress yourself thus. Even should the culprit be discovered, you would not have to appear on the trial."

"As if I were thinking of myself!" said Clara, bitterly; and she covered her face with her hands.

There was a short silence, then the girl's little, trembling hands dropped and left her face uncovered. She held out her hands in anguish toward Mr. Fetherstone.

"I know who stole the jewels!" she cried, in a voice of agony, which thrilled through all those who heard it. "I know who stole the jewels!"

She ran to Lady Ellison, and threw herself on her knees before her, hiding her face on her bosom, and clinging to her with little inarticulate cries of pain. Lady Ellison put her arms round her, and drew her into them with a pitying tenderness, and, moved by some common impulse, the others quitted the room, leaving them alone together.

CHAPTER XVI.

FOR COURAGE TO FORGET.

"She will tell me nothing more, and she is not in a state to be questioned," said Lady Ellison, a few hours later. "Mr. Fetherstone, I must beg and entreat of you, as a personal favor, to allow this matter to drop. Let the mystery be what it may, I have perfect trust in the poor child. She knows of the theft, she knows who the thief is, but she will tell nothing, and her share in the affair is not a guilty one. The matter must drop, or I believe it will kill her."

Mr. Fetherstone was forced to submit to this decision sorely against his will, and the letter which he had written to the Chief Commissioner of Police was torn up and thrown into the waste-paper basket, not a little to his chagrin. The matter was freely discussed, to, by the family and household; while Mr. Graves shook his head, thought it altogether a most extraordinary business, hinted that young ladies were often either in want of money themselves, or had lovers whom they were anxious to oblige, and looked unutterable things. Lady Ellison was the only one who seemed relieved by the turn things had taken; and if she were anxious about Clara, she avoided giving any expression to that anxiety, and talked of a return to Carnock shortly.

On the day following that scene in Mr. Fetherstone's study, a party had been made to go and see Arundel Wood—a beautiful old forest about ten miles from Fetherstone Hall. The young people were going to ride, the elders to drive, and they were to go on to Athurst and have some refreshment at the castle before they started homeward. The only one who was not to go was Clara—Lady Ellison deeming her, and wisely too, unequal to the fatigue; and as the young girl had seemed very indifferent as to whether she went or not, they left her without any scruple as to her feeling lonely.

Clara watched them start with a feeling of relief at the long quiet hours before her. Ted was not of the party; but as he was shut up in his father's study, and overwhelmed—or, at least, so he declared—with letters, she did not fear any interruption from him.

She came back slowly from the door, passed up the broad staircase, and lingered for some minutes in the picture gallery then she went up to the second story, and paid a visit to the school-room, where she found Miss Martin, the children's governess, and her invalid little pupil, who was not out of all danger, and promoted to the school room sofa.

The child, a bonny little boy of seven or eight, greeted Clara with a little shout of delight, and for nearly an hour she sat by him on the couch, amusing him with fairy tales and stories and leaving Miss Martin free to write her home letters in peace. Then, when the school-room tea made its appearance, Clara went away down to a sitting-room on the ground floor sacred to Ella and Sylvia and their especial friends.

It was a pretty, daintv little apartment, hung with pale green chintz dotted with rosebuds with a carpet to correspond and jardinieres full of flowers in the windows. There were bookcases full of books in the recesses on either side of the fire place; a davenport, and worktable, and a cottage piano—a low, sweet toned piccolo, which had been a present to Sylvia from her father on her last birthday.

Wearily, and with a long, low sigh Clara threw herself into a chair; and having sat for some minutes in deep thought, rose and went over to the piano. It was open and a song of Sylvia's stood on the music rest, open at the last page, as if it had been lately sung through. Clara turned the leaves back to the beginning. struck the opening cords and began to sing. It was a simple little ballad, pretty from its very simplicity and for a certain pathos which ran through the verses; and though Clara's voice was firm enough when she began, it was very low and faltering as she ended.

"I sat beside the streamlet,
I watched the water flow,
As we together watched it
One little year ago.
The soft rain pattered on the leaves,
The April grass was wet;
Ah! folly to remember,
'Tis wiser to forget.

"The nightingales made musical
June's palace paved with gold;
I watched the rose you gave me
Its warm, red heart unfold.
But sight of rose and song of bird
Were fraught with wild regret,
'Tis madness to remember,
'Twere wisdom to forget.

"I stood among the golden corn—
Alas! no more I knew—
To gather gleaners' measure
Of the love that fell from you.
For me no gracious harvest—
Ah! would we ne'er had met;
For cruel as remembrance is,
'Tis harder to forget.

"The streamlet now is frozen,
The nightingales are fled;
The cornfields are deserted,
And every rose is dead.
I sit beside my lonely fire,
And pray for wisdom yet—
In calmness to remember,
For courage to forget.

The girl's voice failed over the last words and her head fell forward on her hands for some moments. Then, with a passionate gesture of contemptuous anger, she rose from the piano, turned away, and at the same moment a little cry of pain broke from her lips, and she caught at the piano for support.

Mr. Burke was standing by the door, having entered the room while she was singing.

For a few moments, not quite a minute perhaps, they stood confronting each other from across the room. Every shade of color had died out of Clara's cheeks and lips, and Mr Burke was alarmed at the peculiar stony look which came over the beautiful young face. His agitation was hardly less than her own, and neither could find voice to speak.

Clara was the first to recover some semblance of composure.

"Mr. Burke," she said, in a voice which expressed a contempt it would have been difficult to put into words, "do you want any thing?"

The sound of her voice gave him the calmness which the sight of her had so sorely shaken. He made a step or two forward into the room, but as he advanced she shrank back, and at this silent evidence of scorn and dislike, the handsome, grave face flushed, and he stood still.

"I thought you had gone with the others," she said, still in that low, cutting, contemptuous voice.

"I started with them, but I have returned, as you see," he said, gently.

"And why?"

"Because I wished to speak to you."

"To me?"

"Yes, to you."

A pause ensued—a silent, oppressive pause.

"And you chose a time when I am alone in the house—when I could not ask any one to relieve me of your presence," she said, bitterly. "When my friends are absent, and when, whether I will or no, I cannot prevent you addressing me."

His face flushed.

"You are mistaken," he said, proudly. "It may be I have chosen a time when I hoped to be secure from interruption, but I have no wish to force my presence upon you. Even did I wish to do so there are servants within call, and Ted is waiting for me in the conservatory yonder."

"Ted; why does he not come in?"

"Because I wish to speak to you alone. But if you prefer it, he shall be present."

"No," she answered, contemptuously. "I do not wish to pain him by showing him the contempt I feel for his friend whose presence I am forced to endure!"

"I told you that I had no wish to force my presence upon you." he said with equal haughtiness. "The explanation of your strange conduct I have almost a right to demand; but I am willing to forego it rather than thus annoy you!"

He turned toward the door as he spoke.

Clara was silent for a moment; then, with the inconsistency of a woman, when she saw him leaving her, she wished him to remain.

"What have you to say to me?" she said, sullenly.

"Much!" he answered, sadly. "But first I must ask you one question, Clara. will you answer it frankly and truly?"

"I hope I am incapable of answering it in any other way," she replied in the the same bitter, contemptuous voice.

"How and when have I offended you? What is the reason of your altered conduct to me?" he said looking at her fully with his grave gray-blue eyes, with a look in them which made hers fall.

She did not answer him at once; it almost seemed as if she did not understand the question. He repeated it.

"What cause of anger against me have you?" he said, quietly.

She spoke then, lifting her eyes, and flashing a look of unmitigated contempt upon him. "You ask me that!—*you*!" she said, bitterly.

"Why should I not?"

She turned her face away from him in silence and said not a word.

CHAPTER XVII.

Clara Frith's silence coupled with that expression on her face was more insulting than almost any words could have been. Richard Burke's handsome face flushed and his eyes flashed, but he controlled himself, and repeated the question.

"What cause of anger against me have you?" he said.

"You ask me that question again?" she said, calmly.

"I ask it," he said, earnestly. "My whole happeness depends on your answer."

"Take it then in one word," she said, without looking at him. "None!"

"None!" he repeated eagerly. "Then why——"

She turned to him fiercely, and made a step forward, her eyes full of something almost like fury.

"I have no anger against you," she said, in a voice of concentrated scorn, "simply because you are beneath my anger. One does not feel anger against you and such as you; one feels only contempt!"

He looked at her, speechless with surprise, and something like fear dawning in his eyes. Had the trouble which had fallen upon her turned her brain? Did she know—could she know what she was saying?

"Explain yourself," he said, as calmly as he could. "Explain yourself! Such words as those, coming even from your lips, demand an explanation?"

"Need I give that explanation?" she said, wildly. "Does not your own guilty conscience explain them?"

"My own guilty conscience," he repeated, surprise and dread deepening on his face. Upon my honor as a gentleman I do not know what you mean."

"Your honor! You a gentleman!" she said, with a burst of hysterical laughter. "Oh! doubtless your possession of the first constitutes you the second!"

Mr. Burke turned away from her and paced up and down the room, his eyes fixed on the gay rosebuds on the carpet at his feet. When he turned to her again the girl had sunk upon a chair in which she crouched, her face hidden against the cushions, her hands clasping it convulsively. The hysterical passion which had mastered her had found relief in tears.

Mr. Burke waited patiently until the heavy sobs ceased and she lifted her head. Now that the temporary strength lent her by excitement had left her she was white and exhausted, and her hands fell listlessly at her sides.

"Why don't you leave me?" she said, faintly. "Surely I have humiliated myself enough. You must understand me. Go!"

"As I live, I cannot understand you!" he said, earnestly. "Clara, in pity to yourself, if not to me, tell me what you mean!"

"He drew a chair near hers and sat down. The girl was powerless to prevent him, and when he took her hand she left it in his, cold and heavy as marble.

He waited silently.

"Well," he said, very gently at last, "tell me all about it Clara, my darling," he went on, tenderly, "do you think it does not cut me to the heart to see you thus and to distress you further? And yet, in justice to myself, for the sake of my future happiness, I must beg you—I must entreat you, Clara—to be frank with me.

She drew her hand slowly from his and looked at him.

"What did you call me?" she said, in a low, horror struck tone. "Did I hear aright? Did you call me—*me*—your darling—yours?"

He knelt down beside her and threw his arm round the shrinking, trembling figure.

"Ah, Clara!" he said in a tone of the softest tenderness, "did the word surprise you? You know, you must know that I love you. Nay, you yourself gave me permission to love you."

"You love *me—you*!" Clara said, in a tone of dazed bewilderment.

"As my life!" And as he spoke he drew her unresisting to his heart.

For one moment she suffered the embrace, for one moment her head lay upon his breast; the next she had wrenched herself from him, and was pushing him away from her with a strength he could not resist.

"You love me—you!" she said, madly, as if beside herself. "Good Heavens! what have I ever done to be degraded thus!"

"Degraded—by my love!"

"Degraded! debased! lowered to the earth!" she said, wildly. "Oh, go—go—let me never see you again. Go, before I say words which are better left unsaid! Go, before I shame you and myself with an ineffaceable shame!"

"Hush, oh, my child, hush!" he said, compassionately. "This is useless. If you would explain yourself, you would give me some chance of justifying myself. But you will not."

"Justifying yourself! You cannot. Ah, you may feign as you will; you are a clever actor, but you could not feign innocence if I put my accusation into words! But I cannot! I cannot force my lips to utter them. I cannot pollute my ears by putting it into words."

Then you refuse me the explanation I have every right to ask?"

"Yes, a thousand times yes! I cannot do it! I hate myself more than—Heaven help me!—I hate you for keeping silence; but I cannot break it! I cannot say to you—to the man who has been my friend, whom I respected, whom—yes, whom I loved for a few happy hours—that he is not what he seems; he is not what his friends think him; he is—I cannot say it—I cannot say it!"

She was in a frenzy of misery and anger. She wrung her hands; she pressed them passionately to her heaving bosom; her breath came in gasps from the little parted lips. One moment her face was crimson from chin to brow; the next it was white as death.

"Let me leave you!" Mr. Burke said, huskily. "What do you know, and how do you know it?" he added, earnestly. "Who has told you!"

"Ah! you are moved at last!" she said, with a wild laugh. "How do I know?—what do I know? I know that Mr. Burke, who seems all honor, and truth, and integrity, is all deceit—all——"

She turned away with a heart-broken, miserable cry, and covered her face with her hands.

"Clara," he said, very gently, "I sought you to-day to tell you what, by some means or another, has reached your ears. You have closed my lips; there is no necessity to speak."

"None!" she cried, wildly—"none! for—oh, Heaven help me—I know all!"

"You know all! There is, therefore, no necessity for any explanation; and to attempt to justify my conduct," he added, with a sad dignity, "would be not only useless but humiliating. What I had seen of you made me hope that my unhappy story would have had another conclusion. It was a bitter mistake, but one which, thank Heaven, entails suffering on no one but myself. At least, you will keep my secret from—from Lady Ellison?"

"Could I tell her?—could I tell her? —you will be what you have ever been?" he said, huskily. "You will not let this make any difference?"

"Why should it?" she said, faintly.

"True. She need never know. He hesitated a moment. "Clara," he said, very gravely, but with a tenderness she could not but feel, "if, in the future, your harsh judgment of me troubles you, and you may wish that you had not meted me such close measure of justice, untouched by pity, for a past whose wretchedness you cannot conceive, put the thought away. Perhaps it is best after all. You and she were happy; you will be so again."

The words hardly reached her ears; the room was whirling round and round before her troubled eyes; a deadly sickness was stealing over her; a cold hand seemed to have clutched her heart; she could neither move nor speak; and his voice—the tender voice of the man she loved so dearly, and whom she was forcing herself to despise—sounded far away and distant in her ears

He went up to her and took her hand in hers for one brief moment.

"If I had loved you less," he said huskily, "I might still have stayed; but—as it is—I cannot. You must never let it grieve you my darling—never! I would give up even more to save you pain; and she no longer needs me—you are sufficient for her happiness."

He released her hand from his; it dropped heavily at her side; she did not look at him; her eyes were fixed on the floor. There was a moment's silence—a silence so perfect, so complete, that you might have heard a pin fall to the ground. Richard Burke turned away, and went to the door; his face was as pale as her own, his step faltering and unsteady. His movement seemed to rouse her; she started forward and held out her hands.

"Forgive me," was all she said in a voice too low and broken to reach his ears—"forgive me!"

He did not turn; he dared not. One look at the beautiful anguished face would have overcome all his strength of purpose. He opened the door and left the room, closing it carefully after him. Five minutes after Ted, coming to reproach Clara with being the cause of a sorrow too deep for expression he had seen on his friend's face, found her lying prone and insensible across the threshold over which he had passed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ill Temper

Is more rapidly improved by relief from physical suffering than in any other way. Step on your friend's corn, and the impulse to strike is strongest. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, by quickly and painlessly removing them, insures good nature. Fifty imitations prove its value. Beware of substitutes. "Putnam's," sure, safe, painless.

A Thief's Use of Chloroform

George Bostwick of Pulaski, was awakened the other night by feeling something cold touch his face. He threw up his hand and caught hold of a stick, which was instantly jerked back, but without breaking his hold. Bostwick sprang out of bed, and looking out of a window, saw two men disappear in darkness. He struck a light and found a sponge saturated with chloroform on the end of a stick. It was this coming in contact with his face that had awakened him. A pane had been skilfully cut from the window, which was within two feet of the head of his bed. Bostwick had $600 in the house, money he had received on that day. There is no doubt that an attempt had been made to chloroform and rob him, but there is no suspicion as to who the would-be robbers are.

The Cure of Drunkeness

is a task with which the regular practitioner has been unable to cope. Nine-tenths of mankind look upon drunkenness as a social vice, which a man may overcome by force of will. Drunkenness is a bad habit, we all admit, in the moderate drinker. In the confirmed drunkard it becomes a disease of the nervous system. The medical treatment of this disease consists in the employment of remedies that act directly upon those portions of the nervous system which, when diseased, cause lunacy, dementia, and the drinking habit. Remedies must be employed that will cure the appetite, for strong drink, steady the trembling hand revive the lagging spirit, balance the mind, etc. The nervous system of the dram drinker being all unstrung or shattered, must be given a nutriment that will take the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevent the physical and moral prostration that often follows a sudden breaking off from the use of alcoholic drinks. Those readers who are interested in this subject, should send their address for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, on drunkenness, opium, morphine and kindred habits, which will be mailed free to any address, when stamp is inclosed for postage. Address, M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington street east, Toronto, Ont.

A Black List

of diseases follows an unhealthy condition of the liver, one of the most important organs of the body. Impure blood, bronchitis, asthma, malarial diseases, consumption, sick headache, diseases of the skin, kidneys and heart all may be traced to faulty action or torpidity of the liver. No other known preparation so rapidly and thoroughly restores a disordered liver as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is pleasant to the taste, mild but sure in its action, and a gift to suffering humanity from one of the most successful physicians of the age.

Abbe Liszt is now paying his annual visit to Rome. It is stated that he never takes money for his lessons. Once, when spoken to of his munificence, he replied: "That which we have received from God gratis we should give gratis." But unluckily the celebrated and unrivaled pianist cannot give that which he has received—genius.

Delicate diseases, as nervous debility and premature weakness, however induced, radically cured. Send 10 cents in stamps for treatise. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mary who "had a little lamb" in the immortal poem, is still living in the person of Mrs. Mary Tyler, of Somerville, Mass The whereabouts of the author, Mr. John Roulstone, are—fortunately for him—unknown.

"Man's work's from sun to sun;
Woman's work is never done."

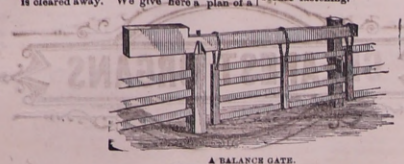
Work is a necessity to all; but, upon how many, women especially, does it fall with the burden of the "last straw," and this, because their peculiarly delicate constitutions are so liable to functional derangement. We cannot lessen your toil, ladies, but we can make it easier for you, by making you stronger and better able to do it. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will relieve you of nervous and other weakness, and all the many ills peculiar to your sex.

Lord Charles Thynne, uncle of the Marquis of Bath, was a priest and canon of Canterbury Cathedral. He resigned his preferment in 1852 and now, in his 73d year, has entered the Catholic priesthood.

THE FARM.

A Balance Gate.

The difficulty with most swinging gates about the farm, on roads and pathways used in winter is, that when we have a heavy fall of snow, they cannot be used until the snow is cleared away. We give here a plan of a balance gate, in which the gate proper is hung upon the balance pole by chains, so that it may either be allowed to drag, or it may be taken up so as to hang higher, and clear the frozen ruts and lumps of ice which are likely to form. A latch keeps the gate from swinging when closed, and forms a secure fastening.



A BALANCE GATE.

Tender Footed Horses

Horses' feet become tender from many causes. Some of the ailments are curable, others must be palliated or relieved, if possible, with little hope of cure. This is especially true of chronic *laminitis* (founder) and navicular disease (coffin joint lameness). In these diseases the horse "points" in a marked manner, limps often badly and manifests tenderness when tapped with a hammer on the sole. If he could be relieved from all labor and turned barefooted into a soft pasture for a few months, a permanent cure might be affected. If, however, he must be used, it may be done with very little suffering to the horse, by applying an elastic steel plate over the whole sole, and stuffing the space between the plate and the sole with oakum, saturated with pine tar. We have employed this method with great satisfaction in the case of a horse tender from navicular disease, as nearly as we could determine, in both front feet. There was moderate contraction, the feet being quite small, the heels were high, and the bearing and wear of the feet chiefly at the toes. This indicated tenderness of the heels, and lack of frog pressure. On soft ground, the horse stepped squarely and travelled quite free. On hard ground, he crept along on his toes and could not be urged off of a "groggy" trot, or amble. The farrier cut his heels well down, preserving the surface as even as possible and not touching the frog, sole, or bars. Plates shaped like figure 1, were cut from an old saw-blade, the temper having been drawn. At the toe, a tongue of metal was left, and a hole punched in it. The edge of each plate was struck into the beveled upper surface of the shoe, giving it a slope and a position when in place farther off from the sole than if it were flat. When shoe (fig. 2) and plate and hoof were ready, the plate was retempered, riveted to the shoe, and the toe of the hoof then rasped, or cut out a little, so that the tongue would not press unduly. A cushion of tarred oakum was made and laid in, after two nails were driven, and before they were clenched, then the shoe was nailed on (see fig. 3), and the clinches driven into notches cut with the draw-knife—not scored out with the rasp. Finally, as much more oakum as could be crowded in at the heel, was shoved under the plate, care being taken not to let it lie in lumps, but to make an even, firm cushion, bearing equally on sole and frog. The result was very satisfactory, the horse has not taken a really lame step since. He travels as if he were on the soft turf of a meadow, over rough hill paths, and on McAdamized roads. The pads of oakum are quite flattened down, but the frogs grew so fast that they keep up the pressure, which, after more than three weeks, has not become so excessive as to be troublesome.

FIG. 2.—SHOE.

FIG. 1.—PLATE.

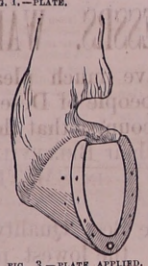


FIG. 3.—PLATE APPLIED.

HERE AND THERE.

Hartford now prohibits the selling of Sunday newspapers on the streets after 10 A. M.

Mr. Potter, an English shipbuilder, obtained a separation by reason of his wife's cruelty.

Cheshire (Mass) farmers are disposing of their surplus apples at $10 a ton, to be shipped to a mince meat factory in Mexico.

The next Connecticut Legislature will be asked to appropriate $1,500 or $2,000 to assist the Hartford foot guard in a trip to London.

The California quail is successfully domesticated upon several English estates; but our eastern variety resists all attempts at acclimation in Britain.

It is reported that the editor of the new edition of Webster's Dictionary, President Porter of Yale, has decided to admit "bulldozing," "boycott," and "dude" into its precincts, but is hesitating about "mugwump."

A peculiar band established at Log Cruces, N. M., which is composed of vegetarians and "faithists," who have a new Bible called Oahspe, is reported to have in its community Dr. Tanner of extended fasting notoriety.

The Buck Stone, a well-known Druidical rock in the Wye valley, England, which was overthrown last June, has been replaced in its former position by subscribers to a fund for that purpose, the expense amounting to $2 500.

Ice men along the Kennebec and Penobscot Rivers are preparing to gather this winter's crop. If all the Maine houses now empty be filled, it is said the crop will be the largest ever gathered in that section—footing up far above 1,000,000 tons.

A steamer laden with corn from Chicago arrived in Buffalo Christmas Day. Along the route a number of lighthouse keepers lit their lanterns especially to help the vessel on her way, for the department had ordered the lighthouses to be closed for the winter.

A Gloucester fisherman who had been cruelly disabled in an open boat on the Banks was given $500 two years ago by his fellow citizens. He opened a shop with this money, and prospered so well that on Christmas he returned the $500 to the city, for the poor.

The King of Bavaria's troubles with creditors and bailiffs have, according to Parisian gossips, become so intolerable that he has been meditating marriage with a millionaire widow, the Baroness Von Kramer. To this mesalliance, however, he has been unable to bring himself at the last moment.

The custom in vogue in Massachusetts of handing around drinking water to passengers in railroad trains has been adopted by a Boston theatrical manager. The liquid is dealt out between acts—the service being performed by the ushers, and without the inconvenience of a thirsty person leaving his seat.

British widowers with eligible deceased wives' sisters need not despair. The Marriage Law Reform Association is in a position to state that its majority in the new House of Commons is larger than in the last, in which their supporters practically numbered two to one. They are going to introduce their bill in each House in the coming season.

The great Burmese river, the Irrawaddy, is much like the upper Missouri in respect to its sand bars. These often accumulate, or shift across the channel in a single night, and steamers caught on them have sometimes to stay there a month. A new pilot is needed about every ten miles, which is all the space he can keep himself informed upon from day to day.

One of the officers of the British force in Burmah concludes that stomachache is a widely prevalent malady in that region. At Koonlah he found an idol which effects miraculous cure when a sufferer plasters a flake of gold leaf upon the part corresponding to the seat of his own disorder; and the abdomen of this idol had been caused to protrude in a most extraordinary degree by the plastered offerings of health seekers.

William Henry Brown, a Pittsburgh colored man, has received the bequest of a Shenandoah valley farm of 150 acres from a Virginian named James Spangler, the son of a wealthy planter, who played with Brown when both were boys, and who was badly wounded in the Confederate service at Fort Herrison and captured. Brown, who was serving in the Union army, saw that Spangler received kind treatment as a wounded prisoner.

A party of Australian savages have been attracting the attention of several of the learned societies of Europe, and M. Topinard presented three of them—man, woman, and child—to the Societe d'Anthropologie. It was found that they could count only to the number three; for four they said "many," and for five "a hand." But the man showed mental capacity, for he spoke both English and German. M. Dally took advantage of this fact to make a delicate inquiry concerning cannibalism, and was informed that he had often eaten human flesh and enjoyed it.

As stated in the *Provincial-Schulcollegium* the maximum of daily school work considered in Prussia to be compatible with health is fixed at from seven hours a day for children of 11½ years, up to nine hours for those of 16½ and upward. The standard is thought too high by very many German teachers and doctors, and Dr. Roth states that 64 per cent. of those who should work after graduation are much below the normal standard of health. The standard in Denmark is still higher, and a recent Government investigation finds that 29 per cent. of the boys and 41 per cent. of the girls are "sickly" from confinement and mental strain.

Some interesting facts concerning the relative vitality of males and females are shown in the forty-sixth annual report of the English Register General. In each 1,000 living persons there are 487 males and 513 females; but for every 100 females 103 5 males were born. At every age of life the death rate was lower in the females, and the difference is greater in early years. In both sexes a diminished death rate is taking place. This is more marked in females than in males, at all ages. The improvement is especially notable in women up to 45, and in men to 35. The mean expectation of life of a male at birth is 41.35, and of a female 44.62 years. The annual expectation of illness is, counted by days, nearly the same in both sexes.

Imprisoned in a Wreck.

Mr. B. F. Peterlee, keeper of the Wry Head Light, relates the following remarkable personal experience, while on a fishing-voyage to the Grand Bank of Newfoundland eight years since:

"My father and my grandfather were both Methodist ministers, and when I was a boy, I used quite frequently to hear them read from the Scripture the story of Jonah. In those days, however, the account made no very great impression on my mind, but I now read it with a peculiar interest and sympathy, for I sometimes think that there is not probably a living man whose experience so closely resembles the ancient prophet's as my own.

"Like many another Cape Ann boy, my first experience of life was as a fisherman. I went to the 'Bay,' as we used to term the Gulf of St. Lawrence, when I was fourteen years old, shipping on the schooner *Secret* upon 'half-lines,' as was then the phrase, meaning that I had half the cod, halibut, or mackerel which I could catch, the other half going to the owner of the vessel.

"For five years I went out on this 'lay' every season, and made fair wages. The last year I was on the schooner *Edna and Harold*, Skipper Croom. There was a crew of eleven, including the captain and cook, a mulatto named Desaye.

"On the night of the 28th of August (this being our second trip that summer), we were run down by some large vessel, a steamer, I judged by the sound, and every soul on board drowned save myself.

"The schooner was lying at anchor, with lights up as usual. I had turned in that night shortly after eleven o'clock; there was then no fog, but a mist may have risen later, as it often did.

"From a sound nap I was wakened suddenly by a loud shout of 'Ship ahoy!' and a clatter of feet on deck. At the same instant I was aware of a rushing, rearing noise, and a deep sound like the turning of a propeller's screws.

"There were shouts, too, at a little distance, Capt. Croom and two sailors—Cates and Smith by name, who were in the cabin, but less soundly asleep, perhaps, then I—jumped out of their berths, and rushed up the ladder. But before I could follow their example, I felt the swash of a large wave against the schooner, followed the same instant by a horrible crash against our broadside.

"I was thrown headlong. The lantern fell off its peg, and went out. Bunk-boards, bed-clothes and boxes fell about me and upon me.

"Then came another terrible shock, accompanied by a surging noise, and I could feel—horrible sensation!—that our little vessel was being borne down and careening over! There was a ponderous, grating, crunching noise overhead, mingled with terrified shouts and cries. Then the water rushed into the little cabin, drenching me in a moment.

"I rose, half-swimming in it, amidst the boxes, boards and clothes. For some moments the same heavy grinding noise continued overhead. It was the keel of a large vessel passing over us—crushing us down! I even heard the thrashing of her huge screw. We were at that moment twenty feet under water, thrust bodily down by the sheer weight and momentum of the steamer, and that, too, before our little craft had time to fill or sink; for the instant the steamer's keel passed off her, I felt the schooner give a mighty lurch, which pitched me headlong again; and then she rose to the surface.

"Half-strangling, and tumbling about, I gained a foothold, and standing up, found my head clear of water. I was still in the cabin, but the water came up to my waist. I was so dazed that I had little idea what had happened at first; I thought for a time that the schooner had sunk, and I wondered that the water did not fill her and down me; but after a few moments, I felt the motion of the waves, and knew then that we were still afloat.

"I say *we*, for I did not then know that I was the only person left alive on board. Immediately, too, I made the discovery, by stepping about and taking hold of the objects around me, that I was *standing on the ceiling* of our little cabin, or in other words, the under side of the deck, and that the schooner was consequently capsized, or nearly so, and floating keel upward.

"Then for a time I gave myself up or lost. But the water did not rise any higher, and though the hull careened somewhat to one side, it continued to float. I was inside the hull of a capsized vessel, and could not get out. If the little cabin filled completely, I must drown, whether the hull sank or not. There was now a space of three or four feet by nine or ten in length free of water, though the water swashed back and forth in it every time the hulk rolled on the waves.

"Thus, in utter darkness, I stood without a single chance of escape that I could think of; and what were my thoughts I must let the reader imagine, if he can. At nineteen, with so much of life before one, it is terrible for a young person to feel himself entombed alive, and doomed to certain death! The rest of the crew, I reflected, had either been drowned, or picked up by the steamer. Better a thousand times been drowned at once, I reflected, than pent up there alive—in a floating coffin.

"After a long time I began to notice something like light in my narrow prison. It increased, coming up through chinks in the choked-up gangway, a dim, wavering, uncertain light. Morning had dawned, and the sun, perhaps, was shining on the ocean. A little of this wave-reflected light struggled up into my watery cell; my eyes, distended in the darkness, were able dimly to recognize objects about me; and out of the chests, boards, and other floating matter, I was able to build a kind of platform above the water, on which I drew up my body.

"After a time, too, I began to be hungry and thirsty. There was no food in the cabin.

"At times the hulk floated in the midst of schools of cod, hake, and perhaps other fish. I could hear them in the sea, all around and beneath me, for sounds in the water were borne in to me with curious distinctness. I know that fishing-vessels might be cruising near by, and after every few minutes I would shout as loud as I could. My voice had such a strange, muffled sound that it frightened me to hear it.

"Night came on again, as I knew by the fading out of the wavy, shadowy light; the wind rose, too, and soon the hulk rolled so much that the water in the cabin sloped over me at every lurch.

"The dreary terror of such a long, dark night, I will not attempt to describe. I was in constant apprehension lest the schooner should roll over and sink.

"The wind fell toward morning, there was fog again, as I concluded, for the light was fainter than on the previous day for a good many hours. Then it grew brighter. I heard a bell and horns, at a distance, which I knew preceeded from fishing-vessels, signalling to their boats. Repeatedly I shouted at the top of my lungs, but was unable to attract attention.

"That day three or four seal came about the hulk, and often climbed on it; I could hear them grunting and 'blowing' in the water, as they flashed about the schooner; and during the afternoon the hulk drifted amongst a school of herrings. I could hear the patter of the herrings against the planking outside; and hundreds of them came in at the gangway beneath, filling the water in the cabin.

"I could see them dimly, and with a tin basin I dipped up fifty or sixty, which I put in a box. For by this time I had become so nearly famished as to eat these raw fish. But I was even more thirsty than hungry, and at times felt tempted to drink my fill of the salt water, though I knew from the testimony of sailors whom I had heard talk, that the effects of drinking it would be fatal to me. Sometimes I thought that it would be better to drink it and be crazy than to live longer, in a sane condition, in such a dreadful plight.

"Another night of comparatively calm weather passed; and on this night I slept considerably, but was aroused an hour or two before daylight by some ponderous body—which I think must have been either a shark or a whale—sporting about the schooner. First it butted its head against the hulk (rooting it about as a pig might a pumpkin). Several times the creature gave vent to a deep, monotonous groan. There may have been a number of them instead of one; and this was perhaps their mode of communicating with each other. I felt some fear lest they might roll the hulk over.

"Suddenly one of the creatures dealt the vessel a tremendous blow—with its tail, probably. For a moment I was nearly stunned by the concussion, and then waited breathlessly for some time, dreading a repetition of the stroke. But I heard nothing further from these rough visitors. The blow was apparently their parting slap.

"During the day which followed, I experienced considerable difficulty in breathing, and was seized with dreadfully sharp pains in my chest. When these had subsided I fell asleep, and may have slept all the following night, being, as I now think, in a half-comatose condition. From this lethargy I was aroused by the sound of voices very near. It was light again; and on listening for a few minutes, I heard oars. A boat was near by. I shouted—and was heard, I think.

"For the voices and oars ceased suddenly. Then I heard the voices again, still quite nigh, so close that I could distinguish that the language was Canadian French.

"I now shouted 'Help! Help!' as loudly as I could. 'For God's sake!' I screamed, 'help me. Get me out of this vessel.'

"Then I listened again with feverish anxiety. For a moment or two there was dead silence, then I heard a sound of oars, dipping softly in the water. At first I thought that they were coming close in, but soon found that they were going away.

"I shouted and implored and yelled again, then stopped to listen. For all answer, I heard the oars fainter—stealing away.

'Such a fit of dispair and madness then came over me that I shrink from speaking of it. In my frenzy I cursed them for brutes and beasts, without hearts. The superstitious fools, I doubt not, had taken my cries for some ill-omened voices of spirits; for I have reason to know that numbers of these provincial fishermen are very ignorant and credulous in such matters.

"I now gave way to despair. Probably I wandered in my mind somewhat, and may even have drank salt water; for I have no very distinct remembrance of events, subsequently, till the following day, as I reckon the time, when I was roused up by a sudden report, like a violent thunder clap, at no great distance, preceded by a rushing, spattering noise which seemed to pass directly over the hulk.

"I did not know what it was at first; but the sudden sound roused me and brought me back to a more intelligible consciousness of my situation. I thought, too, that I heard voices at a distance. A minute or two passed, then another heavy report broke on my ears; and at the same instant I felt a violent shock against the hulk, accompanied by a splitting, cracking noise.

"It flashed to my mind that the schooner was being fired at with a cannon; for I had heard that the Government cruisers in these waters sometimes sink derelict hulks afloat at sea, in this way.

"'If they sink her, I must sink with her, or perhaps be killed by the shots,' was my thought.

"If ever a poor fellow shouted, I did then. Another report broke across the water, and a ball crashed into the hull over my head, shattering it so much that I saw a sudden sharp gleam of daylight through the broken planking. It nearly dazzled me—my eyes had been so long accustomed to the gloom of my prison.

"I redoubled my shout—then expecting every instant that another ball would come through the side of the hulk, I crouched down, listening and trembling.

"But my shouts, having freer egress through the broken sheathing, had been heard—heard with no little astonisment.

"After a few minutes, I heard a boat pulling towards me. Wading along to the end of the cabin, I was able to peep out. It was a man-of-war's boat, with sailors all in Scotch caps and jackets. They were staring very hard at the schooner. At length the boatswain hailed,—

"'*Ahoy there! Who's aboard that hulk?*'

"'I'm aboard it!' I shouted. And I don't want it sunk till I get out.'

"The sailors laughed.

"'What are you doing in there?' exclaimed the boatswain.

"'Hallooing for help,' said I.

"At that there was a cry of commiseration and pity. They pulled close up to the hull, and a marine, leaping upon her with an axe, soon cut away the splinters around the shattered part, sufficiently for me to crawl out.

"I was in bad condition; indeed, I think that for some hours I was not wholly in my right mind; but I received very kind treatment. The sailors and marines alternately joked and pitied me for my odd mishap and suffering. They nicknamed me 'The Yankee Jonah.'

"The vessel was the Government gun-boat *Alas*; I was then taken into St. John's, Newfoundland; and two weeks afterwards sailed for home on the steamer *Lavonian*."

HAVE A SMILE.

Job never asked for a new trial.

Talk about women being flighty! Look at bank cashiers.

We may not like hotel keepers, but we have to put up with them.

An amendment to the constitution—A wooden leg.

Thanks to Dr. Pasteur. Boy to companion with a dog: "Sick him on me Jimmy, I want ter go to Paris!"

"Struck down," as the barber said when he shaved the first crop of fuzz from a youth's chin.

King Kalakaua is reported as wishing to dispose of his kingdom. Perhaps he wants to buy a horse.

The stars themselves are the best astronomers. They studied the heavens before Adam had a telescope.

The scientist who says that a person could not live over five days without water is suspected of being a milkman.

"We railroaders have to go, as well as others," said a brakeman on learning of the sudden death of Vanderbilt.

Two milk dealers have been fined $50 each for selling adulterated milk. Some mischievous boys must have dropped chalk into their pumps.

A little boy whose sprained wrist had been relieved by bathing in whiskey surprised his mother by asking: "Did papa ever sprain his throat when he was a boy?"

Dio Lewis says hot water will cure every complaint. It certainly helps a rum punch in cold weather, and may stop some complaints in that direction.

A drummer who has been in South Florida for the past week says that the beef in that section is so tough as to render it almost impossible to even stick a fork in the gravy.

A Toronto man was recently arrested for sticking needles into his wife. And yet the man who gets his arm filled with pins hugging somebody else's wife has no redress at the hands of the law.

The talk of the day.—Mrs. A.: "I hear that the Mountmackintons are going to spend the Winter in Paris." Mrs B.: "Indeed? You surprise me! When were they bitten?"

A sign reads: "Lightning Photographer." We should think it would be hard for a photographer to induce a bolt of lightning to sit still and look pleasant long enough to have his picture taken.

It is all right that men should toil, but it is positively cruel to compel a woman to get her living by the sweat of her brow. Perspiration of the forehead is death to crimps, and no lady as is a lady can be expected to endanger her crimps.

As the country grows the Indian disappears. Yes, but as the Indian grows the whiskey disappears. Now the question is, which do we most want to get rid of—the Indian or the whiskey?

Judging from the pictures we have seen of him in the newspapers, we should say that about a score of William H Vanderbilts have just di d. It is quite remarkable that so many gentlemen bearing the same name should resemble each other so slightly.

"Have you read the 'Descent of Man?'" asked Clara, looking over her book-shelves. "No," said George, a little timidly; "don't care for it; but I'd like to get the assent of woman." It is currently reported that he got it the very next Sunday night that ever was.

"We bend the knee, but not the elbow," enthusiastically exclaimed an orator at a temperance meeting the other evening. "That's so," said an unreclaimed sinner on a back seat. "It's the only way you can get your mouth to the bunghole."

Mother—shouting upstairs—"Jenny, are you dressing for the party?" Daughter—shouting down stairs—"Nome. I haven't begun to dress yet." Mother—"Begin right away then or you'll be late; hump yourself." Daughter—"Hump myself? Bridget, bring me up my bustle."

A medical journal says there is nothing so potent as morphine to loosen the teeth. The tramp should always have in his possession a quantity of the drug. It would be mighty handy to have about when the farmer's dog grabs him by the leg. At no other period in his life does he yearn with such yearnful yearningness to have teeth loosened.

Jinks: "Why, Finks, old boy, how are you? My gracious, how you have changed!" Finks: "In what way?" Jinks: "You seem to have grown rather careless. You used to be quite a dude." Finks: "Oh, that's it, is it? Well, I'm married." Jinks: "Not a dude any more, then?" Finks: "No I'm a sub-dude."

The mistake of a city maiden: "Uncle John, I thought your cows were well-bred?" "Of course they are my dear. They are Alderneys and I have their pedigree from way-back." "I don't care about that. They are not well-bred. One of them just chased me out of the pasture-lot, and I think they are just as rude as they can be."

"Why don't you finish eating your hash, Tommy?" asked a mother of her boy, who suddenly laid down his knife and fork, as he caught sight of the servant dishing out ice cream. "Impossible, ma," replied the lad. "Why?" "Cause it's crowded out to make room for more interesting matter," answered Tommy, who is working in a newspaper office during his vacation.

A farmer loaned his dog to a man on Snake River to whom he had sold a flock of sheep to drive home, a distance of thirty miles. The drover found the dog so useful that, instead of sending him home, he locked him up. The dog escaped, and concluding that the drover had no more right to keep the sheep than he had to lock him up, he collected all that had belonged to his master and drove them home again.

"Yes," said the deacon, "yes; little pitchers have great ears, but that doesn't prove that every base ball player is an ass. Oh, no; not every one. The greatest men, it is said, are the simplest, but the simplest men are not the greatest, not by any means. A man may trample on his conscience all through the busy day, but when he lies down at night, or stretches himself upon a bed of sickness, conscience puts on the spurs and rides him till daybreak. You put a fancy uniform on a man, and let two thousand people pay fifty cents each to watch him, and he will saw wood as hard as he will play base ball."

The Tribune.

FRIDAY, JAN. 22, 1886.

Up to the present time, the Militia department have authorized the payment of a fraction over $4,000,000 on the expenses of the Northwest rebellion. It is supposed that the total cost of the insurrection will be about $6,000,000.

Mr. Bradlaugh has at last been allowed to take the oath and become a member of the British House of Commons. The electors of Northampton returned him at the recent general election by over five hundred of a majority—a majority larger than ever. It is not to be supposed that they did this because they approved of his particular religious views. They elected him because of his aggressive reform tendencies. He is the great advocate of the abolition of perpetual pensions, a system which has been too long a disgrace to the mother country.

The Imperial Parliament was opened yesterd with great pomp and splendour, the Queen being present in person. Her Majesty takes this method of showing her approval of Lord Salisbury's administration. Not once while Mr. Gladstone was premier did she appear at the opening of Parliament. The cable also informs us that several dukes and other nobles threaten the disruption of the liberal party unless Mr. Gladstone changes his policy on the Irish question. The leader of the opposition, who is as much as ever the real, though uncrowned king, of the British race, must smile at all these petty slights. It is not by royal favor or the support of titled magnates that a statesman in England retains power in this age of free democracy. John Hodge and his brother workingmen now control the ballot-box, and with these at his back Mr. Gladstone can proceed to carry out those important reforms which now await completion at his hands.

Mr. George Stephen, President of the Canada Pacific Railway Company, has been created a baronet by her Majesty the Queen. No Canadian is more deserving of such an honor. Mr. Stephen who has risen from the ranks showed himself when a young man to be earnest and upright in business. As a merchant he was enterprising, and as a banker he proved himself a financier of broad views, who completely understood the business interests of the country. As President of the C. P. R. Company he has contributed more than any other man to the success of their great undertaking. His shrewd foresight and indomitable energy have, in the face of the most severe criticism and hostile opposition, enabled him to carry to a successful completion the greatest railway enterprise of the age. We have always believed that the Canadian Pacific Railway would be a great advantage to the whole Dominion, and feel confident that under its present capable management it will pay its way. Already the introduction of Manitoba wheat into the older provinces has lessened the price of bread to every consumer.

VILLAGE COUNCIL.

DESERONTO, JAN. 18th 1886.

The Council elect met in the Council Room at 11 o'clock a. m. Members present, Wm. R. Aylsworth, Reeve, and R. H. Baker, Jas. Cameron, John Edwards and Geo. Stewart, Councillors.

The members elect having made and subscribed the necessary declarations of qualification and office proceeded to transact business, the Reeve presiding.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The following accounts were ordered to be paid:

Mr. McQuain, 1 load wood	$1.00
The Rathbun Co., 1 Scraper for Sidewalks	.75
Benjamin Brewer, repairs on Town Hall doors	.75

Moved by Mr. Cameron, sec. by Mr. Stewart, that Mr. John McCullough be appointed assessor for Deseronto for the year 1886. Carried

The Reeve introduced a By-Law to appoint Mr. McCullough, Assessor, which was read and passed.

On motion of Mr. Edwards, sec. by Mr. Cameron, Mr. R. Rayburn was appointed Auditor for 1886 and the Reeve appointed Mr. A. H. McGaughy.

A By-Law introduced by the Reeve to appoint Messrs. Rayburn and McGaughey, Auditors was read and passed, being numbered 109.

On motion the following were appointed a Local Board of Health for 1886:

Dr. Clinton,
Mr. E. W. Rathbun,
Mr. F. C. Whitton.

The Reeve introduced a By-Law appointing Dr. Clinton, Mr. E. W. Rathbun, F. C. Whitton and the Reeve and Clerk of the Village as a Board of Health for the year 1886, which was read and numbered 110.

Moved by Mr. Baker, sec. by the Reeve, that Messrs. Edwards, Cameron and Stewart be a Committee to have Council Room and rooms connected therewith cleaned and repaired. Carried.

The consideration of the Hydemir case having been laid over at the last meeting Mr. Cameron moved, sec. by Mr. Edwards, that the Reeve and Councillors Baker and Stewart inquire into the case and report to the Council at its next meeting. Carried.

Council adjourned.

R. N. IRVINE,
Clerk.

The Locomotive Works at Kingston will be opened Feb. 1st. They will employ one hundred men.

A BIGAMISTS SPEEDY DOWNFALL.

BELLEVILLE, Jan. 18.—A bigamy case, which resulted in the prompt punishment of the guilty party, occurred here on Saturday. In the autumn of last year a young man named Silas E. Shaper, who was engaged in peddling sewing machines and silverware in this city, made the acquaintance of a girl named Maud Vandewater, between 15 and 16 years of age, who had lived with her grand parents on Foster avenue. He at once began paying his addresses to her, and after two weeks' courtship proposed and was referred to her grandfather, who refused his consent owing to Shaper's lack of means and prospects, and the girl returned his presents, after which he left town. On Tuesday last she received a letter from him from Omemee, in which he informed her that he had established a grocery business and was doing well, and stated that if he could be readmitted to her favor he would come at once. Miss Vandewater showed the letter to her grandparents, whose excuse being removed, an affirmative answer was sent. On Thursday the girl received another letter from Shaper, in which he stated that business would prevent his coming as early as he wished, and asking her to send her photograph, which she mailed to him with a love letter the same day. On Friday, however, Shaper arrived with a horse and cutter, and, urging an immediate marriage, the couple were united by the Rev. J. B. Clarkson, pastor of the Bridge-street Church, between 11 and 12 o'clock on Saturday morning. After dinner they drove to Redford's, on the front of Sidney, about ten miles from town, where Shaper was arrested by the chief of police of this place as he was putting up his horse in the stable. The cause of the arrest was, that on Saturday morning, the chief received a telegram from Mr. Morris, conductor of the Peterboro' train asking him to meet the train at North Hastings junction. He did so and was put in communication with Mr. E. Dancey, of Omemee, and Mrs. Shaper, wife of Mr. Silas E. Shaper, of Omemee. The former stated he had loaned his horse and cutter to Shaper, who said he was to see a sister of his wife who was very ill. Meeting Mrs. Shaper, he learned that the story was false, and she had received Miss Vandewater's last letter to her husband, she and Mr. Dancey had started for Belleville, the former to look after her husband and the latter to recover his horse and cutter. The chief at once arrested Shaper, who was taken to the cells and confronted with his wife. He at first denied all knowledge of her, but subsequently acknowledged his guilt. Mrs. Shaper, who was formerly Miss Kate Walsh, of Lindsay, was married to Shaper on the 1st December last. She was the daughter of a widow, and had about $650 in cash with which Shaper established himself in business. He is about 25 or 30 years of age, and states that he comes from back of Cornwall. He was arraigned in the Police Court this morning, and elected to be tried summarily, and pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

HOW TO BUILD UP A TOWN.

(Going the rounds, no credit attached.)

Talk about it.
Write about it.
Speak well of it.
Help to improve it.
Beautify the streets.
Patronize the merchants.
Advertise in its newspapers.
Elect good men in all offices.
Speak well of its enterprising public-spirited citizens.

If you are rich, invest in something, employ somebody; be a "rustler."

If you don't think of any good word to say, don't say anything bad about it.

Remember that every dollar you invest in a permanent improvement is that much on interest.

Be courteous to strangers that come among you, so they may go away with good impressions.

Always cheer up the men who go in for improvements. Your portion of the cost will be nothing only what is just.

Don't kick about any necessary public improvement because it is not at your own door, or for fear that your taxes may be raised 15 cents.

Never condemn a local paper. If it has dealt wrong with you, write to it. Tell the editor about your case. If he was wrong, he will lose no time in telling it to the public.

If you are a business man don't advertise merely to "help the printer along;" advertise to help your business and the town along.

AN AGE OF DISCOVERY.

We certainly ought to appreciate the fact that we are living in an age of progress and discovery, this is especially appreciated by all persons that have been afflicted with Rheumatism, as West World's Wonder or Family Liniment is a positive cure for Rheumatism. It is invaluable for Cuts, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds and all diseases requiring external application. Sold by W. G. Egar, druggist. Price 25 cents and 50 cents per bottle.

A choice lot of Dairy Butter just received at THE BIG STORE.

SAVE your money by ordering all newspapers and magazines at THE TRIBUNE office.

DEATHS.

BOWEN—In Napanee, on Sunday, Jan. 10th, 1886, Sarah Bowen, aged 79 years.

EMPEY—In Napanee, on Sunday, Jan. 9th, 1886, Fletcher C. Empey, second son of Thomas Empey, aged 22 years and 4 months.

HAM—In North Frederickburgh, on Monday Jan. 11th, 1886, William F., only son of Mr. Donald Ham, aged 20 years and 5 months.

WILSON.—At her late residence near Deseronto, on Wednesday, Jan 20th, Mary McMaster, relict of the late James Wilson, aged 88 years.

MARRIAGES.

O'BRIEN—FOOTE.—By the Rev. D. O. Crossley, on the 16th inst., at the residence of Mr. Thos. Carrol, Deseronto. Mr. John O'Brien, of Uxbridge, to Miss Alice Foote of Deseronto.

DESERONTO MARKET.

Deseronto, Jan. 21st 1886.

BARLEY, 55 to 65 cents per bushel.
OATS, 30 to 35 " "
BUTTER, 18 to 21 cents per pound.
LAMB, 5 to 6 " "
BEEF, 3 to 4 " "
LARD, 9 to 11 " "
EGGS, 18 to 20 cents per dozen.
POTATOES, 50 to 65 cents per bag.
HAY, 8 to 10 dollars per ton.
CHICKENS, 20 to 35 cents per pair.
DUCKS, 50 to 60 " "
GEESE, 50 to 60 cents each.
TURKEY 60 to $1 "
Hides 5 to 7 dollars per cwt.
Pelts 50 to 75 cents each.
Tallow in rough 3 cents per lb.
Tallow rendered 5½ " "
Hogs, live weight, $4.00 to $5.00 per cwt.
Hogs, dead, $5.00 to $6.50 " "

ESTABLISHED 1873.

Apothecaries Hall.

FRESH and PURE DRUGS
CHEMICALS
FANCY SOAPS,
PERFUMES,
BRUSHES,
HERBS,
ROOTS,
PILLS,
OILS,
FANCY POWDER FOR THE TOILET.
PIPES,
CIGARS,
TOBACCO,
SPONGES,
PATENT MEDICINES.
RAZOR STRAPS,
LAMP GOODS,
Horse & Cattle Medicines.

OFFICE OF DR. NEWTON.

W. G. EGAR.
MAIN STREET, DESERONTO

THE RATHBUN CO.,

Deseronto, Ont.,

Manufacturers of

Doors, Sashes, Blinds,
Mouldings, Frames,
and every description of
House Finish.

We make a Specialty of
GLAZED WINDOWS

And parties building will find it greatly to their *advantage to buy their Sashes Glazed and Primed* ready for use. Send for prices.

—ALSO—

LUMBER,

At reduced prices, including
Flooring, Siding, &c.

Dressed Lumber always on hand.

You will also be able to purchase from us

SHINGLES

Cheaper than ever.

Call or write before purchasing any of the articles required for new building or for repairs.

THE BEST AND

—AND—

SEWING MACHINES

FOR SALE BY

JOHN DALTON

AT THE

FURNITUE WAREROOMS,

ST. GEORGE STREET.

NEW STORE!

BELLEVILLE PRICES!

MESSRS. WALMSLEY & SPAFFORD,

Have much pleasure in announcing to the people of Deseronto and surrounding country that they have opened a branch of their BELLEVILLE TEA AND GROCERY HOUSE IN SMITH'S BRICK BLOCK,

DESERONTO,

The Best Quality of Goods will be offered at the lowest prices for cash. We trust to receive a share of your patronage and the good will of all. Our MR. MOTT will endeavor to please those favoring us with a call.

WALMSLEY & SPAFFORD.
18-21 Tea & Coffee Merchants.

Cheap! Cheap! Cheap!

THE DESERONTO NEWS COMPANY

Offers BOOKS and STATIONERY of every description at exceedingly low prices.

INK
PENS
PAPER
SLATES
PENCILS
MUCILAGE

all marked down to lowest rates.

NEW SERIES SCHOOL READERS.

A new supply of well selected books by popular authors at prices from 10 cts. up.

JUST OPENED

$2,000 worth of New Staple Dry Goods,

—AND—

50 SUITS OF MENS' CLOTHING,

Which will be sold at Prices Cheaper than you ever bought them.

Deseronto, Nov. 19th. C. GOODMURPHY.

THE CANADA WIRE MATTRESS CO.

Are manufacturing the BEST and CHEAPEST mattress in the market.

Any person in want of a good durable mattress at a moderate price, should call at the BIG STORE where the above will be kept constantly on hand.

SAD FATE OF A MUSICIAN.

Perhaps you know young Henri Bland?
If so, I need not say
That he was handsome, wise and good,
And honest as the day;
In fact, I'm sure his character
Was free from every mar—
Except that one stupendous fault—
He picked the light guitar!

He never smoked, nor snuffed, nor chewed,
No one e'er saw him tight,
On Sunday closing he was sound,
And always voted right;
Quite regular he was at church,
With something for the plate—
In fact he seemed an ideal youth,
But—p'raps you'd better wait.

One most unhappy day he came
Unto his domicile,
A long green bag was in his hand,
He wore a sickly smile;
Up to his room with sneaking steps
The precious bag he bore,
And laid it gently on the bed
And double locked the door.

With trembling nerves his fingers drew
From out that bag of green
A harmless looking new guitar—
Like many you have seen;
A harmless looking light guitar,
Yet, oh, the woe it wrought!
And, ah, if Bland had only known
What wretchedness he brought!

Just let me state that this young man
Was a persistent lad,
What e'er he undertook to have
He persevered and had.
He meant to play, and though he lacked
Both time and tune and taste,
Yet still through all his leisure hours.
He practised with wild haste.

He scarce had time for sleep and meals,
He snapped and twanged and picked,
Through long and weary days and weeks—
Until the boarders kicked;
Then Henri Bland was forced to move—
He found another place,
And still his never tiring joints
Across the stringlets raced.

Six times within a single month
Poor Henri had to move,
But no less constant to the cause
Did this young martyr prove.
I think 'twas at the seventh place
He struck a fatal blow,
For there he managed to pick out
The Spanish Fandango!

Before he tamed the light guitar
A maiden fair he met,
And now to serenade the girl
His wild desire was set.
He went, he picked, he snapped, he sang!
Then through the darkness weird
A boot-jack caught him 'neath the ear—
He stopped and disappeared.

Was lynched? Perhaps—I do not know,
We searched for him at dawn,
And found the youth and his guitar
Were both entirely gone.
Some one, I'm told, last week saw Bland—
My ear the story tries—
High on a telegraphic pole
A picking at the wires.

BEANS AS FOOD.

The nutritive value of beans is very great, greater than almost any other article of food in common use. Considering their richness they are probably the cheapest food we have, but somewhat difficult of digestion, probably owing to the fact that we rarely cook them enough and masticate insufficiently. In preparing beans for the table they should first be well soaked in cold water, then thrown into boiling water and cooked of a medium consistency, between a fluid and a solid, neither too thick nor too thin. They require some acid when eaten, and a sufficient amount of salt to render them palatable. They may be eaten with potatoes or other vegetables which contain more starch and less albumen rather than with too much bread or meat.—*Washington Evening Star.*

CARE OF UMBRELLAS.

Umbrellas will last far longer if when wet they are placed handle downwards to dry. The moisture falls from the edges of the frame and the fabrics dries uniformly. If stood handle upward, which is commonly the case, the top of the umbrella holds the moisture, owing to the moisture underneath the ring, and therefore takes a long time to dry, thus injuring the silk or fabric with which it is covered. This is the prime cause of the top of the umbrella wearing out sooner than the other part. Umbrella cases, too, are responsible for the rapid wear of the silk. The constant friction causes the tiny holes that appear so provokingly early. When not in use leave the umbrella loose; when wet never leave it open to dry, as the tense condition thus produced makes tha silk stiff and then it will soon crack.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

A CURE FOR SMALL POX.

A correspondent of an exchange gives the following as a cure for small pox:—"I herewith append a recipe which has been used to my knowledge in hundreds of cases. It will prevent or cure small pox even though the pittings are filling. When Jenner discovered the cow pox in England the world of science hurled an avalanche of fame on his head, but when the most scientific school of medicine in the world—that of Paris—published this recipe as a panacea for small pox, it passed unnoticed. It is as unfailing as fate, and conquers in every instance. It is perfectly harmless when taken by a well person. It will also cure scarlet fever. Here is the recipe as I have used it, and cured many children of scarlet fever. Here it is as I have used it to cure small pox when learned physicians said the patient must die. Sulphur of zinc, 1 grain; foxglove (digitalis,) 1 grain; ½ teaspoonful of sugar; mix with 2 tablespoonful of water. When the above has been thoroughly mixed add 4 ounces of water. Take a teaspoonful every hour. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child, small doses according to age. If afflicted persons would use this there would be no use of pest houses. If you value advice and experience use this for that terrible scourge."

NEWS OF THE DAY.

General DeCourcy has been recalled from Annam.

Montana reports a temperature 48 degrees below zero.

Belfast Loyalists have again protested against Home Rule.

Arab rebels are advancing against the Italian garrison at Massowah.

Mr. Sandford Fleming has been again elected Chancellor of Queen's University.

The Queen is reported to have sent a letter to Mr. Gladstone on the Irish question.

Mr. Stead, editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette," was liberated from gaol on Monday.

The Bishop of Toronto opened the proceedings of the new Toronto Council with prayer.

Connection was made last Monday between the northern and southern sections of the Callander extension.

Mayor Whiting, of Kingston, will devote the amount he would have spent in an inaugural banquet, to the relief of the poor.

During December the total receipts of inland revenue for the Dominion amounted, according to the unrevised statement, to $572,340.

The names of the parties who stole Miss Bennett's corpse from the vault at Sandhill, near Kingston, have been secured by the lady's relatives, who intend prosecuting them.

A young man named Robert Dufour fell through the hoist from the fourth to the second flat in McDougall & Cuzrne's hardware store, Ottawa, on Monday, and was instantly killed.

From correspondence now published it transpires that Lord Carnarvon made it a condition precedent to his acceptance of the Irish Vice Royalty that he should resign after the elections.

Lachlan McDonald, of Galt, has been arrested on the charge of attempting to murder his wife with an axe during a quarrel. Mrs. McDonald is in a very low condition from her wounds.

Prince Edward Island is sending the Premier and Provincial Secretary to England to insist on the provisions of the B. N. A. Act, for winter communication with the mainland, being carried out.

A company has been organized of Rochester and Buffalo capitalists to engage in the ice business on a mammoth scale. The idea is to build large ice houses on the shores of Silver Lake. Thence ice will be carried to Buffalo and Rochester and hauled through the streets of the two cities at night on the street railway track.

Col. Herchmer, of the North-West Mounted Police, has been appointed to investigate the value and extent of the suffering among the half-breeds in the Batoche district. Already relief has been granted to many families in the shape of food supplies. So far none of the half-breeds assisted have been found destitute of clothing, as was at first reported.

A Woodstock girl named Collins died suddenly while playing with her playmates. She was buried and recently exhumed, when it was discovered that a dreadful struggle had take place after burial. The shroud had been torn to shreds, the knees were drawn up to the chin, one of the arms was twisted under the head, and the features bore evidence of dreadful tortures.

THE MERCHANT NAVIES OF THE WORLD.

A comparative table of the strength of the merchant navies of the world which has just been published in France shows that Great Britain possesses 22,500 trading vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 11,200,000 tons. Of these vessels 4,649 are steamers, with a tonnage of 5,919,000 tons, or rather more than one-half the grand total of burden. The United States makes a very bad second, with 6,600 sail and 2,700,000 tons. Norway has 4,200 vessels, 1,500,000 tons, and Germany, which comes immediately after her, has 3,000 sail, with a total of 1,400,000 tons; France, Italy, and Russia bring up the rear, each with less than 3,000 vessels. The proportion of steamers is, however, of greater importance than the total number of ships engaged in trade, and in this regard France stands second, although she has but 458 steamers of 667,000 tons in all, to England's 4,649. Germany presses her closely with 450 steamers and 476,000 tone.—*New York Sun.*

COMMUNICATIONS.

WELL DESERVED.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

SIR,—Permit me through your columns to extend the thanks of the Dramatic Association to Mr. Samuel Anderson and company for their generous contribution of the orchestra at our late entertainment.

Yours truly,
W. D. McRAE.

Deseronto, Jan. 20th, 1886.

Mr. Witts is now fairly installed in his photographic studio and is prepared to accommodate all visitors. We have seen some specimens of his skill which show that he is an excellent artist. Give him a call.

MOTHERS TAKE NOTICE.—West's Cough Syrup contains no Opiates, Opium or any minerals, and can be given to the youngest and most delicate child with perfect safety. It is an infallible cure for Whooping Cough. A bottle should always be kept convenient as it is also a certain cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption in its early stages, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Troubles. Price 25 cents, 50 cents, and $1 per bottle. Sold by G. W. Egar, Druggist.

THE BIG STORE is head quarters for Ladies' Fine boots and shoes; A new stock has just been opened and many new and desirable lines have been added to their already varied assortment. Among them we would direct attention to their Ladies' French Kid buttoned boots, manufactured by J. D. King & Co., of Toronto, who are so favorably known to the people of Deseronto for the excellency of their goods; these goods are made of the best genuine French Kid and every pair guaranteed. They also keep a full range of sizes of the Dongola Boot, which will wear longer than any other leather of the same weight You will save money by purchasing your boots at THE BIG STORE.

NEW STORE, NEW GOODS.

Belleville Prices!

Messrs. WALMSLEY & SPAFFORD

have much pleasure in announcing to the people of Deseronto and surrounding country that they have opened a branch of their BELLEVILLE

Tea & Grocery House,

—IN—

SMITH'S BRICK BLOCK, DESERONTO.

The Best Quality of Goods will be offered at the Lowest Prices for Cash.

WE trust to receive a share of your patronage and the good will of all. Our MR. MOTT will endeavor to please those favoring us with a call.

WALMSLEY & SPAFFORD,
Tea and Coffee Merchants.

18—21

BAY OF QUINTE
Railway & Navigation Company.

CHANGE OF TIME.

THE TRAINS OF THIS ROAD MAKE sure connection with all G. T. R. trains both East and West, and with Steamers of the Deseronto Navigation Company for all Bay and River ports.

1885. TIME TABLE. 1885.

DESERONTO & GRAND TRUNK LINE.

BAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS	EXP. WEST.	MIXED WEST.	MAIL WEST.	EXP. WEST.	EXP. EAST.	EXP. EAST.	MIXED WEST.	EXP. EAST
	No.1	No.3	No.5	No.7	No.9	No.11	No.13	
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	
Deseronto leave	3:30	7:45	7:45	12:30	4:45	9:30	12:00	
East End, "	3:35	7:50	7:50	12:25	4:50	9:35	12:05	
Deseronto Jun. ar.	3:50	8:05	8:05	12:40	5:05	9:50	12:20	

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	EXP. EAST	MIXED EAST	MAIL EAST	EXP. WEST	EXP. WEST	EXP. WEST	MIXED EAST	EXP. EAST	EXP. WEST.
	NO 2	No.4	No. 6	No.8	No.10	No.12	No.14		
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		
Deseronto J. leav.	4:05	9:00	9:00	1:00	5:30	10:20	12:40		
East End	4:20	9:15	9:15	1:15	5:45	10:25	12:55		
Deseronto ar.	4:25	9:20	9:20	1:20	5:50	10:30	1:00		

Trains Nos. 1 and 13 run daily, (Sundays included.)
Close connections to and from Bay of Quinte Ports
Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

This Time-table shows the times at which the Trains may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several Stations; but, as the regularity of Trains depends on connection with other lines, the Arrivals and Departure of the time stated are not guaranteed, nor will the Company hold itself responsible or delay or any inconvenience arising therrom.

R. C. CARTER.
Deseronto, Ont. Gen. Manager

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

1885. **1885.**

WINTER!

THE BIG STORE TO THE FRONT.

Business - Booming

IN

EVERY DEPARTM'NT!

FURS! FURS!! FURS!!!

A large assortment at the most reasonable prices.

Ladies' Astrachan Jackets; Persian Caps, Muffs and Boas; Seal Caps, Muffs and Boas; Mink Caps, Muffs and Boas; Black Fur Capes

A splendid assortment of Woolen Goods at remarkably low prices for Women and Children, unsurpassed by anything in the Trade.

Flannels of every description and quality now in Stock at the BIG STORE, and we respectfully solicit an inspection of these Goods; they are special value and will excel in make and prices anything previously offered to the public in Deseronto.

The Tailoring Department is now replete with the most fashionable and varied makes of goods that can be obtained in the European and Continental Markets, and we wish to impress upon our friends, that, as the best of Trimmings only are used in the making up of Garments, we can guarantee a style and finish which will stand comparison with any House in the Trade. Mr. Stoddart, who is already well known for his superiority in making a good stylish fit, is in charge of this Department, and will be pleased to have an opportunity of exhibiting these special goods to his friends, and quote prices for same.

BOOTS and SHOES.

In this Department the BIG STORE still maintain their well known reputation for keeping only the best quality and the most fashionable Goods manufactured, their facilities for buying, and the immense quantity of Boots & Shoes disposed of, enable them to offer at more advantageous prices than can be done by other competitors who profess to sell the same class of Boots. Do not be induced to purchase inferior Goods simply because the price is low; such articles are dear at any cost. The Big Store do not impose upon their customers trashy goods, but sell only first-class articles, and this principle has won for them their well earned reputation which is so generally known and appreciated by their Customers and the Public.

THE BIG STORE is the head rendezvous for Groceries and Provisions of Sterling Quality and finest brands, Canned Goods of every description in the market being on sale, but space will not permit us to enumerate in detail the specialties obtainable, but suffice it to say that for all Provisions seasonable and of the best quality, we recommend THE BIG STORE as unsurpassable.

HARDWARE, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, VULCANISED CHIMNEYS, RUBBER GOODS PAINTS, OILS, SALT.

We must not omit the astounding fact that the sales at the BIG STORE during the month of October were the largest since the erection of this establishment, which proves beyond doubt that in their endeavors to supply their Customers with the best goods at the most reasonable prices, they have won the confidence of the public, and now beg to thank their Customers for the very liberal support hitherto accorded them, and in the future solicit a continuance of the patronage so gratuitously bestowed upon them during the past]

THE BIG STORE,

A. A. RICHARDSON,
MANAGER.

Deseronto, Nov. 5th, 1885.

NEVER FAILS TO GIVE SATISFACTION

McCOLL'S LARDINE MACHINE OIL

Our "English" Wool Oil—something new—finest in the market. Our Cylinder Oil,—600 fire test—much superior to tallow.

GIVE OUR TRAVELLER A TRIAL ORDER.

McCOLL BROS. & CO., Toronto, Ont

Safety on Railways.

It has been remarked by some one that it is less perilous to cross a wild African jungle than to walk about the streets of one of our great cities; that is, that the chances of coming to a violent death are greater in the latter case than in the former. There also seems to be some truth in the assertion which is sometimes made, that it is safer for a person to travel on a railway train than to wander about city thoroughfares. This, indeed, seems to be actually proved by statistics. From a report recently issued, it appears that nine hundred millions of journeys were made by people in Great Britain last year. Out of these, only one accident occurred in every million journeys taken. But the proportion of those actually killed was much less than one in every million. While one in every half million travellers was more or less injured, only one was killed to every five million who trusted themselves to the railway.

But a very large proportion of these journeys were made by season-ticket holders; that is, by persons who were on the rail more or less every day, and sometimes several times a day, and whose risk, therefore, was enormously greater than that of the occasional passenger.

Excluding these season-ticket holders, these killed by accidents were only one in more than twenty-two millions, and these injured, only one in nearly a million.

But even this does not fully show the safety with which people travel by rail in England, for by far the larger part of these killed and injured were not paying passengers, but employees of the railway: engineers, stokers, guards, switchmen, and so on. In fact, during the whole of last year, only one hundred and thirty five passengers who paid were killed outright, and less than one thousand five hundred were injured.

There is still another fact to be considered which yet further reduces the dangers of the rail. While some were killed or injured without any agency or want of precaution of their own, others met their death or wounds by their own negligence or reckless acts.

For instance, included in the number of casualties of the railway were persons who committed suicide by exposing themselves to the strokes of the engine, drunken and insane people who wander upon the rails, trespassers on the line, and the victims of accidents at local crossings. Accidents, too, which took place at the railway stations and in car-shops are included in the totals given.

When all these things are taken into account, it appears that of paying passengers, who have taken ordinary caution, and have suffered by accidents wholly beyond their own power of prevention, only one person out of over sixty million journeys has been killed.

Of course these are the figures of an average year of railway travel. In a year which has witnessed several unusually terrible accidents, with a wholesale loss of life at a time, the proportion of the killed and injured is much greater. Certainly there is no city of considerable size which does not witness more death and injuries from accident than this record of railways perils.

When it is considered how many men are employed on the railways, how dangerous is a little neglect or a momentary forgetfulness on the part of any man connected with the running of a train, how many important details there are to receive attention, it is surely a matter of surprise and of satisfaction that the danger of railway travelling has been reduced to so low a point.

The great, terrible accidents grow more rare, too, every year, so that it may now fairly be said that a person is as safe on a railway train he is in any situation in the world.

The Oregon legislature has passed a law to the effect that bicyclists must stop riding whenever they approach within 100 yards of a team, and after diamounting remain standing until the team has passed. This law may be a good one, but it doesn't go far enough. It should be amended so as to compel the bicyclist to take off his hat and remain uncovered while the driver of the team is passing him.

"What are the last teeth that comes?" asked a teacher of her class in physiology. "False teeth, mum," replied a boy who had just wakened upon the back seat.

No photographic device has been made instantaneous enough to catch the flash of an angry woman's jaw.

The Late Mr. Vanderbilt.

Rich men do not appear to have so good a time in the world as they used to have. For one thing, they are generally spoken against, and for another, they do not feel quite so safe as they once did.

The late Mr. Vanderbilt, like his father before him, was strangely misunderstood. He was spoken of continually as a Wall Street magnate and a speculator in stocks, where as he regarded Wall Street with aversion and dread, and held speculation in contempt.

He was not a man to compete with the gamblers of Wall Street, and he knew it. Far from being a proud man, he was rather wanting in self-esteem, and he knew that there were several men in Wall Street who, to use his own language, "could walk around him before breakfast." He felt that in taking care of his huge estate, he had enough to do.

It was said at the time of his death that his attack of apoplexy was due to high living, and lack of exercise. His friends testify that his habits were regular and somewhat abstemious, even to abstinence from intoxicating liquors. He discovered, some years ago, that late hours and champagne do not prepare the brain for sound sleep on the following day, and he accordingly spent his evenings at home, went to bed at eleven, and was ready for work at nine in the morning.

An anecdote was related of him several years ago, which was, we believe, derived from his own lips. He was puffing away at his cigar one day after dinner on board his father's steamer, *The North Star*, when the old commodore, who was himself a constant smoker, spoke to him somewhat testily.

"I wish you would give up that smoking habit of yours, William. I'll give you ten thousand dollars if you'll do it."

"You need not give me any money, father," replied William. "Your wish is quite sufficient."

Upon this, he threw his cigar into the sea, and did not smoke again. In was at all times easy for him to keep a resolution of this nature. He probably owed his early death, not at all to high-living, but to his habit of depending for exercise upon driving fast horses. The horses derived more benefit that the driver, whose constitution required activity, and was early accustomed to hard work.

The late capitalist served his apprenticeship to life upon a small, barren Staten Island farm, which, by hard work and good management, he made the model farm of the island, and won his father's respect.

It was a gross slander to say that he was indifferent and illiberal to workingmen. Like his father, he had a fixed principle of paying liberal wages for good service; and at a time when a great number of railroad men struck for more compensation and abandoned their posts, those who served his system of roads refused to join the movement, and he recognized their fidelity, when all danger was over, by a gift of one hundred thousand dollars.

It is to be lamented that, through the imperfection of human laws, man should have to carry such a burthen of wealth as fell to him. It was no fault of his that he inherited so much, and those who knew him best, assure us that, upon the whole, he administered his enormous trust with as little detriment to the public weal as his talents and circumstances allowed.

They Won't Stay Hid.

The complexity of modern civilization affords opportunity for many singular livelihoods, and perhaps one of the most singular was brought to public attention in the case of Fishel, the defaulting bookkeeper who has just been brought to New York from Canada. When he sought safety in this land of exiled Americans his first care was to secure the services of a professional concealer of American defaulters. This embezzlers' guide's management of the case was not successful, and the detectives captured his client. He should have shipped him to Labrador. Canada is getting to be too thoroughly explored to be a safe land of refuge for American gentlemen with crooked accounts. It might be a good scheme to set up a haven of rest for these unfortunates by the shore of Lake Mistassini, but they are hard to satisfy, and are so used to good eating and drinking that it is difficult to get them away from the towns, and the task of their professional adviser is correspondingly increased.

Is it proper to speak of oats as a stable article of horsehold diet?

LIFE UNDER WATER.

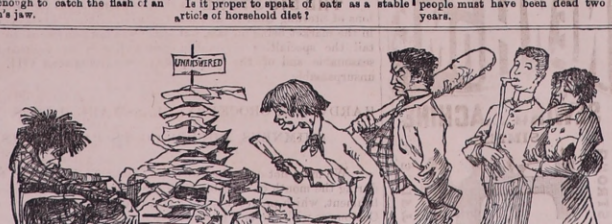
An Old Engineer Relates Some of His Experiences.

"Life under water monotonous, eh? Well, I guess not. At least, I don't find it so. I've been there fourteen years, off and on, and have always managed to find enough to occupy my time and attention." The speaker was an engineer on one of the great ocean steamers, and as he made that remark, while standing on the pier before his vessel, he readjusted his loose blouse with an awkward jerk and gave his head a confident twitch.

"A fellow needn't let time lag on him anywhere if he only has his eye open," he added. "Now, to some it would seem almost unbearable to watch the continuous throb of the machinery of a large steamer and hear nothing but the everlasting 'click, click,' of the piston rods and levers, but to me they all sound like music. I've become partly deafened and insensible to them, but even now I often sit still and watch and listen to their never-varying beats with that sort of satisfaction which a musician feels when he runs his fingers mechanically yet skillfully over the keys of his instrument. His satisfaction arises from the fact that he has the instrument entirely under his control, and mine comes from a similar cause. With a touch of my finger I could propel thousands of tons at almost any speed through the water, or send a hundred lives into eternity. Indeed, I feel that I am the sole responsible party on board for the lives of the passengers, as it remains with me to keep my machinery in such perfect condition as to withstand any ordinary sea or rough storm.

"And again, I take pride in keeping everything around me shining like burnished gold. If a speck of grease or dirt get on the rods or handles of any part of the machinery it cannot escape my notice long. I go over every part of the engine-room twice a day, and rub the brass and steel rods with as much pleasure as though I owned the steamer myself. I sometimes amuse myself in keeping a record of the number of miles we run an hour and comparing it with the records of previous trips. I have on a book in the engine-room a curious table of dates and figures, which shows to me the exact time of every mile made by different steamers I have engineered across the ocean for the last fourteen years. If anything more than usual occurs I jot it down opposite the date, and so make a sort of diary of it. It speaks volumes to me, and recalls many interesting memories. For instance, I was looking through it the other day, and I found opposite Nov. 10, 1875, a reference to a visit from Chinamen. The incident was recalled to my mind in a moment, and I laughed heartily over it to myself. This is what it meant: One day while lying in port we were visited by several Chinamen who were anxious to inspect the ship. They were an ignorant set, and had never seen any machinery worked by steam. The captain was a good-natured fellow and allowed them to come below, although they experienced some doubts as to the advisability of so doing. They were very timid, and it took some time for me to convince them that the machinery was harmless. Finally I got two of them to come close to the heavy driving-rod, which you know on a large vessel is an enormous piece of iron. Suddenly, without warning, it gave a start forward, and, accompanied by a loud puff of steam, leaped fully ten feet above our heads. Angry at my assistant for letting on steam without my knowledge, I turned to speak to him when my attention was attracted towards the stairway. The last two Chinamen of the party were making frantic endeavors to jump up half a dozen steps at a time. The rest had disappeared, and before I could get on deck the whole crowd had got into their boat and started for the shore. No amount of persuasion could ever get them to return to that ship, which they claimed was alive. It was a mean trick, but it has afforded me many a good laugh since."

Miracles Still Performed.—Farmer Hawkins (to his wife)—Maria, you remember them two folks I used to tell you about when I was a-courtin you? Mistress Hawkins—Romeo and Juliet, mayn't they be? Farmer Hawkins—The same. Maria, they've resurrected them people, and are showin' 'em in a Toronto theater. Listen to this. "Revival of 'Romeo and Juliet.'" Mistress Hawkins—Land sakes! And them two people must have been dead two hundred years.



THE EDITOR.

What is this?
This, dear, is that suffering animal, the editor.
But what is the editor?
He is the man, darling, who runs the paper.
My! I thought the paper ran itself!
That is the popular impression.
But not correct?
Not entirely so.
I thought the talented contributors wrote the stories?
They do.
And that the funny man built the jokes?
He does.
And that the dyspeptic genius wrote the poems?
Certainly.
And the poor compositor; I thought he put the things into type?
Yes.
And that the printer—He worked off the edition?
You are right.
Then what in the name of goodness does the editor do?
He talks.
With whom?
With people who come in to help him pass away the time.
Oh! then the editor has plenty of time to waste?
Lots.
Who is that long-haired lunatic with the roll of paper?
He is the gifted poet.
What does he want?
He wants to know what became of that "Ode to a Withered Violet," in forty-seven stanzas, which he sent in last Spring.
Why did he become of it?
It was filed away in the stove.
Does the editor say that?
Oh, no.
What does he say?
He says that he sent it back.
My! but isn't that a twister?
Yes, dear.
What would the poet say?
He says that he is so sorry, because the *Century* offered him $65 for it.
And that is that?
A lie.
And who is that gentleman with the club?
He is the "Constant Reader."
And he wants—
To inquire why his last communication was not answered.
And why was it not?
Because it was seven columns long and only in the interest of one person.
Who was that?
Himself.
And that fashionable gentleman sucking his cane?
He is the delight of the editorial room.
What is his business?
He has none.
Why then does he come?
Because it is too late for luncheon and too early to walk on King Street.
But I do not understand.
Neither does the editor.
How long will he stay?
A couple of hours.
And that last man, the undertaker?
'S-h-h! dear. That is not an undertaker.
Who is it, then?
The funny man.
Oh! What does he want?
He wants to read the editor his last joke.
Where did he get it?
From a work on the "Tombs of the Early Egyptian Kings."
My! Then this is the way the editor spends his time?
Principally.
One long, delightful reception.
Yes, dear.
Then the editor has nothing in the world to wish for or pray for?
Oh, yes—one thing.
And what is that?
Death.

FLORIDA IN WINTER.

YACHTING ON THE ST. JOHN.—INCIDENTS OF A CRUISE ON THIS BEAUTIFUL SOUTHERN RIVER.

BY ARTHUR MELTON.

I spent a part of one winter in Florida, traveling in public conveyances and putting up at hotels. In the course of those months I learned that the Florida hotel clerk is identical with the hotel clerk found at the North in the summer, that Florida hotel fare is rather poor as compared with that of the best Canadian hotels, and that the prices are exorbitant. I found the railway and steamboat accommodations fair to middling and the rates extortionate. I saw that Florida was an interesting part of the world, but that it was impossible to enjoy its most interesting features while at hotels or traveling by rail or steamboat.

The much wicker I returned to Florida prepared to see the things of which I had caught unsatisfactory glimpses, and to enjoy the benefit of experiences which my previous trial had led me to suspect were easily obtained. The first step in the way of this preparation was to visit a yacht builder on Long Island whose specialty is making rather small crafts of good cruising qualities. Would he deem it worth while to make me a small boat as a one-man boat if he could get his price? He would. So it was arranged that he should build the Waif. She was to be a sharpie, 15½ feet long, a little broader than the usual mode, rather deep, well decked over fore and aft and along the sides of the cockpit. Her rig was to be "lateen cat," and the builder was to bear in mind that she was to be used as a cruiser boat, in which comfort and safety were more desirable than speed. The price was to be an even hundred dollars.

While the Waif was building I got together a few articles in the way of outfit. One of these was a single-barrel breech loading shotgun, the price of which was $15. Some shells and a cheap but sufficient set of loading implements cost $3 more. A rubber poncho at $1, and a pair of woollen blankets at $1.50 each, a second-hand railroad lantern for seventy-five cents, and one dollar's worth of fishlines and hooks were laid in. Ten yards of cotton drilling, a ball of strong cotton cord and a sailmaker's needle, and a ball of white linen thread cost $160. In a Bowery show window I saw a hunting knife that took my eye. I found that it was an implement with a history, for the dealer assured me that it had been carried by Wild Bill, Texas Jack, and several other distinguished frontiersmen, and had penetrated the vitals of countless red men and greasers. He wanted $2.50 for it, but finally let me have it for seventy-five cents. It was as good as new, and almost as chea.

Early in November I started South. On the day of sailing I saw the Waif put on a schooner at Peck slip bound for Palatka and intermediate landings on the St. John's River. Going down in the steamer I looked over my account of expenditures. The steamer ticket, with coupons to my destination on the St. John's River, had cost $25, and the outside expenditures up to this time footed up $151 10. The schooner had favorable winds, and arrived only six days behind the steamer. I paid $5 freight on the Waif from the builder's yard, and then had a chance to look her over thoroughly for the first time before putting her into the amber-colored water of the St. John's. She was built of yellow pine and white cedar, with bits of redwood and mahogany where they would be ornamental, and pieces of oak where strength was especially required. Her sides were painted white to the waterline and green below. Her calked deck was of the color of the natural wood with hard oil finish. The interior finish was the same as that of the deck, with the addition of some fancy woods around the centreboard and the locker under the after deck. The floor was of yellow pine, with a small hatch to be opened for bailing.

The sail was of medium drilling and it bore the brand of one of the best-known sailmakers about New York. It was triangular, about 15 feet long on the boom and on the mast and upright spar. This spar was laced to the front edge of the sail, and reached from the peak about half of the way down to the foot. The halyard was knotted around this spar near its middle, passed through the pulley in the top of the mast, through another pulley at the foot, and to a cleat on the deck at the front of the cockpit. When the sail was hoisted the spar stood upright next to the mast, and extended several feet above it. This was the lateen cat rig that was bargained for, and experience showed that it was just the thing for quick and easy handling. The rudder was wedge-shaped, the point extending under the overhang, and the post stood about at its middle. This arrangement made her quick in coming about, and very responsive to the helm. A pair of oars and an anchor of galvanized iron came with the boat. All the ropes were cotton. She drew 5½ inches of water with nothing of her cruising outfit aboard.

I tried her sailing qualities on the river, where the wind had a sweep of five miles from shore to shore and eighteen or twenty miles from bend to bend of the stream. She was a little too buoyant to sail without ballast in the stiff breezes that prevailed; but with four forty-pound bags of sand alongside her centre-board she proved to be unusually fast and steady, easily running away from the twenty-four-foot "skipjacks" with mainsail and jib, used by the river fishermen.

On a cloudless afternoon, near the last of December, the trial cruise of the Waif began. The temperature was about 75° in the shade. A brisk breeze blew from the east. With her stores aboard, the Waif needed no extra ballast. She listed over prettily as, with wind abeam, she took her course up the river. By sundown she had rounded a point that shut out of view the last settlement on the west bank before coming to a stretch of twenty miles of thickly wooded shore without a trace of human habitation. The twilight in Florida is of very brief duration, and I decided to land at once and prepare supper. Running close to a fallen cypress log, I cast anchor and paid out till I could step from the boat astern to the prostrate tree trunk. Coffee, and boiled bacon was to be the bill of fare. The surroundings seemed to be very much like a cypress swamp. Dry wood was scarce. So was dry land; but a small blaze was soon kindled near the roots of an upturned tree. At length the coffee came to a boil, and the odor of sizzling bacon was diffused around. The lantern wick was too close a fit, and wouldn't burn. Before that fault could be remedied darkness came on—the darkness of a Florida thicket before moon rise. The fire under the coffee pot was burning low, and I got down on all fours to blow it up, but the wet wood refused to respond. While I was in that position the unfamiliar yet unmistaken yowl of a wildcat came from the other side of the upturned roots. It sounded as though the creature was about a rod away. I took a small but chubby double derringer from my pocket, cocked it and pointed it toward the dying embers. In one barrel I saw a cockroach from the boarding house. The other barrel was unoccupied. There wasn't a cartridge in any of my pockets. The gun was in the boat, and the boat lay just beyond the wildcat. Even the sparks in the ashes were going out one by one.

Mr-e-o-u-wow!" came from the darkness again, rather impatiently.

"That settles it," I said to myself, for I had no wish to engage in a clawing match with a catamount in the darkness of a Florida swamp. So I gathered up my coffee pot and things, kicked a cloud of ashes and sparks in the direction whence came the growl, and made for the boat. I poled her off a few rods from shore, fixed up the lantern, turned the book leaves, and took supper on board. Then I lighted my briar-root and took a smoke, while an array of owls posted like sentinels along the shore shouted derisively:

"Who, who, who are you?"

The gentle swing of the Waif at anchor was restful, and invited sleep. I hung the lantern out on the mast, shoved the camp chest over to one side of the cockpit, spread out a narrow mattress that I had made by sewing up an old blanket and stuffing it with Spanish moss, put the rubber poncho on top of that to keep away the dampness of the moss, and turned in for the night. The chirping of innumerable birds, and the almost constant splashing of fishes that had leaped from the water, awakened me in time to see the crimson sun rise out of the river where, with a noble sweep, the stream bends far around to the eastward.

FLOWERS FOR BLOOM.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

"Thou comest when the rose is dead,
When Pink and Lily both have fled,
Thou bloomest bright in all their stead
Chrysanthemum."

There is such a satisfaction in growing a few of these plants for early winter blooming that now they are fading, I regret their going away, and am sorry to lose their steadfast, and cheerful beauty. The derivation is from "chryses" golden and "anthemon" a flower, because the primitive color is golden. If the plants are cared in a cool place they will live all the winter, and cuttings taken from the old stools early in May, they are readily rooted in a hot-bed frame and can be potted singly in small pots to induce an abundant supply of roots. A cool, airy situation out of doors and abundant watering is the best treatment, and to obtain good dwarf specimens it is best to keep them pinched back, and to preserve all the foliage as near the base of the stem as possible. When removed into the larger pots they must be placed in good rich earth composed of rotten manure and loam, the top of the plant cut off, and the whole kept pinched back till nearly the end of August. Then water regularly with liquid manure, which will develop growth and make the flowers larger and better. Sometime the latest points taken off will root and make pretty little dwarf plants. They should not be crowded when taken in to the window, and if given enough water and air they will blossom till after the holidays and give great satisfaction.

After this they can be placed in a shed, and left till spring in a rather sheltered place. Recently we have some magnificent varieties from Japan, fringed and varied in color and shape. There are also some good annuals of this class of plants, the "Marguerite" of the Paris gardens, and another called the "Golden Marguerite." All are free bloomers and easily grown from seed. They are often called "gold flowers," and a bed of them is quite dazzling to the eyes. These plants are indigenous to North America, and quite hardy—but the flowers buds spoil with very little frost in late autumn when growing, and thus blight all the labor of the season if left exposed too long. In the language of flowers it signifies "slighted affection," and is not usually sought by happy lovers. But its sturdy growth and general beauty, especially the newer sorts, makes it especially desirable where hardiness and blooming are desired and a show of flowers that bloom in the late autumn and early winter.

Household Dangers.

There are two or three volatile liquids used in families which are particularly dangerous, and must be employed if at all with special care. Benzine, ether, and strong ammonia constitute this class of agents. The first-named two liquids are employed in cleaning gloves and other wearing apparel, and in removing oil stains from carpets, curtains, &c. The liquids are highly volatile, and flash into vapour as soon as the cork of the vial containing them is removed. Their vapours are very combustible, and will inflame at long distances from ignited candles or gas flames, and consequently they should never be used in the evening, when the house is lighted. Explosions of a very dangerous nature will occur if the vapour of these liquids is permitted to escape into the room in considerable quantity. In view of the great hazard in handling these liquids, cautious housekeepers will not allow them to be brought into their dwellings, and this course is commendable. As regards ammonia, or water of ammonia, it is a very powerful agent, especially the stronger kinds sold by druggists. It is much used for cleansing purposes, and is unobjectionable if proper care is used in its employment. The vials holding it should be kept apart from those containing medicines, &c., and rubber stoppers should be used. Oxalic acid is considerably employed in families for cleansing brass and copper utensils. This substance is highly poisonous, and must be kept and used with great caution. In crystalline structure it closely resembles sulphate of magnesia, or Epsom salts, and therefore frequent mistakes are made and lives are lost. Every agent of the kind that goes into families among inexperienced persons should be kept in a safe place, labelled properly, and used with great care.

Browning, the poet, walks five hours day in search of health. "Now, if he would only take out his poems once in a while.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

HOME.

The Eastern Ontario Dairyman's Association held its ninth annual convention last week at Belleville

Body-snatchers broke open a vault in the Catholic cemetery at Kingston the other night, and stole a recently deposited corpse

At the municipal elections in Toronto, 704 ladies ou of an aggregate of 2,171 entitled to the franchise recorded their votes at the polls.

The village of Beamsville was the scene of a double tragedy the other day, John Stone shot his niece Maude Hodge twice and then shot himself.

Bridge street Methodist church, Bellevile, in which the conference for the union of the Methodist denominations in Canada was held, has been totally destroyed by fire.

Moody and Sankey have closed their mission work at Montreal. The meetings however, will be continued in Montreal by other evangelists from the United States for some time longer.

The river Thames at London rose rapidly during the late rains, slightly injured the new breakwater on the London West shore, and washing away about twenty feet of earthwork north of Kensington bridge.

The other day whilst Mr. Bristol, of Madoc, was superintending the operation a sawing machine a bolt flew out and struck his head with such force as to fracture his skull. His condition is very critical.

Contracts for the construction and equipment of the Brockville, Westport, and Sault Ste. Marie railway have been closed, and the work of construction will be commenced immediately. The first sod was turned last week.

It is alleged that the bodies recently stolen from Kingston and its vicinity were sent to Montreal, the students in the medical college there refusing to touch "subjects" procured from local sources for fear of smallpox

At a meeting of intending Toronto exhibitors at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition a committee was appointed to request the City Council to make arrangements for the adequate representation of Toronto as a city.

The Canadian exhibit for the Colonial and Indian Exhibition is now expected to largely exceed the most sanguine anticipations, the collection from the Province of Quebec alone being already twice as large as that sent to the Paris Exposition.

Smallpox has been effectually stamped out in all the suburban villages around Montreal except Ste. Cunegonde, from which place, however, it is expected to disappear very quickly now that the officials have fallen into line with the sanitary regulations.

A Kingston policeman who was sent to Sydenham to remove an alleged insane woman to the assylum was attacked and forced to return by a mob of females, who refused to allow him to accomplish his object, declaring that the woman was not insane.

In Winnipeg the other morning a temperature of 38° below zero was recorded. In Quebec it was 16 below. The following extreme temperatures were registered in Ontario: Gatineau Mills, 17 below zero; Mattawa, 21; Renfrew, 15; Ottawa, 20.

A firm in Paisley, Scotland, are making overtures to the City of Kingston with a view to starting a thread and spool factory there. They have been promised a free site and a house of $10,000 by Ottawa, but prefer Kingston if sufficient inducements are offered.

At the annual meeting of the Toronto branch of the Evangelical Alliance the question of home and foreign missions was discussed, and it was urged that it was the duty of the Church in Canada to make efforts to elevate the Indians from their present degraded condition.

Several Montreal speculators and brokers have been badly victimized by purchasing land scrip granted to volunteers who served in the North-West rebellion, some of the claims having been sold several times over. One volunteer is credited with having sold his claim and got the money for it from nine different persons.

The dam built on the Rideau river by the contractors for the new bridge at New Edinburgh has been carried away and swept over the falls by the great volume of broken ice coming down the river. The Ottawa river has also been very high and a serious washout occured on the Canadian Pacific track at Montebello.

A fifteen months' old child of a laborer named John Crowe was admitted to the hospital for sick children at Toronto suffering from a fractured thigh, and its body covered with bruises from head to foot. The child died in great agony on last Sunday afternoon. Suspicions of cruelty on the part of somebody were aroused, and the mother, a young girl named Susan Barton, who lived with the Crowe family, was arrested.

AMERICAN.

Seven cases of small pox are reported in one family in Chicago. Four have died and three will recover.

Not a single vessel under the United States flag crossed the ocean carrying grain during the year 1885.

Articles of incorporation for a railway three miles long, to run from Niagara Falls to the whirlpool on the American side, have been filed.

It was reported that a case of small-pox had been discovered among the students at Harvard College. The report, however, was subsequently denied, the supposed patient being ill with scarlet fever.

The fishing schooner "Cassie Lake" has been wrecked off Portland, Oregon, and the captain, mate and Chinese cook were drowned. A man who was washed ashore reported that the crew were clinging to the rigging, and a life boat went out and rescued two men.

The Kennebec River, near Richmond, Me., is jammed with solid ice from five to fifteen feet thick for two or three miles. Ice firms who get their yearly supply from this source, amounting to about five million tons, are greatly alarmed at the prospect of a famine.

Two valises containing over $65,000 in bonds and securities stolen from the Lancaster National Bank of Clinton, Mass., by the absconding president, Mr. Mill, have been found secreted near Rutland, Vt., and handed over to the bank authorities. The whereabouts of the fugitive is yet unknown, though it is believed he made for Montreal.

Augustus and Herman Knoch, arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of their aged mother at Detroit, have been set at liberty, a further examination having proved that the old lady died from natural causes. The mystery surrounding the horrible murder of their brother, Frank Knoch, and his family, still remains unravelled.

The saloon keepers of Chattanooga, Tenn., against whom the Sunday law is being rigidly enforced, have sworn out nearly a hundred warrants against those engaged in trades and professions doing business on Sunday. They say they have been discriminated against, and propose to test the law to its full scope. The warrants include newspaper publishers, livery men and street car companies.

Thomas W. Keene, the actor, is in bed at his hotel in Kansas city, with his right arm and shoulder paralyzed and his face drawn to the right and can only speak in whispers. He is not suffering any pain and insists that he will appear Tuesday night, but his physicians say that although he will probably recover, it will be some time before he will be able to resume the duties of his profession.

FOREIGN.

The London *Times* considers the position of affairs in Burmah to be very critical.

Mr. Davitt proposes visiting Wales next month to aid in establishing land leagues in that country.

Earl Cowper considers Mr. Parnell's ascendancy one of the worst features of the Irish difficulty.

Owing to the decision of the ironmasters of Lancashire to reduce wages an extensive strike is expected.

Prince Hteithen, the pretender to the Burmese throne, is gathering strength and threatens Mandalay.

The financial difficulties of the Turkish Government are increasing, and the soldiers are clamoring for their pay.

The coal porters who have been boycotting the Cork Steam Packet Company have abandoned the strike and resumed work.

A torpedo has broken loose from its moorings on the coast of Tripoli, and is now floating about somewhere in the Mediterranean sea.

A band of Nihilists recently broke into the post-office of Rostoff, in Russia, and stole 13,000 roubles and many important letters.

The English Government will likely submit to parliament the question of establishing a British protectorate over the Bechuanas.

A hurricane has prevailed along the north coast of England, causing serious damage to property. Several wrecks, with loss of life, are reported.

The Pope's condition is creating great alarm. He is suffering from a dangerous affection of the bladder and is growing weaker every day.

The Hungarian Ministry has decided to supply the infantry of Hungary with a new repeating rifle of great effectiveness, at a cost of $30,000,000.

Mr. John Ruskin, writing on the Irish question, says the Irish are a witty and affectionate people, and cannot be governed by the witless and heartless.

The Balkan Conference at Constantinople has been abandoned, Russia refusing to guarantee the independence of the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia.

The Crown Prince of Germany held a reception recently in honor of the Emperor and Empress, and afterwards entertained General Viscount Wolseley at dinner.

Negotiations for the despatch of a Turkish force to the Soudan are proceeding on the basis of an offensive and defensive alliance between Great Britain and Turkey.

A special says the reports regarding the illness of the Princess of Wales are greatly exaggerated. Her Royal Highness had a severe cold, but she is now quite recovered.

The *Times* correspondent at Mandalay telegraphs that 10,000 rebels are scouring the country within a radius of twenty miles of the capital, and they threaten to attack the city.

Gen. Prendergast, commander of the British expedition in Burmah, has arrived with his forces at Bhamo, 150 miles north of Mandalay, and met with a cordial reception from the Burmese and Chinese merchants A strong force of British troops will garrison Bhamo.

Herr Hermann, a traveller, who set out eight months ago to explore West Africa from the Cameroons to the Congo, has returned thoroughly disgusted with the country. He takes a pessimistic view of the Congo trade, and thinks West Africa generally a swindle.

A company has been formed in Amsterdam for the purpose of draining the Zuyder Zee, a gulf of the German ocean 45 miles long and 35 wide, having a superficial area of about 900 square miles, as compared with the 998 square miles which constitute the Kingdom of the Netherlands.

There is a growing tension between France, England and Germany over the Asiatic question. The French Government have requested further explanations of the annexation of Burmah and guarantees for French interests. Lord Salisbury gives assurances that French interests will be respected and that the trade route to be opened up through Burmah to the heart of China will be free to French commerce.

An artillery man named Aubin, who had become the butt of the military riding school at Vannes, France, by his inability to stick in the saddle, was tied upon his horse by order of a nephew of Marshal Bazaine and whipped around the ring amid the jeers of his comrades until his horse took fright and threw him. Gashed and bleeding, he was dragged on for some minutes before he was released, and his wounds have proved fatal. M. Bazaine has been put on the retired list.

The Government of British India has introduced a bill in the Legislative Council imposing a tax of two per cent. on the incomes of professional men and officials of all classes who have hitherto been exempt from income tax. The imposition of the tax is rendered necessary in order to cover a deficit in the budget of £2,000,000 arising from the expenditure caused by military preparations when it was thought there would be war with Russia, the depreciation in the price of silver and the expenses incurred in building the Bolan Pass railway and by the Burmese expedition

A RECENT VISIT TO LaSALLE'S HOME.

A SKETCH OF CANADIAN HISTORY—A RETROSPECT OF THE PAST.

BY JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.

On a bright morning during the month of October last, 1885, the writer was induced by an intelligent stranger of French extraction, from the United States, to join him in a walk to pay a visit to the old home of Robert de la Salle, on the Lower Lachine Road. It was a charming morning clear and bracing—not cold. Autumn was then in her full glory. The frost-tinged leaves of varied hue, which no pencil can trace nor pen adequately describe, affording a sight to the admirer of nature to pause and meditate upon, nowhere to be met with to such enjoyable perfection as in this Canada of ours—fittingly pictured by an old writer as—"Sober Autumn fading into age."

The reader will remember that LaSalle's home is situate on the banks of the St. Lawrence, two miles above the Lachine Rapids, at the head entreance of the Montreal waterworks.

There are three ways of reaching it: First, by the Lower Lachine Road; second, by a walk along the banks of the water-works; and third, by a walk along the Lachine Canal to the Cote St. Paul bridge, thence by cutting through the rear of the Cote St. Paul farms, taking a direct line south about five miles through the woods, by an old Indian trail known to few. This brings you to the river front, just at the old home. We took the latter route.

The walk across the rear of Cote St. Paul is a charming one, its cultivated farms, with young thriving orchards on most of them, and snug looking dwelling houses and substantial farm buildings, denoting comfort. This is a walk seldom taken; few know of it. It would be a fitting one for our snowshoe trampers. On your right, beneath, you have the Lachine Canal, and far away, above, you have the high land of Cote St. Pierre; between the canal and Cote St. Pierre there is that broad, deep valley, a lake in former days, but now it is the highway for railways, and since it was drained it has become the vegetable garden of Montreal.

In due time, after a walk of two hours and a half, we reached the old home—the Canadian home of Robert de la Salle. The home of the most noted character in Canadian history—the home in which he had lived during four years of his early Canadian life Few of our citizens can hardly realize that this old home—this historical Canadian landmark—is within so short a distance of the city of Montreal! And how few of them are actually aware of its existence, or even of its whereabouts. It is not now "a thing of beauty." It is crumbling down, soon to mix with the dust of ages, but Canadians have it in their power to preserve and restore it as a "joy" and a "remembrance" for all time; that is, if there be public spirit and patriotism enough remaining in Canadians to do so.

"And this is the home of Robert de la Salle!" exclaimed our friend, bowing with deepest reverence and exhibiting feelings of the profoundest veneration as he approached the old building. It was to us a familiar spot, as being enclosed within the old stone wall that at one time surrounded the home of our youth. To satisfy the curiosity of our new friend we entered the building and explored the inside; in doing so we had to be careful of our footsteps. Its echoes and its empty tread called forth thoughts of the noble dead of over two centuries ago, who had lived here, nearly as "monarch of all I survey," in what was then known as those far Western wilds of Canada. We thought of the time when the "forest primeval" stretched down to the very river edge—when the wolf, the bear and the wild deer roamed nearly undisturbed around this then solitary abode of Canada's most daring explorer.

As we stood in that old building our thoughts were wandering over the bygone centuries of early Canadian days! Not only did we think of LaSalle as having lived here, but we recalled the long list of noble men, representatives of old France, who, from time to time, had slept within those venerated—yes, sacred walls! Such as Champlain, Maisonneurve, Frontenac, Joliette, and a host of others, who would, of necessity, have started from this place on their religious pilgrimages or warlike expeditions westwards. Just picture—we were standing on the very same floor on which Champlain and Frontenac had once stood, and within the very walls in which these two noble men had often slept! This is the only building now standing in Canada in which, at one time or another, so many of the daring pioneers, brave soldiers and Christian missionaries of old France had found or sought shelter.

While we were standing and enjoying a peep out of the old window in the second story, in the west end of the building, gazing on all around, taking a present and a retrospective view of what is and what had occurred in and around this old home during the bygone centuries, just at that time one of our large lake steamers was passing right in front of us, down the St. Lawrence, filled with tourists, to run or jump the Lachine Rapids—the old Sault St. Louis. We then pictured, in imagination, the time, in those far-off days, when Champlain was induced by the Indians to come up, from where Montreal now stands, to this spot, to have his first run or sail in an Indian canoe over those now far-famed rapids!

What a change has taken place since that day! Those rapids still roll on unchanged! Such as creation's dawn beheld—they roll now, in the self-same course! But this old building—the "witness stand" of many a dark tragedy, and the cradle home of many a grand scheme for the aggrandisement of old France, still stands, as it stood nearly three centuries ago, but now crumbling fast and soon to mingle with the dust of ages.

We turned our eyes to the river front, to what was in the writer's young days a quiet bay—stretching down to where the Water Works bridge now stands. The primeval beauty of this river front is now destroyed by the Water Works basin.

A picture of the past, of over two centuries, (1668) then rose up before us!

In retrospect—as in the days of La Salle—the river front seemed covered with Indian canoes, from their far off hunting grounds, come to exchange their furs. We fancied we saw that band of Seneca Indians with their chief, arrive, and La Salle, robed in his best and most imposing attire, bearing in his hands, aloft, that sacred symbol of his church—the Cross, in his descent to the river shore—to greet and to welcome the new comers! This was that band of Senecas, with their chief, who remained all winter with him at his home. And, we believe, it was from the information obtained from that Seneca chief which induced La Salle to enter upon those extended explorations westwards and southwards in the springtime of 1670, never again, we believe, to return to this place.

Although Canadians apparently forget, or do not care to do honor to one of their noblest dead, still the name and the memory of La Salle is preserved and honored in nearly every American town or city from from Detroit to the mouth of the Mississippi Streets and squares in every city, and even counties and small villages bear his name, testifying to the respect in which his memory is held. This whole northern continent of America bears unmistakable traces of his footsteps. And, so long as the noble St. Lawrence winds its course seawards, and our vast inland lakes exit as feeders thereof, or the broad and swift Mississippi rolls its mighty waters to the main, these river banks and those lake shores—if all else were mute—will ever silently testify to the memory of that youthful explorer, La Salle, who first trod or traced their far western or southern shores.

Will not Canadians arise, awake! and do justice to the memory of their greatest explorer?

La Salle needs no monument along our mountain slope! "No storied urn nor animated bust," to perpetuate or to transmit his name to future generations! This whole northern continent—even those unfenced fields—those gardens of the world—boundless and vast, for which the speech of England has no name—the Prairies! Even these, with their countless unfolded herds, and their thousands of wandering Nimrods, ever bear silent testimony to the name and to the memory of Robert de la Salle!

This old building has a history stretching far into and over the bygone centuries of early Canadian days! Long before the foundation stone was laid in the queenly city of Montreal, with its now noble structures and princely mansions basking under the shade of our stately Mount Royal—long before a parish church bell was heard in the ancient town of VILLE MARIE, summoning the little bands of devout worshippers to their early matins—long before those early days of Canadian history did this old building stand, as it now stands, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, two miles above the Lachine Rapids.

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James Gordon Bennet is reported to be seriously ill at Monte Carlo. Many other men have been sick there.

A.P. 263.

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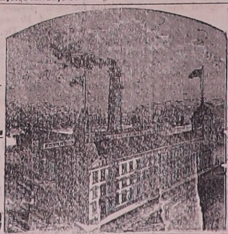

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CORRESPONDENCE.

READ.

(*From Our Own Correspondent.*)

Miss Sarah McGurn is visiting at Mrs. J. C. Hanley's.

Miss Clancey, of Toronto, is on a visit at Mrs. Denis Hanley's.

Miss Lyman, of Marysville, who has been visiting at Mr. Denis Hanley's, has returned home.

In the absence of Professor Denye's Miss Sarah McGurn presided at the organ on Sunday last.

The Read Literary Association, which has been rather late in re-opening for the winter season, will, we are glad to learn, be soon again in operation.

Mr. J. C. Hanley has sold his famous bull "Marmaduke" to Mr. Green, of Belleville, The animal is in splendid condition and weighed 21½ cwt. live weight.

The weather has turned very wintry with high winds and plenty of the beautiful. The snow was badly wanted as the roads have been very bad of late and interfered much with business.

The Rev. Father Meade, is, we are glad to learn, rather better than on Thursday of last week. He was able to undertake the journey from Kingston to Morrisburgh where his family and friends reside.

Miss Meade left for Morrisburgh last week. Miss Meade during her residence here for the past three years endeared herself to the people of this Mission and leaves much to the regret of her many friends with whom she was a great favorite.

Dame Rumor with her many tongues still speaks of happy events in the near future. One bachelor, it is said, will soon be buckled and another is said to be much sought after. By a recent order of the Court of Hymen all drafts on the Bank of Cupid will be duly honored.

The new Council met in the Town Hall, Melrose, on Monday and organized. Mr. S. N. Tripp and Mr. Daniel Drummie were appointed assessors and Mr. Charles Anderon, of Melrose, and Mr. James McCullough, of Lonsdale, were appointed auditors for the current year.

The congregatioon of St. Charles have purchased the horse, buggy, cutter and buffalo robes of Father Meade and presented them to their new pastor, the Rev. Father McCarthy. The reverend gentleman fully appreciates the kindness and thoughtfulness of his faithful people.

On Saturday evening last there was a most attractive and wonderful magic lantern exhibition at Bachelors Walk. The hall was well filled with a fashionable audience including a large number of young people. The views were most interesting and showed evident signs of artistic and scientific merit. Amongst the views exhibited was the handsome and palatial residence of Don Tomaso Culleniano, of Virginia City, Nevada, the well known friend af Mr. Mackey, the California millionaire.

The Rev. Thomas McCarthy has been appointed by his Lordship Bishop Cleary as pastor of this mission in the room of Rev. Father Meade, resigned. A letter from the Bishop addressed to the congregation of St. Charles was read last Sunday appointing the Rev. gentleman as pastor of the Mission of Northern Tyendinaga and parts adjacent. The Rev. Father McCarthy since he has been here has by his energy and loving labors endeared himself to his people and by his indefatigable labors in all maters pertaining to the church has won for himself the esteem and approbation of all with whom he has come in contact.

In passing along the 4th con. last week we visited the residence of Mr. Michael Kennedy. That gentleman showed us over his premises and showed us his new barn, which is without doubt the finest, handiest, and most convenient barn around this section of the country. The building is a perfect square each side being 70 ft. long. The main barn is a square each side being 30 feet. There are two linters, each side being 20 feet. The barn posts are 26 feet high and the linter posts 13½ feet. The granary is 20 feet square, containing six bins with a capacity of 1,500 bushels. The cow stable is 50 feet by 12 with accommodation for 15 head of cattle. The horse stable is 20 by 16 feet with four single stalls. There is also a sheep pen on the west side 30 by 20. The building was erected by Mr. Peter Gaffney, the well known contractor, and reflects the greatest credit on that gentleman's energy, ability and professional skill.

MELROSE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The assessors for this year are to be Mr. Daniel Drummey and S. N. Tripp.

Judging from what people say, Mr. Frost, our new teacher, is likely to become rather popular both in and out of school.

D n Carlos put a breech loading rifle up for the boys to raffle for on Friday last at Melrose. Murney Morden made the best throw and of course took the gun.

The new Council met for the first on Mondey, Jan. 18th, when they all signed their declaration of office and property of qualification. Mr. Randall being still unable to attend, Mr. Chas. Simpkins acted in his pl ce

The new Presbyterian Church is completed and is to be dedicated next Sabbath. They are still without a pastor; they are talking of getting one next spring. The Monday following the dedication, they propose holding a tea-meeting in the old church.

Mr. Wellington Tripp intends to make use of his engine this winter in cracking grain. He has bought the machinery and has the building up. He is to have a party this evening and intends to use the building for dancing. The young people are expecting a good time.

It almost seems that the young men of this vicinity were awakened to a sense of their duty or danger or something, for since those Prince Edward fellows came in and took off so many girls it is astonishing to see how many have got married. Only a very few are left and some of them will soon follow the example of the others according to appearances.

A long debate occurred yesterday in the United States Senate on the introduction by Senator Frye of a resolution opposing the appointment of a commission for the settlement of the Canadian fisheries question, as recommended by the President in his inauguration message.

MILLTOWN.

(*From Our Own Correspondent.*)

This may be an open winter, but if it is a warm one, we need to be informed. Everything here is frozen but the river.

It is possible your long lost correspondent may again be heard from when the weather moderates, but his instincts lead him to hybernate while the frost blinds the windows.

The people of Milltown, doubtless, have their petty tragedies and comedies in common with the rest of the actors on the world's great stage, but nothing worthy of record seems to be before the public at present.

The juniors furnish amusement between the acts. Our "49th Battalion" favors us with street parades, the like of which were not seen during the whole campaign in the Northwest. They are perfectly unique. The Captain, who is also standard bearer, is accompanied by a "left tenant" and a "right tenant," and certainly is a very pompous personage, but little Dan cannot march well yet.

MACDONALD.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Good sleighing.

Weather fine after the storm on Tuesday.

First class snow storm on Thursday.

Mr. Amos H. Baker payed a visit last Friday to his uncle, Mr. Paul Howell.

Mr. Amos Hicks is home for a couple of weeks visiting friends and renewing acquaintances after spending the summer in the old Limestone City.

Mr. Hiram Parks is the guest of Mr. W. R Miller.

Mr. Wm. Hogg leaves on Saturday for Toronto. We wish him all success.

One of our yonng men has a great attraction down towards Gretna. Wilson look out for the big dog and Frank keep your eye open for the little one. Bow-wow-wow.

DISTRICT.

Scarlet fever rages at Portsmouth.

Diphtheria is raging at the Coe Hill mines.

The bachelors of Verona give a grand ball on the 28th inst.

Mr. Wolf, a resident of Marmora, died recently aged 104 years.

A new Roman Catholic Church will be erected at Cushendall.

Freight rates on the lakes will be lower than they were last year.

The unruly Moira has again been flooding the low districts of Belleville.

It is said that Mr. J. B. Garratt, of Wellington, is about to start a paper in that village.

The Napanee Paper Mills are getting out large quantities of wood along the N. T. & Q. Railway.

There are at present 245 pupils in attendance at the Deaf and Dumb Institute in Belleville.

Business on the K. & P. Ry. is very brisk. That road will prove a great boon to Kingston.

The Church of England realized over $78 by a successful tea-meeting at the White Chapel in the 7th con. of Tyendinaga.

It will cost the township of Haldimand $1,000 to repair the damage done to the bridges of that township by recent freshets.

The Napanee Presbyterian congregation have granted six months leave of absence to Rev. A. Young who is in delicate health.

Mr. Robert Gordon, the new Reeve of Hungerford, was recently presented with a handsome ebony walking cane by some of his friends.

Silas E. Shaver, a sewing machine agent, was arrested at Belleville for bigamy, and on conviction, sentenced to three years in the Kingston Penitentiary.

The county rate in the United Counties of Northumberland and Durham is only seven-tenths of a mill. Such a low rate bespeaks lack of progress.

Mayor Whiting's inaugural address as Mayor of Kingston is said to be the best delivered for many years. He will insist on the most rigid economy and a reduction of the civic debt.

BOARD OF HEALTH.

Jan. 20th, 1885.

The Board of Health met in special session. All the members present, Mr. Whitton presiding. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Moved by Mr. Rathbun, sec. by Mr. Irvine, that Drs. Newton and Clinton proceed forthwith to visit every family and individual in the village and vaccinate the same, conforming in the fullest extent to the authority of the act, and to be paid therefor by the municipal council on whom the secretary is authorized to make requisition at the rate of 25 cents for each person vaccinated and an additional sum of 10 cents for each vaccine point used, each Dr. to take the east and west side of the village respectively, Centre-st being the dividing line, a book to be kept by each with a record of persons vaccinated, and handed to the secretary on completion, and the secretary to be notified daily of all individuals and families who refuse to be vaccinated. Carried.

Resolved that Dr. Newton, Dr. Clinton and Mr. E. W. Rathbun be a committee to examine as to a suitable locati n for the erection of a Hospital and to report to the Board at the next meeting.

Board adjourned.

R. N. Irvine.
Secretary.

Rev. James Sivewright will deliver a lecture in the Presbyterian School Room next Tuesday evening, taking for his subject "Three Years in the Far West". Mr. Sivewright was for three years clergyman of Prince Albert, is thoroughly conversant with the Northwest and was personally acquainted with Dumont and the principal actors in the rebellion. Six of his congregation were killed at Duck Lake and his lecture will deal with the stirring events of the war. His lectures are deeply interesting and invariably draw large houses. Admission will be free. Lecture to commence at 7.30 sharp. We bespeak a very large attendance.

"PAYABLE ON DEMAND."

On Tuesday evening last this play was performed at Cameron's Opera Hall, by the Deseronto Dramatic Association, before a very large and appreciative audience. Our village has been on the *qui vive* for some time, as owing to the first rate style in which this company put on the preceding play an excellent entertainment was expected, and, we must say that the whole performance was quite up to the mark, and reflected great credit on the Association and its excellent manager.

As the programme informed us the curtain arose on a room of Reuben Goldsched's house in the Jews' quarters at Frankfort, which was capitally represented. Reuben Goldsched has been cut off from fellowship with his brethren because he married a Christian, and is living with his wife and baby in great poverty, his only friend being Jonadab Ben Manasseh. He is entrusted with a large sum of money by the Marquis de St. Cast, a French *emigre*, who is shortly after murdered by the revolutionary band that occupies the city, having first taken Reuben's receipt payable on demand for the same, witnessed by Reuben's wife, and all clew by which Reuben could have found out his heirs was destroyed about the same time. Reuben who evidently desired to appropriate the money for his own use is foiled by his wife who is his better angel, and she makes him swear on his father's copy of the law and on the head of his babe that he will be true to his trust, that the dead reposed in him, which he does with great reluctance. This brings the first act to a close

In the second act the audience is shown a room in Goldsched's villa at Clapham. Twenty years are supposed to have elapsed, and Reuben having lost his wife who has left him an only daughter, is now a millionare, having made his fortune by speculating with the Marquis' money. The money market is in an extraordinary state consequent on the investment of Paris by the allied armies. While other men are trying to cover themselves from loss, Reuben holds on to his securities though constantly called on for money to make good the deficiencies that occur in the depreciated value of his stocks by the falling of the market. His daughter, Lina, having purchased an old desk is showing it to Victor, her music master, who informs her that the box was formerly her father's having recognized it by his mother's portrait on the lid, and that he is rightfully the Marquis de St. Cast, but owing to poverty he is unwilling to take the title. Reuben being informed of this is unwilling to believe the story, but fumbling about the desk he finds a secret drawer and in it his receipt to the Marquis. To pay the debt at this moment is utter ruin to Reuben, who at first makes up his mind to destroy the paper, but recognizing his dead wife's handwriting, his strong love for her conquers the temptation and he restores the money to Victor. Victor, however, who is in love with the daughter insists upon Reuben using the money, but before he does so, Reuben receives a letter from Paris by carrier pidgeon that the Emperor had abdicated, and the news, of course, causes stocks to go up and doubles every investment he had made. He agrees to his daughter marrying Victor, and the curtain falls on as pretty a drama as it has been our fortune to have seen for many years.

This is a synopsis of the play, but we have now to speak of the characters. Mr. Bedford as Reuben Goldsched performed the part capitally, and from first to last was a great success. He was ably supported by Miss Anderson, who as his wife in the first, and his daughter in the second Act, showed a thorough knowledge of her art and evinced careful study. The talented young lady is certainly among the best amateur actresseswe have everseen. She was a thoroughly able support to Mr. Bedford throughout the whole performance, and shared with him in the success of the play. Mr. W. D. McRae as the Marquis and Victor was all that could be desired. The applause he received must have satisfied him that he is a favorite with all his audience. We may here add that Mr. McRae was both stage and acting manager, and that to him, principally, the whole success of the play is due. Mr. Rixen made an excellent Bricabrac, and in the second act showed that he had a great deal more of the comic element in his nature than his fellow citizens were aware of. Mr. F. C Whitton as Jonadab was also excellent. We understand that Mr. Whitton had only performed once before in his life. If this be the fact, we can only say, that no one could have thought so by his acting. Mr. Hoppins as Leonidas and Lyons; Mr. T. Naylor as Marcus and David, and Mr. Short as Isaac and Lacquerstein, did well and showed that they had an excellent conception of their parts

The performance concluded with the farce of "A Quiet Family." The acting of Mr. McRae and Mr. Dougherty as the two brothers was good. In fact the eccentricities of Mr. Dougherty were so carefully performed, that it was remarked by one of the audience that he must have been there before. Mr. Short as Peter, and Mr. Naylor as Grumpy left nothing to be desired. Miss Gault as Mrs. Barnaby, most admirably sustained her part, while Miss Kimmerly, Miss Dryden and Miss Grant were equally deserving of great praise.

The orchestra under the direction of Mr. Sam Anderson performed the following pieces: Overture, "Little Beauty," selection the "Beggar Student" and Polka "Zingara." Our critic unhappily is not gifted with a musical ear, but competent judges assert that the music was excellent and far ahead of anything heard in Deseronto for many a long day. Miss Deans presided at the piano. Mr. Mallory played the trombone, Mr. Mallory, Jr., the cornet, while Mr. Anderson and Mr. Tayor were first and second violins. Mr. Butler on the kettle drum proved a master of that instrument, and the drum accompaniment to the "Zingara" Polka was particularly pretty.

At the urgent request of numerous citizens the Dramatic Association will perform the "Lady of Lyons" for the benefit of the poor and destitute among us, on Thursday evening, Feb. 4th. Such a worthy object must and will draw a full house. Manager McRae reluctantly consented to put on this play as he preferred something new. Time did not permit this, however, and he yielded to the wishes of friends. Mr. Cameron places the Opera House at the disposal of the Company free of charge. Every citizen is expected to act as a committee man, and from the promises of help coming in from every side, there is no doubt that the affair will be a grand success and a handsome amount the direct result.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Michael Marrigan is visiting friends in Milltown.

Mr. David Black, of Tyendinaga, was in town on Saturday.

Mr. Caleb Goodmurphy is, we regret to state, quite ill.

Mrs. A. Goodmurphy is visiting her mother at Frankford.

Miss M. A Lyman, of Marysville, was in town on Saturday.

Mr. Robert Orr, of the Indian Reserve, is very seriously ill.

Miss Annie Poter, of Kingston, is visiting at Mr. Isaac Patten's.

Mrs. J. J. Lawson has been visiting at Mrs. Kirby's, Mill-st.

Mr. Campbell Innes has been laid up this week by illness.

Mr. Washington Loveless has left Deseronto for his farm in Sidney.

Mr. L. Bell, of Hay Bay, gave us the pleasure of a call on Saturday.

Mr. David Howell, of North Fredericksburgh, was in the city last week.

Mr. James E. Bowen, returned to his business in Chicago on Monday last

Mrs. Thomas Fox, of Edmond-street, has been visiting friends in Tyendinaga.

Mr. John R. Smyth, of Tyendinaga, was in the village last Saturday on business.

We are sorry to learn that Miss Georgina Patten, of Richmond, is seriously unwell.

Miss Ella Appleby, of Shannonville, is the guest of her cousin, Miss C. Parnham.

Mr. & Mrs. Henry Walker have gone back to Stirling and vicinity on a visit to friends.

Mr. Michael Gartland, of Tyendinaga, is the guest of Mr. Bartley Dristol on Princess street.

Mr. W. G. Ferguson, of the Peterboro' *Examiner*, gave us the pleasure of a call on Wednesday.

Mrs. Chas. Douglas, of Camden, has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Joseph Douglas, Dundas-st.

Miss Libbie Bartley, of Napanee is visiting at her brother's, Mr. John Bartley, Thomas-st.

Mr. W. J. Bowen, of the Commercia College, Belleville, has been spending a few days in town.

Mr. Wm. Marrigan has arrived home from the eastern provinces to spend a few weeks with his parents.

Mr. Hollingshed, Chief Engineer of the Grand Trunk Railway, was in the village last week on business.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. John McCullough who has been seriously ill for some time is improving considerably.

Mr. John O'Brien, of Uxbridge, formerly employed in the grist mill here, was in town last week renewing old acquaintancesnip.

Mr. A. E. Barnyard, of the Deseronto Flour Mills, has accepted a position at Carberry, Manitoba, and left for that place yesterday, followed by the best wishes of very many friends.

Mr. J. H. Totman, Supt. of the Big Mill, has been quite ill at his home in Plattsburg. We are glad to learn that he is gaining strength, and that he expects to return to Deseronto about the end of the month.

TEA MEETING.

The Presbyterian Congregation at Shannonville held their annual tea-meeting, Friday evening, Jan. 8th. Owing to the severe weather the crowd was not as large as usual. The provisions, supplied by the ladies of the congregation were excellent After the refreshments were partaken of, Mr. J. White, M. P., was called to the chair. Mr. White cut his speech rather short when he glanced at the long programme which he hand in his hand. The choir opened with an anthem, followed by a speech from Mr. A. L. Roberts, which was very appropriate for the occasion. After several other pieces were given, Mr. R. L. Lazier was called on for a speech, which was short butright to the point. The Firman choir gave a couple of dialogues which were splendid. Great credit is due them for their singing as well as their dramatic selections. The next speaker called on was the Rev. Mr. Peake, who gave a very able speech. Miss Mary Lord, of Campbellford, gave a solo which was received with an encore. Other pieces, too numerous to mention, were given in good style by the home talent. Lastly, Mr. Henderson, B. A., of Queen's College, gave a speech which brought the house down, and wound up with a reading. Mr. White made a few remarks and the choir closed with the National Anthem. The proceeds, which amounted to $80, is to go towards paying of the debt off the church

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A fine line of cheap note paper and envelopes at The Tribune office.

White Fish, Herrings, Fresh Smelt Frozen etc. at The Big Store.

Order Harper's *Bazaar* and *Weekly* and *Magazine* from the Deseronto News Company, sole agents for Deseronto.

Mr. George Bradshaw has moved out of Mr. Hinche's house and taken possession of Mr. James Dryden's house lately occupied by Mr. Loveless.

NOTICE.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Deseronto News Company, Limited, will be held at the Rathbun Company's office at Deseronto, on Tuesday, the Second day of February, A.D. 1886, at seven o'clock, afternoon, for the election of Directors and other business.

Deseronto, Ont., Dec. 28th, 1885.

S. Russell, Sec'y-Treas.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Deseronto Navigation Company, Limited, will be held at the Rathbun Company's general office at Deseronto, on Monday, the First day of February, A.D. 1886, at seven o'clock, evening, for receiving the report of Directors, for the election of Directors and other general business.

F. S. Rathbun, Secretary.

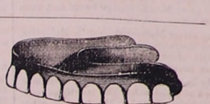
Deseronto, Ont., Dec. 28th, 1885.

BIBLES
— AND —
TESTAMENTS.

All persons desirous of securing cheap, handsome and substantially bound **Bibles and Testaments** will find it to their advantage to call on

W. G. EGAR,

Depositary of the Deseronto Bible Society.
November 18th, 1885.



DR. IRISH, L.D.S.

Dentist, Trenton, Ont., will visit the Deseronto House, Deseronto, on the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of every month punctually. Full cases of artificial teeth furnished for $7.00 each. 1st and 2nd cases and extracting, $10.50. Gas or vitalized air used for extracting teeth without pain. Par articular attention given to the treatment and filling of diseased teeth. Busines hcars from seven a.m, to half past four p m.

Milk! Milk! Milk!

Persons wishing a a first-class quality of

PURE MILK

can be supplied with it by leaving their ORDER

AT BAY VIEW FARM,

As I am prepared to supply a large number of customers by the Gallon, Quart or Pint, at

5 CENTS PER QUART.

GEO. AKEY,
MANAGER

Health is Wealth

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration, caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Lo ses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the Brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the reatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by W. G. EGAR.

Book & Drug Store.

(Stewart's Block.)

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BOOKS, NOVELS,
ENVELOPES.
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PENS, PENCILS,
FANCY GOODS OF ALL KINDS.
HYMN BOOKS,
NOTE BOOKS,
BLANK BOOKS,
SCHOOL BOOKS,
PRAYER BOOKS
CARDS,
SHELLS,
ALBUMS,
GOGGLES,
SPECTACLES.
BIBLES FOR ALL CHURCHES.

PRICES TO SUIT DULL TIMES

Dr. Newton's Office.

The Tribune.

VOL. III. DESERONTO, ONT. FRIDAY, JAN. 29, 1886. NO. 20

THE TRIBUNE,

Published every Friday Morning.

THE DESERONTO NEWS CO.
(LIMITED.)

Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—One copy, $1.00 per year 0 cents per six months. Strictly in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE	1 Year.	6 mos.	3 Mos.
Column	$50.00	$30.00	$18.00
Half Column	30.00	18.00	10.00
Quarter Column	20.00	12.00	7.00
One Inch	5.00	3.00	2.00
Business Cards, (less than one inch.)	4.00	2.50	1.75

Wants, Lost, Found, Strayed, etc, 25 cts. each insertion, or on a contract at the rate of 75 cents per month.

Casual advertisements 5 cents per line first insertion; each subsequent insertion 2 cts. per line.

communications should be addressed to

THE DESERONTO NEWS CO., (LIMITED),
Deseronto, Ont.

MARRIAGE LICENCES.

T. G. PILE, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES, Deseronto Ontario. 3

COAL.

FOR HOUSE USE OR BLACKSMITH SHOPS, AT lowest market rates. Write for prices.
THE RATHBUN CO.
1

SALT.

BY CAR LOAD, BARREL, OR IN BULK, AMERICAN or Canadian, at lowest market rates. Write for prices.
THE RATHBUN CO
1

WATER LIME.

WATER LIME, PORTLAND CEMENT, AND Plaster Paris for sale, cheap, and full directions given how to use successfully. Write for prices.
THE RATHBUN CO.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN HOTEL.

JOHNSON & ONTARIO STS., KINGSTON. This house has been refurnished and refitted throughout. Charges moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.

INSURANCE ON FARM OR VILLAGE PROPERTY at low rates in Standard Stock Companies—the Royal Insurance Company and Commercial Union of England, Western, and British American of Toronto.
THE RATHBUN CO.,
17-z Agents.

O'CONNOR HOUSE.

THIS HOTEL IS ELEGANTLY FURNISHED throughout, in the latest styles. Large and convenient Sample Rooms; and every accommodation and comfort for guests. The Bar is supplied with best imported and domestic Liquors and Cigars. Charges moderate First-class Livery in connection. Good Yard and Stables attached.
P. O'CONNOR, Prop'r,
*3-L Deseronto Ont.

QUEEN'S HOTEL.

OPPOSITE CITY HALL,
BELLEVILLE, - - - ONT.
First-class hacks connecting with all trains. Street cars pass the door every fifteen minutes.
2-1y. SIBBITT & CO., Proprietors

Napanee, Tamworth
—AND—
QUEBEC RAILWAY.
NAPANEE VALLEY LINE.

TIME TABLE No. 6.
IN EFFECT MAY 16th 1885.

ASTERN STANDARD TIME.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.		No. 2. P.M.	No. 4. P.M.
Napanee	Leave	1 05	5 30
Napanee Mills	"	1 20	5 45
Newburgh	"	1 30	5 50
Thompson's Mills*	"	1 37	5 57
Camden East	"	1 49	6 00
Yarker	"	1 55	6 15
Colebrooke*	"	2 00	6 18
Galbraith Road*	"	2 05	6 30
Moscow	"	2 10	6 30
Mudlake Bridge*	"	2 20	6 40
Enterprise	"	2 30	6 45
Wilson's Crossing*	"	2 35	6 55
Tamworth	Arrive	2 50	06

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.		No. 1. A.M.	No. 3. P.M.
Tamworth	Leave	7 00	3 15
Wilson's Crossing*	"	7 15	3 30
Enterprise	"	7 25	3 35
Mudlake Bridge*	"	7 30	3 40
Moscow	"	7 40	3 50
Galbraith Road*	"	7 50	4 00
Colebrooke*	"	7 53	4 02
Yarker	"	7 56	4 06
Camden East	"	8 10	4 17
Thompson's Mills*	"	8 15	4 22
Newburgh	"	8 25	4 28
Napanee Mills*	"	8 35	4 35
apanee	Arrive	8 50	5 50

*Stop only when Passengers at or for.

R. C. CARTER, Asst Gen. Mgr. H. B. SHERWOOD, Superintendent E. W. RATHBUN, Manager

TO LET.

Comfortably Furnished Rooms with or without Board.
Apply at THE TRIBUNE OFFICE.
Deseronto, Jan. 28th, '86. 3

LOST OR FOUND.

LOST.—A Black Fur Cape, on Saturday, 9th inst., between Napanee and Deseronto. The finder will oblige by leaving same at TRIBUNE Office. 18

LOST.

On Monday morning, the 25th inst., between Napanee and Deseronto, a

GREY FUR ROBE,

with name of L. T. VORCE printed in large letters inside. The finder will oblige by leaving the same at
THE TRIBUNE OFFICE, DESERONTO.
Deseron.o, Jan. 26th, '86. 2

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

PARTIES WISHING TO HAVE LETTERS POSTED after hours will pleas leave them at Egar's Drug Store, Main St. Deseronto.

E. HARRISON,

350 Front Street, Belleville,

Keeps in Stock and makes to order on short notice all classes of Account Books. General Book-binding, from the Plainest Library Style to the best Morocco and Calf, with Gilt or Marble edge. Paper ruling, Map Mounting, Varnishing, Music Binding, Picture Framing. Improved Milk and Cheese Factory Books. Mercantile Books and intricate ruling a specialty. Prices close. 9. 1-4

MONEY TO LOAN AT 6 PER CENT.

$35,000.00 of Private Money.

Old Mortgages paid off, New Loans taken and Mortgages Purchased.
Apply to
GIBSON & CLUTE,
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FIRE INSURANCE!

We beg to advise those desiring Insurance that we are Agents for

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF ENGLAND;
THE COMMERCIAL UNION INSURANCE CO'Y
OF ENGLAND;
THE BRITISH AMERICAN INSURANCE CO'Y,
OF TORONTO, ONT.;
THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO'Y.
OF TORONTO ONT.,

Who will write Policies as low as any other *Stock* Company in the Dominion.

The standing of these Companies is such that all may be satisfied that in case of loss the settlement will be prompt and equitable.

Farmers will find it to their interest to insur with us.

Record kept of all Policies and Notices sent insurers before expiration of same.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,
6-L Deseronto, Ont.

BAY OF QUINTE
Railway & Navigation Company.

CHANGE OF TIME.

THE TRAINS OF THIS ROAD MAKE sure connection with all G. T. R. trains both East and West, and with Steamers of the Deseronto Navigation Company for all Bay and River ports.

1885. TIME TABLE. 1885.

DESERONTO & GRAND TRUNK LINE.
BAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS	EXP. EAST.	MIXED FIRST.	MIXED LAST.	MIXED FIRST.	MIXED LAST.	EXP. FIRST.	EXP. LAST.
	No. 1	No. 3	No. 5	No. 7	No. 9	No. 11	No. 13
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Deseronto leave	3:20	7:45	7:45	12:30	4:45	9:30	12:00
East End, "	..	3:35	7:50	7:50	12:25	4:50	9:35	12:05
Deseronto Jun ar.	3:50	8:05	8:05	12:40	5:05	9:50	12:20

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	EXP. EAST.	MIXED FIRST.	MIXED LAST.	MIXED FIRST.	MIXED LAST.	EXP. FIRST.	EXP. LAST.
	No 2	No. 4	No. 6	No. 8	No. 10	No. 12	No. 14
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.
Deseronto J. leave	6:45	9:30	9:00	1:00	5:30	9:15	12:40
East End	6:20	9:15	9:15	1:15	5:45	9:25	12:55
Deseronto ar	6:05	9:20	9:20	1:20	5:50	9:30	1:00

Trains Nos. 1 and 13 run daily, (Sundays included.)
Close connections to and from Bay of Quinte Ports
Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

This Time-table shows the times at which the Trains may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several Stations; but, as the regularity of Trains depends on connection with other lines, the Arrivals and Depart ure of the time stated are not guaranteed, nor will the Company hold itself responsible or delay or any inconvenience arising therefrom.

R. C. CARTER.
Deseronto, Ont. Gen. Manager

THE
DESERONTO NEWS CO'Y.
(LIMITED.)

OUR JOBBING DEPARTMENT

Is replete with an abundant supply of new type and printing material. We are therefore in a position to execute Fine Job Printing in all its branches in first class style and at rates to suit the times. Send or call and get prices. ☞Orders by mail will receive our prompt and careful attention.

The Tribune.

FRIDAY, JAN. 29, 1886.

LOCAL ITEMS.

"Lady of Lyons" on February 4th.

ST. Valentine's Day comes on Sunday this year.

FIVE cent scribbling books, ruled, at THE TRIBUNE office.

Daily Globe, Mail, News and Witness for sale at THE TRIBUNE office.

MR. James Grant has been appointed sexton of the Roman Catholic Church.

Mr. WM. Patterson is moving into Mr. John Heggarty's house on Thomas-st.

SAVE your money by ordering all newspapers and magazines at THE TRIBUNE office.

The K. & P. Railway Co are enlarging their docks at Kingston for shipment of ore, &c. next summer.

MR. D. Kavanagh, Reeve of Dungannon and Faraday, has been elected Warden of Hastings by acclamation.

DESERONTO probably excels all other towns in the number of children attending its various Sunday schools.

HORSEY, the Kingston incendiary, pleaded guilty on the trial and was sentenced to fourteen years in penitentiary.

THERE was a large market on Tuesday, there being a good attendance of farmers from the surrounding country.

D. L. Paul, of Kingston, was sentenced to one year and three months imprisonment for getting money under false pretences.

The steamer Empress of India now lying at Picton is undergoing extensive repairs this winter, her deck being raised two feet.

THE Kirk Session of the Church of the Redeemer give an at-home to the members of the congregation in the church parlor this evening.

REV. Father McDonough has so far recovered as to be able to resume his duties. He conducted services in Deseronto last Sunday morning.

WE trust that all who have been borrowing and reading their neighbor's TRIBUNE will "swear off" and determine to have a copy for themselves.

THE main driving belt at the machine shop broke down on Monday afternoon and the sash factory had to close down for two hours in consequence.

A PLEASANT parlour social, under the auspices of the L. M. Association of the Church of the Redeemer, was held at the residence of Mrs. E. W. Rathbun last Friday evening with financial results highly satisfactory.

Rev. Prof. Mowat, of Queen's College, preached twice in the Church of the Redeemer last Sunday to appreciative congregations. Rev. R. J. Craig took three services the same day at Newburgh and Clark's Mills, &c.

THE *American Miller* says that in Turkey they tack the dishonest baker up to his shop door by the ears, so that his toes will just touch the ground, and furnish him with a razor so that he need not hang there a second longer than he wants to.

THE Young People of the Methodist congregation have taken action and decided to hold their Concert on the evening of Wednesday, February 10th. They will make elaborate arrangements and will leave nothing undone to make this the most successful entertainment of the season.

Rev. Dr. Bredin, of Colborne, will preach the annual educational sermons in the Methodist Church next Sunday morning and evening. There should be a large attendance on the occasion as the Dr. is one of the most eloquent clergymen in the Methodist Church in Canada.

THE O'Connor House had a narrow escape from destruction by fire last Monday afternoon. The fire started in the ceiling of the sample room and appears to have originated from a defective flue. Fortunately it did not gain much headway though smoke issued in dense volumes for a few minutes. The damage done was slight and the inconvenience occasioned by the fire was of very short duration.

LOCAL TRAIN.—For the benefit of the Travelling Public and to afford accommodation to the people of Deseronto, a mixed train leaves the R. R. Depot every morning at 7:45 for Kingston. Parties can go to Kingston or Napanee and back same day having about eight hours in Napanee and *four* in Kingston. Low rates of Fare. Kingston and return, $2.20. Napanee and return 50 cents.

NOW THAT the holidays are over and the spurt of business caused by them is past, it is in order to settle down into a steady and increasing trade. To do this our merchants should see that their stock of goods are kept up in good shape, fair prices asked, no more credit given than necessary, and by proper judicious advertising show purchasers that goods can be had here as cheaply as to trade in the larger places. That such is the fact there is no doubt, but our storekeepers do not always use means to make it known.

A FINE line of cheap note paper and envelopes at THE TRIBUNE office.

MR. A. H. MCGAUGHEY has been shipping four or five car-loads of finished lumber per day during the past week.

DR. IRISH, the dentist, will be at the Deseronto House on Wednesday the 3rd and Wednesday the 17th of February.

THE receipts of the N. T. & Q. Ry. thus far in January have been agreeably in excess of those of the same month last year.

EGAR is doing a rushing trade in disinfectants. Have you seen his stock of fancy goods. The best place in town to squander a dollar.

Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Cracked Peas, Crushed Wheat, Rolled Oats, and all kinds of Breakfast Cereals of the best quality at THE BIG STORE.

THE members of the County Council of Lennox and Addington together with the county officers take a trip over the N. T & Q. Ry. to day.

PARTIES have already commenced the work of harvesting the ice crop in this locality. The ice is considerably less in thickness than that of previous years.

IT is rumoured that Councillor Baker intends going into the grain buying business. Such a popular buyer located at Deseronto would be a great boon to the town and district.

Messrs Richardson and Muckleston, of Kingston spent Tuesday evening in Deseronto, their mission being in the interest of securing closer connection for Kingston with the N. T. & Q. Railway.

FARMERS express themselves as perfectly satisfied with the prices on the market this week They all await the advent of more buyers of grain at Deseronto. Next season will, we trust, find Deseronto a great grain market.

THE Rathbun Company have received orders from the Grand Trunk authorities for about 750,000 feet of sawed cedar lumber, which will be taken out along the line of the Midland Railway and on the Saugeen peninsula.

WALMSLEY AND SPAFFORD are now doing a fine business in Smith's brick block. They have a reputation through all Central Ontorio as dealers in the very best article of tea ,coffee and groceries. Call round tomorrow and inspect their goods.

Mr. WM. EVANS, of the shipyard, has been quite ill for a few days, being a victim of neuralgia, from which he has suffered frequently during the past few years. He has recovered so far as to be able to go east to the province of Quebec on some matters of business importance.

DESERONTO is becoming quite a hay market, as evidenced by the great number of loads brought to town last week. It has been coming in of late at the rate of fifteen loads a day. Three car-loads have been shipped by the Rathbun Company during the week. We observe that the prices in neighboring towns and districts is much weaker than at the commencement of the winter.

Another lot of that celebrated Japan Tea has just arrived at THE BIG STORE. The success that has attended their efforts during the last two years to purchase their teas direct from the tea growing Regions and thus furnish their customers with this delightful beverage fresh and at a lower price than can be approached by other dealers, has encouraged them to import a much larger quantity than usual in order to suply their continually increasing trade; Any person who uses their 50ct. Japan Tea once will have no other kind.

REV. JAMES SIEVERWRIGHT delivered a highly interesting and instructive lecture on the "Far West," in the White Church last Tuesday evening. He gave very graphic descriptions of that part of our Great Dominion, touching on the causes of the recent rebellion, the Indian question, the climate and prospects of the country. His narrations of the experience of the pioneer missionaries of the west were very amusing and instructive. The Reverend gentleman was loudly applauded at the close of the lecture. It is a pity our people do not take advantage of lectures such as these, as it would add very materially to their small stock of information on many important matters of general interest.

THE will of Mr. A. Mcneill, Napanee, has been examined. His wife receives $15,000, absolute, and the family residence; Mr. John McNeill, $2,000, and his wife a residence in Clarksville; Mrs. Wilson, $2,000; Miss Kitty McNeill, $1,000; Miss McCabe, $500; Mr. Michael Davern, Newburgh, $1,000; John D. Cameron, $5000; Mrs. Dwyre, $500; Miss Joey Davern. $200; Hotel Dieu and House of Providence, Kingston, each $200; memorial window in St. Patrick's Church, Napanee, $500; monument to his father, $500; monument to himself, $500. The estate is estimated at from $50,000 to $60,000. The bequests amount to about $25,000. The balance, it is presumed, will be divided up equally among the heirs.

THE *Intelligencer* says:—"Col-Sergt. Wrighton, who served in the North-West rebellion has answered the last roll call. He had been slightly indisposed for the past week or more, but none thought him seriously affected. Some time during Saturday night he awakened his wife, told her he was dying, and immediately expired. The deceased has been caretaker of the Young Men's Conservative Club rooms since the rebellion. He served for twenty-one years in the English army, doing service in India and passing through the Afghan war. He was quite methodical and unassuming in his ways, but every inch a soldier. The funeral, under the direction of "A" Company of the Midland Batt., was held from the residence on Coleman street, near the Baptist Church, to the cemetery on Tuesday at 2:30 p. m." The deceased, who resided in Deseronto shortly before the breaking out of the North-West insurrection, was in town last Friday visiting his friends.

PURCHASE your valentines at Egar's.

THE snow by-law is more honored in the breach than in its observance. Should these things be?

Mr. Frank Solmes, of Solmesville, leaves to-day on a trip to New York, New Orleans, and other points in the great Republic.

Mr. W. H. Lake, who has for many years been in charge of Eagle Mill at Roesmore, has been appointed manager of the Rathbun Company agency at Picton.

WE understand that the Orchestra that favored us last performance have generously offered their services for next Thursday night. Thanks gentlemen.

THE members of the Parochial Missionary Association of St Mark's Church are requested to meet at the residence of Mr. J. Hoppes, the president, next Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

THE Chief is 'laying low' for several parties who persist in driving along our streets without sleigh bells. He has succeeded in scaring the owners of fast trotting horses who now take to the ice to speed their fast steppers.

THE piano used by the Orchestra at the last performance of The Deseronto Dramatic Association was lent to them by Capt. Anderson, and the company desires us to publicly thank him on their behalf for the generous compliment

A GETLEMAN was in town on Thursday prospecting for a place to start a saloon in. As he thought we were reasonably well supplied with hotels he departed, without any long tarrying, to "seek green fields and pastures new."

UNDERGROUND water tanks similar to that in the centre ward should be constructed in the east and west ends of the village. The one constructed many years ago was well done and has been a good investment. This community has been very easy going in the matter of protection against fire.

MR. JOHN HOPPES, who has for many years been a foreman in the shingle department of the Cedar Mill of the Rathbun Company, retired from that position on Tuesday last. Mr. Hoppes has always proved himself a good citizen, and has been deservedly held in high esteem by all classes in this community.

THE *Mail* says that last Friday afternoon two young men named Maloney and Peter Walker were at work on a scaffold in Toronto when it gave way. They fell about 25 feet to the ground. The fire-pot and irons fell on Maloney cutting and burning him about the head. Walker (recently of Deseronto) was not much hurt.

BELLEVILLE has been suffering from floods caused by the anchor ice carried down the river. The low-lying sections of the city have been under water and the inhabitants exposed to much suffering and inconvenience. With milder weather and a liberal use of dynamite the water has fallen. The city authorities seem to have been tardy in their efforts to avert the calamity. The Dominion Government have sent an engineer to suggest a complete remedy.

THE reproduction of the "Lady of Lyons" next Thursday evening in aid of the destitute will be largely patronized. A citizens' Committee consisting of Messrs. A. A. Richardson, T. Roach, jr., M. D. Campbell, F. C. Whitton and W. G. Egar have the affair in hand, and are meeting with every encouragement. Tickets are placed at 25 cts., and reserved seats 40 cts. or 75 cts. a couple. Mr. Cameron places the hall at the disposal of the committee, and the plan may be seen at the Big Store.

RECOGNIZING the growing importance of Deseronto as a centre of trade, outside parties have been corresponding as to the possibility of securing proper premises for business purposes. There are several openings in this town for the proper men—men who will push and advertise their business. A number of neat and attractive shops are sadly needed, however, to draw this class of business men. Messrs. Stewart, Colp and other capitalists might remedy that state of affairs.

THE Ketcham Concert and Convention Company give a free concert in the Presbyterian School Room on Wednesday evening, Feb. 4th. A rich treat will be given by this talented company who have proved themselves exceedingly popular in other places. They will remain here a week giving lessons in music and singing, thus affording an opportunity of gaining instruction. It is hoped that choirs and all classes will avail themselves of these advantages.

IT is to be hoped that "The Lady of Lyons" will be extensively patronized next Thursday night, and a sufficient amount realized to meet the most urgent cases of destitution amongst us. The Dramatic Association will perform one of the finest plays in the English language, and we feel sure it will be put on the boards in superior style. Many of us have never seen this fine play, and those that have will lose nothing by seeing it a second time. The orchestra will be again under the direction of Mr. Sam Anderson, and as previously, we may expect a rich musical treat.

A CONFERENCE was held last Monday between our local board of health, the Tyendinaga board and Mr. Hill, agent of the Reserve, with the view of completing arrangements for the isolation of the small-pox patients at Eagle Hill. There are twelve persons in Johndraw's house only two of whom are now down with the disease. As soon as these are sufficiently recovered to permit of removal the building and its contents will probably be destroyed by fire. Drs. Newton and Clinton have been busy vaccinating and every precaution is being taken to prevent the spread of the disease in this district. It is hoped that this vigilance will not be in the least relaxed but that every person will continue to exercise the greatest care. It is only by acting thus for several weeks to come that safety can be ensured.

THE BRITISH BARMAID.

She is Apparently not such a Badly Abused Mortal as Has Been Supposed.

There is in reality no reason why a bar maid's should be a less resp ctable situation than that of any other class of worki g women, says the Pall Mall Gazette. In the low public houses and country inns, indeed, where a barmaid is kept the situation is different, but it is mostly girls from a very low class who enter such a situation, while the great majority of young girls who serve in restaurants and refreshment bars come from the middle class. They are generally the daughters of tradespeople, railway officials, and restaurant-keepers, and are, in the social scale, considered one degree below the young ladies who teach in elementary schools and hold places as nursery governesses.

A girl who wishes to take a situation as barmaid should not be under 18 years old. On applying for a place she is required to produce one or two references as to her respectability. She has then to pass a short examination in writing and simple arithmetic, her proficiency in the latter being one of the chief requirements. The examination satisfactorily passed, she is engaged on a month's trial, during which time she earns nothing besideher board and lodging. If, at the end of the month, she has satisfied her employers, she is permanently engaged, and begins her work at once. I should, perhaps, say here that this manner of training is only adopted in establishments where large numbers of barmaids are kept, while in small places the rules and regulations are less strict. What the work consists of need hardly be explained, for it is apparent to everybody who casts a glance at a public bar. Besides serving the customers, the bar maid has no duties but those of keeping her department neat and tidy. But, although it may at the first moment appear very easy to provide hungry visitors with refreshments, the attentive, civil young lady must nevertheless have a keen eye to business.

The hours of work can hardly be fixed. At some refreshment bars, such as, for instance, those at large railway stations, work begins very early in the morning; at others, again, very late hours are kept; but as a rule, nine to ten hours a day, with the usual intervals for meals, make up the working day. One evening a week is generally free and one Sunday every month. The wages vary from 8 shillings to 10 shillings a week. There is no doubt that only strong and healthy girls can be successful in this kind of employment—in which they are exposed to draughts and cold. The monotony and drudgery of which many women complain in their work, are entirely absent from the barmaid's life. The temptations to which she is said to be exposed, though they are not altogether fictitious, are exaggerated—a steady girl finding no difficulty in keeping a proper distance between herself and her customers without becoming rude, and a girl with a tendency to flirtation being as a rule, no good business woman, and therefore apt to be discharged. To many girls the bustling, hurrying life, the new faces, and the many topics discussed in her hearing are of great attraction, and as a rule barmaids are not a discontented class of women. After they have served for some years they may, if they do not marry, which, however, they often do, aspire to the post of a restaurant manager, who has the supervision of the establishment. As such they earn from 20 shillings upward a week, and if at the head of a large restaurant they are sure to be able to put by some savings. Many a woman who has begun life as a barmaid has, as a hotel-keeper, later on made a little fortune, and if she has any power of organization and understands housekeeping, no woman with a small capital to begin with will find it difficult to make a good living in this way.

A Tragedy of the Pacific.

The steamer Kildare arrived at Cooktown on Nov. 26, bringing David Brown, the sole survivor from the schooner Elibank Castle. The Elibank Castle left Brisbade a few months since on a copra trading expedition in charge of Capt. Routch. On a previous cruise two of her crew were massacred, she being then owned by Routch, but not sailed by him. On the last trip he determined to take personal charge, in order to work up a friendly business with the natives. He was between 50 and 60 years of age, and has a wife and a family residing in Edinburg.

The vessel went to the Solomon Islands and anchored. Fifteen or twenty natives came on board, carrying tomahawks and spears, and the Captain was showing them "trade," when they suddenly attacked the crew. David Brown was in the forecastle when he heard the cries. He took a revolver, and was going on deck, when one of the natives struck him with a tomahawk and drove him below. Another seaman, named Hugh Gildie, came down also, having one side of his face split open with a tomahawk. They both remained below until evening, while the natives were stripping the vessel of all the cargo. Then, hearing no noise, they went through the bulkhead into the hole and up the main hatch, just as it was getting dark. They saw a light in the cabin, and on going aft they met a native coming out. Brown fire's at him, but the revolver missed and the native grappled with him, when the revolver went off in the struggle and the bullet went through Brown's hand. He called on Gildie to fire, whereupon the latter shot the native in the head, and he fell down the cabin ladder. The sailors then closed the companionway and fired through the cabin windows at the two other natives inside, and killed them both. It then got dark, and they slipped the cable and made sail.

In the morning the dead bodies of the Captain, mate, cook, one seaman, and a native boy were all found lying on the deck, terribly gashed, and were buried at sea. The vessel drifted about for a week. They then sighted what Brown supposed to be New Guinea, and stranded on the reef. The vessel got off, but leaked so badly that the men put all the provisions, water, and the ship's papers into a boat. On the southwest side of New Guinea they got into a gale, and the sail, gibbing suddenly, knocked Gildie overboard, Brown being unable to help him owing to the heavy sea. Brown then sailed and drifted about for forty-eight days, when he reached Key Island, and was picked up by a Danish brig on Sept. 25. He had exhausted all the provisions in the boat. The crew of the Elibank Castle consisted of the Captain, mate, cook, and three seamen, and a native boy, all of whom perished except Brown.

The Pretty Baby.

"Isn't he a pretty baby, John? See, just look at him," and the mother holds up the tiny creature to papa, who kisses and fondles him lovingly.

"Yes, Kate, he is a pretty baby, but Tom was a pretty baby, too, you remember."

"Yes Tom was a pretty baby—everybody said so," and she glances across the room at a sunny-faced 4 year old, "but Willie is not like Tom. Willie's hair is light and his eyes," looking wistfully into the baby's face, "are dark and so deep, that when I look in them I am almost afraid, they have such a far away light, they seem to see something we cannot."

"Oh, nonsense! don't think that He'll grow up to be a fine fellow. But, Kate, I wouldn't think so much about him, he's a dear, good, little fellow, but I wouldn't worship him, it isn't right."

"As if I could help it," the mother says, reproachfully, pressing the slight form closer and looking into the dark eyes yearningly.

A month passes away, and one day they stand beside a small, white casket, within which the pretty baby is sleeping. Ah, the mother's eyes were sharp, and when friends said, "what beautiful bright eyes he has," she saw the far away look and knew it as the light that never was on land or sea.

"Oh, John, John!" she moaned, "I knew he wasn't long for this world. I could see it in his eyes. Oh, my pretty baby!"

"Yes, dear, you were right," says papa, and there is a quiver in the firm voice; "if it had pleased God to have left him with us we would have cared for him the best we could, but we must give him up, for it is His will, and He knows what is best for us."

"Yes, I know it," and she stoops and cuts a tiny wisp of hair from the baby's head. "Oh, John, you said I worshipped him. I did, oh, I did, and, God forgive me, I can't be sorry for it now, he was such a dear, pretty baby."

Years pass on. Other babies are born. They are all pretty babies, every one who sees them say that, but none are like the baby with the far away look. As they grow up they love to gather around mother's chair, and she never tires telling of the dark-eyed baby who went to live with God. And, when with childish curiosity they open the Bible to look at the pictures, and find between the leaves a tiny wisp of hair tied with a white satin ribbon, they touch it reverently and whisper beneath their breath: "The pretty baby."

Years still pass on. The children grow to be sturdy men and women, and as the mother watches them she sometimes thinks, "If he had lived he would have been such a beautiful man," and then she smiles and is glad that in Heaven there is no time, and no matter how the others may change he is still the pretty baby.

One day they gather around her bed, and looking in each other's face mornfully whisper:

"She is dying."

She stretches her thin hand toward the table on which the old Bible rests, and they say:

"The baby's hair."

They place it in her hand. She kisses it tenderly and a bright light comes into the dim old eyes, and they say:

"What does she see?"

She smiles and whispers: "The pretty baby."

They place the wisp of hair on her breast and fold the wrinkled hands upon it, and tenderly lay her by the side of the pretty baby.

ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN.

A Head Waiter Who Succeeded to a Tittle and £12,000 a Year.

A few day ago there sailed for England a young man whose career would furnish materials enough to construct a romance out of. His father was a younger son of a good family, and related collaterally to a baronet of old descent, living on a valuable estate in one of the midland counties. He was somewhat wild in his youth and a clever amateur actor. A junior clerkship was procured for him in the Treasury, and he used to spend as many of his evenings as he could in one or other of the theatres, where he fell in love with and married a pretty ballet girl, whose father was the stage door-keeper and whose mother was the wardrobe woman in the theatre from which her husband took her. The union gave great offence to his friends, who found very little difficulty in prevailing on him to quit England and go to Australia, accompanied by his wife, and furnished with the sum of £500 over and above their passage money.

During the voyage a son was born to them, and a serious disaster befell the child's father. He accidentally fell down the hold, and injured his spine so severally that he was bed-ridden from that time forth. He lingered for a twelvemonth after his landing, and then died. His protracted illness had exhausted his resources, and his young widow found herself worse than penniless—somewhat in debt after paying the funeral expenses. But she was a brave little woman, and soon obtained an engagement at the Theatre Royal, under her maiden name, and was enabled to maintain and give a tolerable education to her boy. She died of cancer before he was seventeen, and his life since then—which was about five years ago—has been one of vicissitudes.

Latterly he has been acting as waiter at one of our restaurants, where a certain inherited elegance of manner and refinement of accent on his part have often caused me to speculate as to his history. By chance I had the opportunity of rendering him a trifling service, which encouraged his confidence, and he told me his personal history. A few months ago glancing down the advertising columns of the *Times*, I noticed one enquiring for a missing heir, and the particulars given seemed to tally with those of his own narrative. I called his attention to it, and the result was the opening up of a correspondence with a firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields, followed in due time by a remittance from them and information that he had succeeded to a baronetcy and £12,000 a year.

No less than three lives had stood between him and it when the old possessor of the title died, but these three had all been removed by accident in the short space of 18 months. One had been drowned while bathing near Mount Agnall, in Jersey, a second had slipped into a crevasse upon the Alps, and a third had broken his neck while riding to hounds in his own country.—*Sydney (N. S. W.) Mail.*

CURRENT FUN.

They say those artificial eggs cannot be beaten.

The autocrat of the breakfast table—The baby in the high chair.

The difference between the Keely motor and a mare is that money makes the mare go.

An exchange asks why so many editors are bow-legged. It's the weight of their brains, sir.

Coffee is said to be an antidote for alcoholism, and a boarding-house is an excellent antidote for coffee.

A new story is entitled "The Editor's Wallet." We have not read it, but we know it must be very flat.

A news item says that "two medical journals are fighting over chewing gum." This shows the result of training editors at College.

It is curious how much faster a street car goes when you are running for it than it does when you are riding on it.

Beecher says there are times when a man must either swear or burst. There has never been a well authenticated case of an editor bursting.

"What are the 'seven ages of man,' Henry?" "Luggage, garbage, storage, mortgage, postage, shrinkage and dotage." He went right up to the head of the class.

It is said that Nathaniel Hawthorne never found it necessary to use an italicised word. Then he never hit his thumb with the hammer while driving a tack.

An editor whose three months' imprisonment for libel will expire in two days peers through the bars of his cell and writes of "The Hopeful Iron Outlook."

Father—Well, wife, I do not care what you say, I'm always for the under-dog in the fight. Little Boy (who has been silently listening to the argument)—Well, father, suppose it was two cats?

"Can you tell me whose picture is on $10 bills?' asked a caller of a country editor. "I don't know: I couldn't even tell you whose portrait is on $1 bills," replied the pen-pusher with an eight-line pica sigh.

Illustrated lecture in general chemistry: Professor—I will now treat, etc. Smith (who has been dozing under the influence of recent potations, half aroused by the familiar sound)—Good f'r you, ol' boy.

An Arizona paper tells of two well known local sports who shot each other to death the other day, and concludes by saying: "The sad affair is especially to be regretted as both the gentlemen were zealous reformers."

An Iowa judge has decided that a man is in duty bound to tell his wife where he spends his evenings when he is away from home. This decision is all right up to a certain extent, but suppose the man doesn't know!

"How many times have I got to climb up three flights of stairs to collect this bill?" said a bill collector to Gilhooly. "You can suit yourself about that. I m not going to move down in the cellar for the accommodation of bill collectors."

"Doctor, I have been terribly bitten by—" "Ah, indeed. Well, you must take the first steamer for Paris and—" "But, doctor, it was not a dog that bit me, but a snake." "Oh, I see. You must take the first canal boat for Paris, Kentucky."

Wife: "There! the paper says that the Redwood family, out in the Yosemite valley are often seen with trunks forty feet in diameter. Now, don't you ever complain of the size of my trunks again, Richard. Those Redwoods aren't much of a family, either. I never heard of them."

"I was surprised to see you come out of a saloon with that disreputable old tramp, colonel. Did you invite him to drink?" "No, certainly not," replied the colonel, straightening up; "but I felt sorry for the poor old chap, and when he asked me to take something I hadn't the heart to refuse."

First Office Boy: "Where did you get that 'ere quarter?' Second Office Boy: "Bors guv it to me. Boss is feeling fly dis mornin'." First Office Boy: "Wot's the cause of it? Wife gone outer town?" Second Office Boy: "Naw! his stylergraphic pen worked for tho fust time in two years."

"Here is a curious case, ma'am," said the Superintendent of the insane asylum. "This man imagines he is the motive power that runs the world. He's perfectly harmless, though, but he thinks the world wouldn't move without him. Very queer notion, isn't it?" "I don't know about that; my husband has got the same notion in his head."

Bassale to Gintop, about to annihilate a hot Scotch: "Here, old man, I thought you told me you had sworn off on New-Years." Gintop, after hesitating suspiciously: "I did, sure enough, But when I remembered to-day that New Years fell on Friday, I made up my mind to recall it and wait until next year. I will never begin a great reform on an unlucky day."

Hotel Clerk—"Excuse me sir, but you are Colonel Blood, are you not?" Colonel Blood—"Yes, sah." Hotel clerk—"From Kentucky?' Colonel Blood—"Yes, sah." Hotel clerk—"Room 444?" Colonel Blood—"Yes, sah." Hotel clerk—"Thanks, Colonel. The three bottles attached to the wall on your room are hand grenades; their contents are to be used in case of fire only."

"Mother," said a little Rockland girl, looking up from her book, "what does transatlantic mean?" "Oh, across the Atlantic, of course. Don't bother me; you made me forget my count." "Does trans mean across?" "I suppose it does. If you don't stop bothering me with your questions you'll go to bed." "Then does transparent mean a cross parent?' Ten minutes later she was resting in her little couch.

The Sour Looking Passenger Touched his Tender Spot.

"Well, that beats me," exclaimed a sour looking passenger to a subdued sort of a man, who sat in front of him; "just listen to the jaw of that woman across the aisle. If I had a wife like that I would get a divorce in two weeks."

"Do you think it would be possible?"

"Possible? You bet; I'm a lawyer, and I'd find a way to do it so quick it would make her head swim."

"Do you mean it?" inquired the subdued looking man, earnestly.

"Of course. But what's that to you?"

"To me, stranger! Ah, were it nothing she is my wife.

CHILDREN'S DROLLERIES.

The interest shown in the droll doings and amusing observations of little folks, is proved by the success of recent works on the subject. Most of us have some time or another heard children come out with as comical things as any, invented or otherwise, that we see chronicled. Not long since, a correspondent sent to a provincial paper an anecdote of the kind referred to, of which his six-year-old boy was the hero. He says: 'I keep a shop, and sell fancy goods. A gentlemen came in to buy something It was early, and my little boy and I were alone in the house at the time. The gentleman gave me a sovereign, and I had to go upstairs to my cash-box. Before doing so, I went into the little room next to the shop and said to the boy: "Watch the gentleman, that he don't steal anything;" and I put him on the counter. As soon as I returned, he sang out: "Pa, he did't steal anything—I watched him." You may imagine what a position I was in.'

Children's questions are often no less embarrassing than they are amusing, as may be instanced in the story of the mercenary little boy who overheard a conversation respecting a wedding that was soon to take place. At breakfast next morning he recalled the subject by asking the following question: "Pa, what do they want to give the bride away for? Can't they sell her?'—A little one returning from the 'Zoo' through Regent's Park with a friend of the writer's, pointed to some flowers growing there, and inquired if they were *tame* ones; meaning, of course, with his thoughts on the animals he had just seen, the reverse of wild.—At a whale exhibition, a youngster is said to have asked his mamma if the whale that swallowed Jonah had as large a mouth as the one before them, why didn't Jonah walk out at one corner.

'You must think Jonah was a fool; he did'n want to walk out and get drowned,' was the quick reply of a younger brother, before the mother could answer.

It is related of another infant inquirer who was looking with great interest at a foaming pan of milk, that he suddenly exclaimed: 'Mamma, where do cows get the milk from?'—'Where do you get your tears?' was the answer.—After a thoughtful silence—in which the mention of tears had evidently recalled certain associations—he again broke out: 'Mamma, *do the cows have to be spanked?*'—On seeing a house being whitewashed, a small boy of three wanted to know if the house was going to be shaved.—'Do you know how I get into bed so quick, mamma?' said a little girl.—'No, darling; how do you?' was the reply.—'Why, I put one foot on the bed, and then holler out "Rats!" and scare myself right in.'—A lady when admiring the stars on a bright night in a tropical climate, was suddenly asked in the most innocent way by her little son of five years old if those were the nails that held up heaven.

Apt replies of little people when scolded or questioned find many illustrations, as, for example, when a little girl, after being sharply reproved by her mother for some misconduct, said after a moment's pause: 'I should fink, mamma, from the way you treat me, you was my step-movver.'—A four-year-old boy lying on a bed in which his brother was also to sleep, replied, when his mother exclaimed: 'Why, Tommy, you are lying right in the middle of the bed; what will poor Harry do?' 'Well mother, Harry has got both sides.'—Another youngster of about the same age, seated at the tea-table, said: 'Mamma, may I have some sardines?' —'Wait till I'm ready, child.' 'Why, Ma, it's me 'at wants 'em,' was the comment, in tones of surprise.—A boy who had always refused to eat oatmeal, in spite of his mother's urgings that it was a strengthening diet, suddenly surprised her one morning by eating a liberal plateful and calling for more. Upon his mother asking for an explanation, he replied: 'I am bound to eat oatmeal till I am strong enough to whip Johnny Scott.'

Little Freddie when visiting a neighbor's house was offered a piece of bread-and-butter which he accepted, but without any show of gratitude.—'What do you say, Freddie?' hinted the lady, expecting him to say, 'Thank you.'—'I say it ain't cake,' was the impolite response.—The father of a family, after reading from the morning paper that the cold the night before was intense, the theremometer registering many degrees below freezing point, said; 'Now, children, I suppose you are taught all about that at school. Which of you can tell me what the freezing-point is?'—'The point of my nose, papa,' was the prompt reply from one of the youngsters.

A gentleman somewhat advanced in life, and who was never remarkable for his good looks, asked his grandchild what he thought of him. The boy's parents were present. The youngster made no reply. 'Well, why won't you tell me what you think of me?—'Cause I don't want to get licked,' was the answer.—An American mother, who fondly put the query to her young son, 'What would you do without a mother, Tom?' was dumfounded with the reply: 'Do as I liked, Ma.'—A mother once showed her child a beautiful doll, a St. John, of fine make and color. 'See,' she said, 'he has been very good; and heaven always rewards the good by making them beautiful.' —'Oh,' said the child, lifting its shoulders, 'don't believe that, mamma. This little St. John looks very meek b cause he's all glued up; but if he could only move, you'd see!'

A little girl one morning remarked to her mamma that her 'button-shoes were hurting; and probably thought relief might come by changi g right to left. 'Why, Lucy, you've put them on wrong feet!'—Puzzled and just ready to cry, she exclaimed: 'What'll I do, mamma? They're all the feet I've got!'—An affectionate mother noticing her little daughter wipe her mouth with her dress sleeve, asked what her handkerchief was for, and received for answer: 'It's to shake at the ladies in the street; that's what papa does with his.'

A nurse asked a little boy how much he loved her.—'How much is twelve-and-sixpence?' was the response. This was a sum he had lately heard his father mention, and in his childish notion, seemed the fittest standard wherewith to guage the capacity of anything.—'Which of you two is the nicest?' was the question put by a gentleman about to give some sweets to twin sisters of tender years. 'She is,' instantly replied both, pointing simultaneously to one another; an instance of polite self-denial that affords a strong contrast to the usual thoughtless egotism of youngsters.

Children's remarks are at times even more entertaining than their comical queries and replies. One of two children who were amusing themselves by coloring pictures, suddenly exclaimed: 'Well, how stupid of me to paint that cow blue!'—'Oh, it's blue with the cold?' quickly observed the other. —A little girl on being told something which greatly amused her, vowed that 'she would remember it the whole of her life, and when she forgot it she would write it down.'—A canary had begun to twitter a little after moulting, but was unable to sing its entire tune. A little four-year-old, after listening to one of the bird's vain attempts to master his tune, said very composedly: 'Mamma, birdie only sang half a verse.' Canaries bring to mind their enemies the cats. A gentleman had a cat which gave birth to five kittens. On ordering three of them to be drowned, his little boy said: 'Pa, do not drown them in cold water. Warm it first; they may catch cold before they are dead.'—A relative of the writer's crossing the Channel when he was a very small boy, suffered much from sea sickness. Hearing a good deal of talk on board about the motion of the steamer, he confidentially informed his parents on landing, that 'if *he* had a boat, he wouldn't have any motion to it.'

The following remark of a little girl shows an opinion of her elders the reverse of flattering. 'Oh dear!' she exclaimed to her doll, 'I do wish you would sit still. I never saw such an uneasy thing in all my life. Why don't you act like grown folks, and be still and stupid for a while?'—In contrast to this was the delicate compliment paid by an American boy to his mother The family were discussing at the supper-table the qualities which go to make up the good wife. Nobody thought the little fellow had been listening or could understand the talk, until he leaned over the table and kissed his mother, and said: 'Mamma, when I get bige nough, I'm going to marry a lady just like you.'

NOTES BY THE WAY.

A paragraph running the round of the German papers says that "the English statesman Goschen is writing a biography of his grandfather, the publisher of the works of Goethe, Schiller and Wieland." It is reported that a considerable number of bitherto unpublished letters of these poets will appear in the volume.

Lord and Lady Wolseley entertained fifty students from the Working Women's College, at their house in London quite recently. After tea the host showed the visitors his medals and decorations and various trophies from all parts of the world. The remainder of the evening was devoted to music. On leaving, each student was presented with a lace handkerchief as a souvenir of her visit to Lord Wolseley of Cairo.

At the funeral of Emil Freniz at Hoboken N. J., the other day, Frederick Eiper, one of the pall bearers, declared that he had seen the corpse open its eyes and close them again. The burial services were stopped and a physician was summoned. He said, however, that the man was dead and that Eiper had been mistaken. The services were resumed and the body was buried. Eiper was so positive that he saw the dead man's eyes open that he declined to act as pall bearer.

An English engineer who is regarded with the highest esteem among railroad constructors, has advanced the opinion that American bridge builders are, for bridges of all ordinary sizes, completely cutting the English builders out of the market for Canada and other colonies, and that this is chiefly due to the baneful effect of Board of Trade rules, which, instead of improving, have caused the depreciation of English bridges by the use of the common material which will stand the four and five tons tensile and compressive strains.

One marked peculiarity about Mr. Worth, the Paris man milliner, is his great dislike to perfume in any shape. His workmen are prohibited from using scents, and even from wearing flowers during their working hours. When a lady sends him her costly laces for the adornment of new dresses, all odorous from long sojourning in perfumed satchels, the first thing that he does is to cause them to be thoroughly aired. He never suffers any of his subordinates to drape or arrange fine laces, reserving that difficult and delicate detail for himself, and accordingly every trace of perfume must be eradicated before he can touch them.

A Modern Jack Sheppard.

A burglar named Hacket exhibited abilities that were worthy of Mr. John Sheppard. He had been arrested on suspicion of participation in a very daring burglary, and also for an assault on a policeman named Storey. He was locked up in one of the cells of the Marlborough police court, secured by one of Chubb's patent locks and two outside bolts. When the jailer went to the cells to take the man before the sitting magistrate at 11 in the morning the bird had flown. On the Derby day that year the policeman Storey saw him in a chaise cart going over London bridge. After long pursuit and a dreadful fight he was captured, and received a sentence of fifteen years' transportation at the Old Bailey. At Newgate he made another attempt to escape, but his plan was discovered. He was then conveyed to the Model prison at Pentonville, where he was detected cutting through the bars of his prison Extra precautions were taken in the case of such a noted prisoner. This proved to be in vain. On Sunday evening Hacket went to divine service in the prison chapel. He had managed to conceal about him the sheets and rope of his bed, the spring of the cell door fashioned into a "jimmy," and a metal weight. As soon as he entered his compartment of the chapel—which seems not to have been overlooked by any of the prison warders, as ought to have been the case—he forced up the flooring, got under the gallery, broke his way through a zinc ventilator, and gained a small closet. He then got through a window, over a parapet wall, along which he walked until he climbed the roof of the governor's house, six feet above the wall. He then got rid of his convict clothing—always the surest means of detection—except shirt and trousers, and succeeded in sliding down a gable end wall into the street. The following evening he sent the following letter to the governor of the jail: "George Hacket presents his compliments to the governor of the Model prison, Pentonville, and begs to apprise him of his happy escape from the jail. He is in excellent spirits, and can assure the governor that it would be useless for his men to pursue him; that he is quite safe, and in a few days intends to proceed to the continent that he may recruit his health.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

HOME.

A party of men have left Kingston to make preparations for beginning operations at the Iron mines.

Major Smith, of the 47th Battalion, has accepted the command of the 14th Battalion, resigned by Colonel Kerr.

Two of the five gipsy children who were abandoned in Kingston have died of scarlet fever, and the others are ill with the disease

Military circles in Kingston are again excited over an order calling out another company of the 14th Battalion for garrison duty in the barracks.

At a meeting of the Ontario Beekeepers' Association, held in Toronto, it was decided to send a display of honey to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition.

It is proposed to appoint a commission of civil engineers to enquire into and find a remedy for the periodical floods caused in Montreal by the rise in the St. Lawrence.

Two streets in Belleville have been flooded to a depth of two feet in consequence of the water having been dammed back by anchor ice at the mouth of the Moira river.

Great distress prevails on the north-east coast of Cape Breton, the settlers and fishermen having been prevented from getting in their winter supplies by the severe weather.

The names of the parties who stole Miss Bennett's corpse from the vault at Sandhill, near Kingston, have been secured by the lady's relatives, who intend prosecuting them.

The floods in the western section of Montreal are gradually subsiding. Great distress exists among the people thrown out of employment by the stoppage of the various factories.

The plans and specifications for the deepening of the Welland canal have been prepared, and are on exhibition at the office of the Chief Engineer of the Department in Ottawa.

Lachlan McDonald, of Galt, has been arrested on the charge of attempting to murder his wife with an axe during a quarrel. Mrs. McDonald is in a very low condition from her wounds.

The Kingston School Board has decided to hold an investigation into the conduct of one of its employes who is alleged to have been concerned in bringing the objectionable minstrel show to the city recently.

The survey of the Canadian Pacific air line from Smith Falls to Montreal, which is expected to shorten the distance between the latter city and Toronto by at least fifty miles, has commenced, and construction will be begun early in the spring.

Attorney General Mowat has decided not to proceed further against Lewis A. McDonald, who is under arrest at Toronto on a charge of wilful murder in causing the death of Wm. Hobbs, barber, the coroner's jury having brought in a verdict of accidental death.

Five extensive warehouses, with their contents, were completely destroyed by the fire in Montreal the other morning, and several others more or less damaged by fire and water. The total loss is estimated at a little over $200,000, with about $150,000 insurance.

George McCabe, a former resident near London, Ont., who was reported to have died in Dakota a few days ago, after having confessed the murder of four wives and attempted to murder a fifth, turned up in Chicago the other day and denied the whole story.

A boarding-house at Germania, near Gravenhurst, caught fire early the other morning, the sleeping inmates, seventeen in number, being awakened by the flames. They narrowly escaped with their lives, and almost naked, several being so badly burned that their recovery is doubtful.

The practical joker fiend caused a sensation in Hamilton the other Sunday night by placing an imitation dynamite bomb in the hallway of a public building. It caused a scare when found, but on being opened was found to contain only a lump of ice and a few harmless pieces of wire.

It is stated that, in response to representations made by Father Lacombe that the half breeds in the Batoche district were in a wretched condition, the Government have directed the Governor of the territory to supply food and clothing to those he may find upon investigation to be in need of it.

At a meeting held in Ottawa of gentlemen engaged in collecting exhibits for the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, it was shown that those already offered were thoroughly representative of the Dominion, and that, despite the large increase of space allotted, it would be difficult to find room to adequately display the various collections.

Early the other morning Abner Laing, Scotch, aged 48, was found lying in the snow at the corner of Queen and Hunter streets, Hamilton. He had his hands and face so badly frozen that the hospital physicians may have to amputate the hands. Laing has only lived in Hamilton a short time and had been drinking.

The commission appointed to enquire into the loss of the steamer Algoma have delivered their judgment, cancelling the certificate of Captain Moore and First Officer Hastings for twelve and six months respectively. The Minister of Marine has approved the decision, but owing to Captain Moore's previous good record has shortened the suspension of his certificate by three months

The other night No. 26 mixed, going east on the G. T. R. struck an unknown man half a mile west of Belle River, and knocked him into the ditch. He was picked up, but life was found to be extinct. He was walking along the track at the time of the occurrence, and was not observed until the train was so close upon him that the engineer was unable to stop. As none of the railway men could recognize him it is supposed he was a tramp,

AMERICAN.

Two boys from Newark, N. J., who were treated by M. Pasteur for hydrophobia, have arrived home.

There is now no doubt that the remains of Col. Wright and J. B. Balworth are buried in the ruins of the building which collapsed at Louisville, Ky., the other day.

A commission of two gentlemen appointed by the American Fishery Union of New England to make a tour of enquiry and engineer an agitation against the renewal of a reciprocity treaty with Canada have arrived in Buffalo.

It is stated that the losses of cattlemen through the cold snap in Texas will mount up into the millions. The water pools on the ranges are frozen solid and the grass is buried in snow, and the cattle are perishing by hundreds from cold and famine.

It is rumored in Rutland, Vt., that McNeil, the defaulting president of the Lancaster Bank, was murdered by his accomplices in Vermont and not allowed to escape to Canada. Mrs. McNeil is represented as believing that her husband is dead. The Boston detectives, who recovered the bank's money, are in Rutland at work on the murder theory.

FOREIGN.

Germany has seized the islands of Samoa in the Pacific ocean.

A society has been formed in Paris to poison unmuzzled dogs.

A snow-storm, which lasted fourteen hours, visited Vienna the other day.

A report is current in Cairo that an Arab army is advancing under El Khalifi.

The Princess of Wales has almost recovered from the effects of her recent illness.

M. De Lesseps is confident that the Panama canal will be completed by the end of 1888.

It is understood the Earl of Carnarvon will shortly resign the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland.

The Duchess of Argyle, the Marquis of Lorne's stepmother, is now in a more hopeful condition.

The Duke of Westminster, a Liberal peer, believes England will never grant Home Rule to Ireland.

Prince Bismarck is the first Protestan that has ever received the decoration of the Order of Christ.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, the Nationalist member of Parliament, has severed his connection with the *Daily News*.

The London *Telegraph* says the conference of Parnellite members of Parliament held in Dublin was a fiasco.

Sir Edward Thornton has arrived at Constantinople, and will immediately assume his duties as British ambassador.

The Dominion fishery exhibit at Ottawa will be packed for shipment to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition next week.

King Ludwig of Bavaria is living in the strictest seclusion, and it is hinted in court circles that his Majesty is insane

It is stated an ukase has been issued threatening the Expulsion from Russia of all Prussians who have not been naturalized.

Sir Herbert E. Maxwell intends introducing a bill in the Imperial Parliament providing for the flogging of dynamitards.

A Carlist chief, while smuggling muskets into Spain from the French frontier, got lost in a mountain gully and was frozen to death.

A mysterious murder is reported from Bordeaux, where a young woman was killed by a man who entered her room in disguise.

Six hundred convicts in the prison at Riom in the department of Puy-de-Dome, France, have revolted and secured possession of the prison.

The Imperial Government does not intend to prevent Mr. Bradlaugh sitting in the House of Commons as member for Northampton.

The municipal authorities of Paris have undertaken the care and education of three daughters of Olivier Pain, who lost his life in the Soudan.

M. de Lesseps says the French investments in the Suez canal had been returned tenfold, and he expected the Panama canal would be equally fruitful.

A cyclone, lasting twenty minutes, passed over the middle counties of England lately, doing a great deal of damage to property. Two persons were killed.

An Irish High Sheriff, writing to the London *Times*, takes a very gloomy view of the situation. He says a famine is approaching, and with it will come lawlessness.

The inhabitants of the Philippine islands have subscribed $40,000 to buy torpedo-boats with which to prevent the occupation of the islands by a foreign power.

Farmers in Wales are demanding a permanent reduction of 25 per cent. in their rents, fixity of tenure, and compensation for making improvements on their holdings.

The London *Daily News* says it is rumoured at the Government Office that a *coup d'état* in Ireland, and that Gen. Wolseley is to be appointed to the command of the military forces in that country.

An Alsace peasant sold his wife recently for an ox and 200 marks, but when the purchaser arrived to take home the woman he had her berating her husband with such a shrewish tongue that he withdrew from the bargain.

A strange suicide and attempted murder is related by a Paris correspondent. A banker's clerk named Bastien waking in the night requested his wife to get him a drink of water, and while she was absent he put some prussic acid and sugar in two glasses, and, filling them with water, asked her to join him in a drink of *eau sucre*, drinking his glass down as he spoke, and expired almost instantly. The wife only took a mouthful and is seriously ill.

Point of View.

We are apt to look at things from our own point of view. This practise saves one the trouble of changing position, but one gets, at times, a curious view of things, as in the case of the sailor and the sympathizing lady passenger.

An English gentleman and his wife were coming over to the United States, upon an ocean steamer. Soon after they were fairly in blue water, one of the crew became mutinous and received a severe cut on the head from the hand of the captain, and in the presence of the passengers.

The lady, who was beginning to suffer from sea-sickness, was much shocked and alarmed, became very ill, and retreated to her cabin, from which she did not venture again until they were almost in sight of land.

The first day she came on deck, the man she had seen struck down was at the wheel. Approaching him with kindly interest, she inquired,—

"How's your head now?"

The sailor, who was used to rough usage and had forgotten all about the little tap his own head had received, thought the lady was inquiring about the ship's course, and replied,—

"West and by nor ma'am."

INVALIDS' HOTEL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE

No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Not a Hospital, but a pleasant Remedial Home, organized with

A FULL STAFF OF EIGHTEEN PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,

And exclusively devoted to the treatment of all Chronic Diseases.

This imposing Establishment was designed and erected to accommodate the large number of invalids who visit Buffalo from every State and Territory, as well as from many foreign lands, that they may avail themselves of the professional services of the Staff of skilled specialists in medicine and surgery that compose the Faculty of this widely-celebrated institution.

NOT ALWAYS NECESSARY TO SEE PATIENTS.

By our original system of diagnosis, we can treat many chronic diseases just as successfully without as with a personal consultation. While we are always glad to see our patients, and become acquainted with them, show them our institutions, and familiarize them with our system of treatment, yet we have not seen one person in five hundred whom we have cured. The perfect *accuracy* with which scientists are enabled to reduce the most minute particulars in their several departments, appears almost miraculous, if we view it in the light of the early ages. Take, for example, the electro-magnetic telegraph, the greatest invention of the age. Is it not a marvelous degree of accuracy which enables an operator to *exactly* locate a fracture in a submarine cable nearly three thousand miles long? Our reliable "clerk of the weather" has become so thoroughly familiar with the most wayward elements of nature's mind that he can accurately predict their movements. He can sit in Washington and foretell what the weather will be in Florida or New York as well as if several hundred miles did not intervene between him and the places named. And so in all departments of modern science, what is required is the knowledge of certain *signs*. From these scientists deduce accurate conclusions regardless of distance. So, also, in medical science, diseases have certain unmistakable signs, or symptoms, and by reason of this fact, we have been enabled to originate and perfect a system of determining, with the greatest accuracy, the nature of chronic diseases, without seeing and personally examining our patients. In recognizing diseases without a personal examination of the patient, we claim to possess no miraculous powers. We obtain our knowledge of the patient's disease by the practical application, to the practice of medicine, of well-established principles of modern science. And it is to the accuracy with which this system has endowed us that we owe our almost world-wide reputation for skillfully treating lingering or chronic affections. This system of practice, and the marvelous success which has been attained through it, demonstrate the fact that diseases display certain phenomena, which, being subjected to scientific analysis, furnish abundant and unmistakable data, to guide the judgement of the skilful practitioner aright in determining the nature of diseased conditions. The most ample resources for treating lingering or chronic diseases, and the greatest skill, are thus placed within the easy reach of every invalid, however distant he or she may reside from the physicians making the treatment of such affections a specialty. Full particulars of our original, scientific system of examining and treating patients at a distance are contained in **"The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser."** By R. V. Pierce, M. D. 1000 pages and over 300 colored and other illustrations. Sent, post-paid, for $1.50. Or write and describe your symptoms, inclosing ten cents in stamps, and a complete treatise, on your particular disease, will be sent you, with our terms for treatment and all particulars.

MARVELOUS SUCCESS.

SIGNS OF DISEASE.

OUR FIELD OF SUCCESS.

NASAL, THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES. Recognizing the fact that no great institution dedicated exclusively to the treatment of chronic diseases, would meet the needs of the afflicted of our land, without the most perfect, complete and extensive provision for the most improved treatment of **diseases of the air-passages** and lungs, such as **Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Asthma,** and **Consumption,** we have made this branch of our institution one of the leading Departments. We have every kind of useful instrument for examining the organs involved, such as rhinoscopes, laryngoscopes, stethoscopes, spirometers, etc., etc., as well as all of the most approved kinds of apparatus for the application of sprays, fumigations, atomizations, pulverizations, inhalations, and all other forms of approved medicinal applications.

We publish three separate books on Nasal, Throat and Lung diseases, viz.: A Treatise on Consumption, Laryngitis and Bronchitis; price, postpaid, ten cents; A treatise on Asthma, or Phthisic, giving new and successful treatment; price, postpaid, ten cents; A treatise on Chronic Nasal Catarrh, price, postpaid, two cents.

DISEASES OF DIGESTION. **Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Obstinate Constipation, Chronic Diarrhœa, Tape-worms,** and kindred affections are among those chronic diseases in the successful treatment of which our specialists have attained unparalleled success. Many of the diseases affecting the liver and other organs contributing in their functions to the process of digestion, are very obscure, and are not infrequently pronounced by both laymen and physicians for other maladies, and treatment is employed directed to the removal of a disease which does not exist. Our Complete Treatise on diseases of the Digestive Organs will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

KIDNEY DISEASES. **BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES,** and kindred maladies, have been very largely treated, and cures effected in thousands of cases which had been pronounced beyond hope. The study and practice of chemical analysis and microscopical examination of the urine in our consideration of cases, with reference to correct diagnosis, in which our institution long ago became famous, has naturally led to a very extensive practice in diseases of the urinary organs. Our specialists have acquired, through a vast and varied experience, great expertness in determining the *exact* nature of each case, and, hence, have been successful in *nicely* adapting their remedies for the cure of each individual case.

The treatment of diseases of the urinary organs having constituted a prominent branch, or specialty, of our practice at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, and, being in constant receipt of numerous inquiries for a complete but concise work on the nature and curability of these maladies, we have published a large illustrated treatise on these diseases, which will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

BLADDER DISEASES. **INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, Gravel, Enlarged Prostate Gland, Retention of Urine,** and kindred affections are among those in which the cure of which our specialists have achieved marvelous success. These are fully treated of in our illustrated pamphlet on Urinary Diseases. It includes numerous testimonials from well-known people. Sent by mail for ten cents in stamps. Send for it at once.

STRICTURE. **STRICTURES AND URINARY FISTULÆ.**—Hundreds of cases of the worst form of stricture, many of them long and painfully neglected by the careless use of instruments in the hands of inexperienced physicians and surgeons, causing false passages, urinary fistulæ, and other complications, annually consult us for relief and cure. That no case of this class is too difficult for the skill of our specialists is proved by cures reported in our illustrated treatise on these maladies, to which we refer with pride. To intrust this class of cases to physicians of small experience, is a dangerous experiment. Many a man has been ruined for life by so doing, while thousands annually lose their lives through unskillful treatment. Send particulars of your case and ten cents in postage stamps, for a large, illustrated treatise containing many testimonials.

NERVOUS DISEASES. **Epileptic Convulsions, or Fits, Paralysis, or Palsy, Locomotor Ataxia, St. Vitus's Dance, Insomnia,** or inability to sleep, and **Nervous Debility,** arising from overstudy, excesses, and other causes, and every variety of nervous affection, are treated by our specialists for years past in cases with a measure of success heretofore regarded as impossible. See numerous cases reported in our different illustrated pamphlets on nervous diseases, for one of which we will send for ten cents in postage stamps, when request for them is accompanied with a statement of a case for consultation, so that we may know which one of our Treatises to send.

DISEASES OF WOMEN. So alarmingly prevalent are those chronic diseases peculiar to females, and so famous have our institutions become for their cure that we were long ago obliged to create a special department, thoroughly organized, and devoted exclusively to the treatment of these cases. The physicians and surgeons in this Department have made these delicate diseases their sole study.

Hundreds are brought to our institutions from far distant States on beds, and they go home well and strong. Every case consulting our specialists, whether by letter or in person, is given the most careful and considerate attention. Every important, case (and we get few which have not already baffled the skill of all the home physicians) has the benefit of a full Council, composed of skilled specialists. Our Department and rooms for ladies in the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute are so arranged as to be very private, and free from the annoyances so common in other institutions. Send ten cents in postage stamps for our large Complete Treatise on Diseases of Women, illustrated with numerous wood-cuts and colored plates.

PILE TUMORS. **PILES, FISTULA IN ANO,** and other diseases affecting the region of the lower bowel, are largely treated, and with marvelous success, by specialists, who give their whole time to the study and treatment of this class of affections. We never fail to cure pile tumors, however large. When the patient can come here for treatment, **we will guarantee a cure.**

Fortunately for suffering humanity, a method of treatment has been perfected and thoroughly tested in our institutions, by which in from six to fifteen days radical and perfect cures of the worst forms of piles are effected without causing any severe suffering. Send ten cents in stamps for our large illustrated Treatise on Piles.

RUPTURE. **Hernia** (Breach), or **Rupture,** no matter of how long standing, of what size, or what the age of the patient may be (if not under four years), is **speedily and radically cured in every case undertaken by our specialists, without the knife, without dependence upon trusses, without pain, and without danger.**

THROW AWAY TRUSSES. There is no longer any need of wearing clumsy, awkward, chafing, old trusses, which, at best, give only partial relief, which never cure, but often inflict great injury and induce inflammation and strangulation, from which thousands annually die.

NOT SAFE. There is no safety in depending upon any kind of truss, though, no doubt, every man who has worn one suffered the agonies of a strangulated hernia, and died, thought himself safe. Both the rupture and the truss keep up a mental strain and induce nervous debility and various organic weaknesses of the kidneys, bladder, and associate organs.

CURES GUARANTEED in every case undertaken. Can any sufferer ask for greater inducements than these?

Notwithstanding the great number of ruptures treated in the three years past, many of them of immense size and of such a character that no other plan of treatment could possibly have succeeded, every case to which this perfected system of treatment has been thoroughly applied, has been perfectly cured. Only a few days residence at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical institute is necessary.

Abundant references, by permission of those whom we have cured, will be furnished to any one wishing to call upon or write them.

An illustrated treatise on Rupture sent to any address upon receipt of ten cents.

DELICATE DISEASES. Organic weakness, nervous debility, premature decline of the manly powers, involuntary vital losses, and kindred affections, are speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured.

To those acquainted with our institutions it is hardly necessary to say that the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, with the branch establishment located at No. 3 New Oxford Street, London, England, have, for many years, enjoyed the distinction of being the most largely patronized and widely celebrated institutions in the world for the treatment and cure of those affections which arise from youthful indiscretions and pernicious, solitary practices.

We, many years ago, established a special Department for the treatment of these diseases, under the management of some of the most skillful physicians and surgeons on our Staff, in order that all who apply to us might receive all the advantages of a full Council of the most experienced medical men.

WE OFFER NO APOLOGY. We offer no apology for devoting so much attention to this neglected class of diseases, believing no condition of humanity is too wretched to merit the sympathy and best services of the noble profession to which we belong. Many who suffer from these terrible diseases contract them innocently. Why any reputable man intent on doing good, and alleviating suffering, should shun such cases, we cannot imagine. Why any one should consider it otherwise than most honorable to cure the worst cases of these diseases, we cannot understand; and yet of all the other maladies which afflict mankind there are probably none about which physicians in general practice know so little.

We fully agree with the celebrated Dr. Bartholow, who says, "I think it a reproach to our profession that this subject has been permitted, in a measure by our own indifference, to pass into the hands of unscrupulous pretenders. Because the subject is disagreeable, the competent physicians are loath to be concerned with it. The same unnecessary fastidiousness causes the treatment of this malady to be avoided in private practice."

We shall, therefore, continue, as heretofore, to treat with our best consideration, sympathy, and skill, all applicants who are suffering from any of these delicate diseases.

Our Complete and Illustrated Treatise on these subjects is sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in stamps.

ALL CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY.—Although we have, in the preceding paragraphs, made mention of some of the special ailments to which particular attention is given by the specialists at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, yet the institution abounds in skill, facilities, and apparatus for the successful treatment of every form of chronic ailment, whether requiring for its cure medical or surgical means.

All letters of inquiry or of consultation should be addressed to

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,
663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Tribune.

FRIDAY, JAN. 29, 1886.

For the first time the county councils of Hastings and Frontenac have elected Roman Catholics as Wardens. Messrs. Hogan and Kavanagh are men well qualified by business and municipal experiences for the positions to which they have been elected.

The Salisbury administration has been defeated on an amendment to the address, and have tendered their resignation. The Parnellites voted against the Government. It is supposed that Mr. Gladstone will be called on to form a government, and that he will endeavor to bring in a measure of home-rule for Ireland. Never have British statesmen been confronted with such grave difficulties as those which now press for a solution.

The negotiations which are reported to be taking place between Great Britain and China in reference to Burmah are fraught with the most important consequences. China is at last awaking from the long sleep of centuries. The late war with France has convinced her that the railway and telegraph are absolute necessities if she is to retain the distant provinces of the empire. Concessions will be given to foreign capitalists which will enable them to construct lines of railway connecting the great commercial centres. Through Burmah English manufacturers will be enabled to push their trade into the west and south of the great empire of the east. No argument is required to show that when a nation of 400,000,000 is opened to commerce the results must be far reaching. Doubtless one of the first effects must be a vast impulse to British commerce, which by the principle of free trade will be enabled to monopolize the trade of those old regions of Asia.

Ontario boasts of the excellence of its school system, and in many respects that system is deservedly worthy of the highest commendation. In some respects the results are not commensurate with the expenditure of money, or the efforts put forth by the instructors of the youth of our land. In nothing is this more noticeable than in the general disinclination to reading, which unfortunately obtains in the households of Canada. As readers of instructive books our people do not rank with those of the United States, much less with those of the mother country. It is difficult to determine the cause of such a condition of things. The young are taught to read—and to read well—in our schools, but they do no appear to contract that love of reading which might be expected. Books are now published and sold at prices which place them within the reach of all, but how many of our young men and women are found spending a dollar in that way? How many of our people old or young spend a whole evening poring over the pages of a book? It may safely be asserted that their number is comparatively small. It were well if our leading educationists would enquire into and account, if possible, for this aversion to healthy reading on the part of our people. Are our school books really the best, or is the system employed in our schools of such a character as to stimulate pupils to gain an acquaintance with the best authors or even with the current literature of the day?

COUNTY COUNCIL.

The County Council met last Tuesday and was called to order by the County Clerk.

Mr. W. R. Aylsworth, after expressing his gratification at being present once more in the Council, and referred to the death of Mr. McGregor, an old and respected member of the Council, nominated Mr. D. Kavanagh, Reeve of Dungannon and Faraday, for the Wardenship. The nomination was seconded by Mr. Vermilyea. Messrs. J. C. Hanley, Tuttle, Ashley, and Faulkner were also nominated, but declined in favor of Mr. Kavanagh, who was therefore elected by acclamation.

Having taking the oath of office he thanked the members for the honor, first, because he was the first Warden from the rear townships, and secondly, because he was the first Roman Catholic warden the county ever had.

A number of petitions and a mass of correspondence were laid on the table and referred to the proper committees.

Mr. Ashley reported that the committee appointed for the purpose had made a satisfactory arrangement with the Merchants Bank.

James Lang, who has labored on the gravel road, petitioned for assistance.

A resolution of condolence with the family of the late Mr. McGregor, Reeve of Wollaston, was passed by a standing vote.

The Council then adjourned until Wednesday.

Lovers of Black Tea should buy a package of "Kangra Valley" at The Big Store.

Order Harper's *Bazaar* and *Weekly* and *Magazine* from the Deseronto News Company, sole agents for Deseronto.

So great is the demand for the Big Store "50 cent" tea, that Mr. Richardson has this month placed an order in New York for a second lot of twenty-five chests. First class goods and low prices take the trade.

Mexico is said to possess only about 100 factories of all kinds, owing to the paucity of water and the high cost of fuel. These factories employ about 13,000 hands, and those devoted to weaving contain 9,500 looms and 250,000 spindles. The largest cotton Mill is at Queretaro, employs 1,400 hands and manufactures the unbleached cloth worn by all Indians.

FRATERNAL FORESTERS.

A large party of Foresters from Picton Court drove over on a fraternal visit to their brethren in Deseronto last Tuesday evening. They attended the session of Deseronto Court where the proceedings were of a very enjoyable character. After the meeting the whole party adjourned to the Deseronto House, where the visitors were entertained by the Deseronto brethren to an oyster supper, which was served by mine host Dayman in a manner more than creditable. The bivalves and etcetras were evidently relished, there being a good seasoning of jokes and pleasantries from the whole party. Chief Ranger Hoppes presided on the occasion. Bro. Palmer, of Picton, and some local brethren of great staying powers having been at last completely satisfied he proceeded to propose several toasts. "The Queen" was received with much enthusiasm. The "Governor General," was coupled with the name of Bro. Palmer, of Picton, who gave a neat speech, stating that Lord Lansdowne had not had many opportunities of displaying his genius. He was an Irishman, and that fact brought up the question of Ireland in his mind. He hoped that country would get some satisfactory solution of the present difficulties.

"Court Picton" was the next toast. It was responded to by Chief Ranger Murray, who expressed the pleasure it afforded the Picton brethren to be present on this occasion. It was one of the principles of Forestry to consider the welfare of those dependent on them. No other organization could offer such a satisfactory and liberal system of benefits and insurance. It behoved them all to work earnestly for the good of the order. On behalf of Court Picton he thanked them for their kind hospitality.

"The Army and Navy" brought up a number of veterans of both arms of the service, including Bros. Jas. Stokes, who vowed he had never fired a shot; Bro. Ostrander, who pleaded excuse being on the sick and disabled list; Capt. O'Hagan, a gallant old salt, and Bro. Hoppes, who recounted some of his experience in the American Civil war, bringing out the important fact that he had witnessed the famous fight between the Merrimac and Monitor.

"The Press" was responded to by a Tribune representative.

In answer to a general call, Bro. S. Green next favored all with a speech. He claimed he was a real Forester, being a son of the forest. He referred to the unquestionable superiority of the Foresters over other benefit and insurance societies. They paid all claims within six days. He was glad to hear of the continued success of Picton Court, who by their zeal were showing themselves ensamples to others.

"The Ladies" found able and eloquent champions in Bros. Tyner, the youngest member present, Moffat, Williams, Carter and Palmer.

"Court Deseronto," coupled with the name of the chairman, was proposed by Bro. Murray, of Picton. Bro. Hoppes proved equal to the occasion, winding up an excellent address with the song "The Shabby Genteel." Not to be outdone by Deseronto, Bro. Palmer sang with great effect "My Father's Goat."

"Our Host and Hostess" brought the very pleasant reception to a close, and it is to be hoped that it is not the last of these happy gatherings we will have to record this season.

DISTRICT.

Ira Kimmerly has been appointed assessor of Napanee on a salary of $125.

The new Roman Catholic Church at Clayton will be of cut stone and cost $60,000.

Thos. Hogan, Reeve of Wolfe Island, was unanimously elected Reeve of Frontenac.

The new bridge to be built over Deer Creek in the village of Madoc will cost $2,800.

The Bishop of Ontario has appointed Rev. T. Bailey, of Cardinal, to the incumbency of Arnprior.

The part of Trenton lying east of the river and north of the bridge is suffering badly from a flood.

An agitation is in progress for a harbor at West Lake. It is said the cost of work would be trifling.

The grand Trunk Railway Company is asking for tenders for the construction of the line from Madoc to El Dorado.

Mrs. Thos. Hill, Colborne, died recently from the effect of injuries received by her clothes catching fire from a stove.

The Napanee Council will confer with Sir Richard Cartwright on the subject of constructing a waterworks for that town.

Shaver, the Belleville bigamist, proves to be one Cyrus E Seymour, of the township of Mountain. He has three wives all told.

The recent fire in Kingston reveals the fact that the water supply is sadly deficient and things generally in a very demoralized condition.

Skinners' drug store in Kingston was gutted by fire last Saturday morning and other buildings also damaged. While the fire was in progress Henry Horsey was caught in the act of setting fire to another shop. He is of a respectable family and is supposed to have been the author of many former incendiary fires.

Jaseph Brenton, formerly of the 4th con. of Tyendinaga, but now living in Rawdon, on Wednesday 20th, went to get wood from an island in the Trent river and while driving about 150 feet from a well beaten road his team broke through the ice and sank and before he could get assistance to rescue them. The water was 25 feet deep, and Mr. Brenton had a very narrow escape from being drowned in trying to save his team.

On Saturday night the new Queen-street church, Kingston, only in use for a few months, was destroyed by fire. The conflagration originated in the furnace room and quickly spread to the whole of the building. A scarcity of water militated against the action of the firemen, otherwise they might have saved the building in a partially ruined condition. The church and organ are valued at $25,000. The insurance is $10,000 and the debt $7,000. The leaders of the congregation met on Sunday afternoon, and decided to secure a hall for temporary occupation, and to rebuild at once.

Canadian Almanacs for 1886 for sale at The Tribune office. They contain a great amount of useful information.

DESERONTO MARKET.

Deseronto, Jan. 28th 1886.

Barley, 55 to 65 cents per bushel.
Oats, 30 to 35 " "
Butter, 18 to 21 cents per pound.
Lamb, 5 to 6 " "
Beef, 3 to 5 " "
Lard, 9 to 11 " "
Eggs, 18 to 20 cents per dozen.
Potatoes, 60 to 70 cents per bag.
Hay, 8 to 10 dollars per ton.
Chickens, 20 to 35 cents per pair.
Ducks, 50 to 60 "
Geese, 50 to 60 cents each.
Turkey 60 to $1 "
Hides 5 to 7 dollars per cwt.
Pelts 50 to 75 cents each.
Tallow in rough 3 cents per lb.
Tallow rendered 5½ "
Hogs, live weight, $4.00 to $5.00 per cwt.
Hogs, dead, $5.00 to $6.50 " "

ESTABLISHED 1873.

Apothecaries Hall.

FRESH and PURE DRUGS
CHEMICALS
FANCY SOAPS,
PERFUMES,
BRUSHES,
HERBS,
ROOTS,
PILLS,
OILS,
FANCY POWDER FOR THE TOILET.
PIPES,
CIGARS,
TOBACCO,
SPONGES,
PATENT MEDICINES.
RAZOR STRAPS,
LAMP GOODS,
Horse & Cattle Medicines.

OFFICE OF DR. NEWTON.

W. G. EGAR.
MAIN STREET. DESERONTO

THE RATHBUN CO.,

Deseronto, Ont.,

Manufacturers of

Doors, Sashes, Blinds,
Mouldings, Frames,
and every description of
House Finish.

We make a Specialty of
GLAZED WINDOWS
And parties building will find it greatly to their *advantage to buy their Sashes Glazed and Primed* ready for use. Send for prices.

—ALSO—

LUMBER,
At reduced prices, including
Flooring, Siding, &c.

Dressed Lumber always on hand.

You will also be able to purchase from us
SHINGLES
Cheaper than ever.

Call or write before purchasing any of the articles required for new building or for repairs.

THE BEST AND

—AND—

SEWING MACHINES

FOR SALE BY

JOHN DALTON

AT THE

FURNITUE WAREROOMS,

St. George Street.

IMPORTANT TO HOUSEKEEPERS

AND THOSE DESIROUS OF SPENDING THEIR MONEY TO THE

BEST POSSIBLE ADVANTAGE.

Remember that at the

BELLEVILLE TEA AND GROCERY HOUSE

You will find a complete stock of TEAS and GROCERIES, the quality of which CANNOT BE EXCELLED, and at prices which SIMPLY ASTONISH ALL who favor us with a call.

Space will not permit a quotation of prices, but we believe a personal examination of Goods cannot help but convince all that we are

THE WORKINGMEN'S FRIEND.

TEAS and COFFEES are our specialties, so do not lose money by failing to give us a trial.

EVERYTHING AT BELLEVILLE FIGURES.

Don't forget the place, SMITH'S BRICK BLOCK, DESERONTO.

WALMSLEY & SPAFFORD,

TEA AND COFFEE MERCHANTS

Cheap! Cheap! Cheap!

THE DESERONTO NEWS COMPANY

Offers BOOKS and STATIONERY of every description at exceedingly low prices.

INK
PENS
PAPER
SLATES
PENCILS
MUCILAGE

all marked down to lowest rates.

NEW SERIES SCHOOL READERS.

A new supply of well selected books by popular authors at prices from 10 cts. up.

JUST OPENED

$2,000 worth of New Staple Dry Goods,

—AND—

50 SUITS OF MENS' CLOTHING,

Which will be sold at Prices Cheaper than you ever bought them.

Deseronto, Nov. 19th. **C. GOODMURPHY.**

THE CANADA WIRE MATTRESS CO.

Are manufacturing the BEST and CHEAPEST mattress in the market.

Any person in want of a good durable mattress at a moderate price, should call at the BIG STORE where the above will be kept constantly on hand.

SIR EVAN JOHN MURRAY MACGREGOR,

GOVERNOR OF BARBADOS AND CHIEF OF THE MACGREGORS, DIED IN BARBADOS, JUNE 14th, 1842.

Sadly and slow tolls the bell,
And booms forth the minute gun ;
'Tis a Chieftain's funeral knell,
A warrior's race is run.

The shrill bugle rings on the ear,
It wails for the spirit that's fled,
But none of his clansmen are here,
To mourn for their Chieftian dead.

The frame of a captured gun,
Is the warrior's funeral car ;
A trophy his valour had won,
In some distant Indian war.

The flag he'd in triumph bore,
Through the breach in the shattered wall ;
Now over his coffin is thrown—
What so fit for a soldier's pall.

Rest warrior—rest in thy grave,
Though none of thy clansmen are near ;
To weep for the gallant and brave
And mourn o'er MacGregor's bier.

T. G. P.

SUNDERED FRIENDS.

Oh ! was it I, or was it you
That broke the subtle chain that ran
Between us two, between us two ?
Oh ! was it I, or was it you ?

Not very strong the chain at best,
Not quite complete from span to span ;
I never thought 'twould stand the test
Of settled commonplace, at best.

But, oh ! how sweet, how sweet you were,
When things were at their first and best,
And we were friends without demur,
Shut out from all the sound of stir.

The little, pretty, worldly race !
Why couldn't we have stood the test—
The little test of commonplace—
And keep the glory and the grace

Of that sweet time when first we met ?
Oh ! was it I, or was it you
That dropped the golden links and let
The little rift, and doubt, and fret

Creep in and break that subtle chain ?
Oh ? was it I, or was it you ?
Still ever yet and yet again
Old parted friends will ask with pain.

WINTER STOCK FEEDING.

There is a vast amount of fodder wasted in winter feeding. Hay is thrown into the rick, and much of it finds its way under the feet of the stock, and becomes tainted with the filth of the stable and rendered unfit for feeding even if picked up and returned to the manger. With careless farm help even this is not always done. Straw, cornstalks and other fodder material are thrown out in the yard at noon, and the cattle tramp it into the snow or filth, as the case may be, the result being waste.

Grain is fed carelessly also. Corn that is put into the sheep trough which is so constructed as to make economical feeding impossible and loss unpreventable. The oats are thrown into the horses's feed-box, and the wide cracks and openings in the bottom will allow much to fall through and waste, because the farmer is not careful to see that the "leaks" are fixed. These things have come under our own observation as we have travelled about among farmers.

How can winter feeding be donewith greatest economy, and yet not to the detriment of the stock ? They must have sufficient. We believe that all coarse fodders, as straw and cornstalks, and even the coarser grades of hay, should be cut into short lengths and fed with meal, bran, middlings, etc. The one great benefit arises from the fact that the fodder is eaten up clean. No long stalks and stubs are left in the manger after the stock are done feeding. And even poor fodder, like straw, with sufficient grain, can be made a complete ration, and often at less cost than to feed the best hay. For horses, hay and oat straw can be cut together and fed with grain more economically and with better results than to feed hay alone. Another item is that the grain thus fed goes into the stomach in a light, porous condition, and is easier digested and assimilated.

But, further than this, there must be variety in food. How is it with yourself ? Would you like a steady ration of pork, or of corn-bread or potatoes ? If food lacking in carbon is fed continually, the fat in the body will be consumed ; and if each and all elements required by the bones, the tissues, the nerves, etc., are not provided, weakness and non-fulfillment of their functions will necessarily follow. The wise farmer provides in advance for this. While there may be little real nutrition in a turnip or a common beet, yet there is some, and if no other benefit were derived from the feeding of root crops than their benefit as regulators of the digestive system, it would warrant their being made a prominent part of every winter stock ration. They give variety, and stock appreciate variety in food as much as human beings do, and this is shown to be true from their bodily condition, and, with cows, by the increased amount of milk they give, and the butter they make when fed on a variety of foods. Roots should be run through a root cutter, when they will be eaten clean and with the highest relish.

AN AGE OF DISCOVERY.

We certainly ought to appreciate the fact that we are living in an age of progress and discovery, this is especially appreciated by all persons that have been afflicted with Rheumatism, as West World's Wonder or Family Liniment is a positive cure for Rheumatism. It is invaluable for Cuts, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds and all diseases requiring external application. Sold by W. G. Egar, druggist. Price 25 cents and 50 cents per bottle.

The residence of an aged couple named Bates, at Allanburg, was burned on Saturday morning. Their charred remains were discovered, those of Mr. Bates with the head burned off and the trunk unrecognizable, and those of his wife less burned and bearing marks of foul play. It is believed the unfortunate pair were murdered for the purpose of robbery,

PERSONAL.

Miss Waterbury is spending her vacation in town.

Mr. G. E. Fraser, of Picton, was in town on Thursday.

Mr. Amos Baker, of Picton, is visiting friends in town.

Mr. William Fretts, of Tyendinaga, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. B. D. Noxon, of Picton, gave us a pleasant call yesterday.

Rev. Mr. Fraser, of Shannonville, was in town on Tuesday last.

Mr. Wm. Hill, of Richmond, gave us a friendly call yesterday.

Rev. Mr. Forneri, of Adolphustown, was in the village last Saturday.

Mr H. S. Cronk, of Solmesville, gave us a pleasant visit last Saturday.

Mr. James Haydon, of Clark's Mills, was in town Monday last on business.

Mr. John Pricket, was in Napanee last Saturday, on professional business.

Dr. Alex McLaren, of Shannonville, favored us with a call on Monday last.

Mr. R. M. Roy, Tie Inspector G. T. R., was in town last week on business for his company.

Mrs. W. G. Egar, who has been visiting friends in St. Marys and other points west, returned home last week.

Mrs. Finkle, of South Frederickburgh, was visiting friends in this village in the beginning of this week accompanied by her daughter.

Rev. A. L, Geen, of Belleville, passed through the village last Saturday on his way to Adolphustown, where he held Divine Service on Sunday.

Messrs. A. Chadwick, P. J. Shannon, H. Burgess, and J. Taylor, all agents of grest renown, were in town this week in the interest of their respective agencies.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

The Dominion liner Sarnia has been spoken in mid-ocean with her rudder damaged.

Henry M. Stanley has been appointed construction manager of the Congo railway.

Six thousand men are on strike in the Connellsville, Pennsylvania coke region.

The Dominion Parliament will be called for the despatch of business on February 25th.

General Strange thinks that the Indians should not be allowed off their reserves when armed.

There has been great destruction of life and property by snow slides in the Western States.

The Archbishop of Canterbury will introduce his Church Reform Bill into the House of Lords.

M. DeLessep says a company will be formed to make the long-taked of African inland sea.

Th propriety of relieving the half-breed prisoners is being considered by the Dominion Government.

Two customs officials at Montreal have been arrested on the charge of complicity in the acts of smuggling.

Moukhart Pasha proposes the establishment of a Turkish army for Upper Egypt to replace the British troops.

The members of a Toronto's coroner's jury have been summoned for purchasing liquor during prohibited hours.

Arrangements have been made by which the Cape Race lighthouse will be taken over by the Dominion Government.

An effort has been make in Ottawa to obtain a remission of the fine and sentence imposed on Mr. Cayley, of Calgary

A resolution favoring a reciprocity treaty with the Dominion has been adopted by the United States National Board of Trade.

A number of Chinese have begun a suit against the City of Eureka for $132,000 damages sustained at the time of their expulsion from that city last February.

Mr. Gladstone has assured the Queen that the Liberal leaders are ready to grant the fullest support to Lord Salisbury in all measures aiming at the preservation of peace in Ireland.

It is now stated that there are 39 men imprisoned in the West Virginia mine, in which the explosion of fire damp occurred on Friday. None of the bodies have as yet been recovered.

It is estimated that the damage to the fruit and farm interests in Florida by the recent cold wave will amount to two million dollars. More than one million dollars' worth of oranges were frozen on the trees.

A Grand Trunk freight train collided with two shunting engines in the outskirts of Toronto recently, causing considerable damage. The fireman of one of the engines was seriously injured, one of his legs being cut off.

The passengers and mails of the disabled steamship Sarnia were taken back to Liverpool by the steamship Borderer, and left that port on Saturday for New York on the Cunard steamer Gallia. The Sarnia is on her way back to Liverpool.

MOTHERS TAKE NOTICE.—West's Cough Syrup contains no Opiates, Opium or any mineral, and can be given to the youngest and most delicate child with perfect safety. It is an infallible cure for Whooping Cough. A bottle should always be kept convenient as it is also a certain cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption in its early stages, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Troubles. Price 25 cents. 50 cents, and $1 per bottle. Sold by G. W. Egar, Druggist.

THAT troublesome Cough should be at once cured, as if not it is liable to terminate in Consumption. Thousands die annually that might have been saved if West's Cough Syrup had been taken in time. It will positively cure the worst cases of Throat and Lung diseases, Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough. Price 25 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00 per bottle. Sold by W. G. Egar, Druggist.

MARRIAGES.

MCKINNEY—CANDON.—At St. Charles' Church, Read, on the 25th inst., by the Rev. Father McCarthy, Patrick, son of the late John McKinney, of Read, to Margaret, daughter of Mr. Martin Candon, of the 8th con. of Tyendinaga.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A NUISANCE.

Mister Editor,

DEAR SOR,—May it plaze yer honor ? I would like to spake a word to ye about this peddlin from house to house in Deseronto. I woz mighty plazed at the stand ye took awhile ago denouncin the practice, but I see, lately, thim that wants to peddle have got a dodge that is very handy for thim, but very trying to many others.

I'll give yer honor an illustrashun. Last Tuesday I attended the market, and I could not help thinking what a convienence it must be to the people of the town to have such an opportunity of pickin and choosin from such a big collection of really fine stuff of all sorts (to say nothing of the pleasure of meeting one's neighbors and exchangin a pleasant good mornin). Well, after sellin my chickens, I went home with an old frind, Tom. More, as he came from his work to his dinner, and his wife kindly axed me to dine wid thim, of course I expected a pleasant hour to take my bit of dinner in pace and quietness.

Well, Mr. Tribune, if ye will believe it, Mrs. More had to jump from the table three times to answer the raps at the dure, and I could hear her say "No I have all I want, I attind the market."

At last Tom spoke up real decided, and says he, "Kitty, sit down and eat your dinner now; if any of tuim hectorin jintry come to bother us, I'll set 'Towse' on em."

"What does it all mane?" I inquired as soon as I could get my breath for amazement.

"It manes" said he, "that a lot of the folks who do not sell out by 11 o'clock quit the market and then go from house to house trying to peddle their stuff off."

"But," said I, "some of the town folks must encourage them or they would get sick of it."

"Troth and ye'r right there," replied Tom, "for I know more than a dozen women ('tis not the men's fault) who declare they would sooner have the peddlers fetch it to the house."

"Why?" asked I, all surprised.

"Oh ! they think they can get it a little cheaper perhaps, as the farmers will not like to take it home after fetehing."

"Pooh !" said Mrs. More, scornfully, "there they get sold entirely, for 'tis only culls that is peddled around, all the realy good is taken home again, or goes next to Napanee."

Then Tom wint off to his work ; I started for home, and as I was going out of the gate in a hurry I came near falling over a man that was staggering in under a bag of something that puzzled me much, for it seemed to be filled wid things too little for apples but too big for gravel. So I says to myself "Mister, 'tis a free country, I'll stop and see what that peddler has got to bother poor Mrs. More wid."

Rap, rap, rap. "Don't you want some nice cookin apples ?" said he, as perlite as you please.

"Let us see them first?" said Mrs. More, with a wink to me. A minit after he was out of that yard (they wor apples big as butternuts).

I started once more for home wonderin what nixt they would try to sell in Deseronto.

MICHAEL O'TOOL.

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Shareholders of the Deseronto Navigation Company, Limited, will be held at the Rathbun Company's general office at Deseronto, on Monday, the First day of February, A.D. 1886, at seven o'clock, evening, for receiving the report of Directors, for the election of Directors and other general business.

F. S. RATHBUN,
Secretary.

Deseronto, Ont.,
Dec. 28th, 1885.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

1885. 1885.

WINTER !

THE BIG STORE TO THE FRONT.

Business - Booming

IN

EVERY DEPARTM'NT !

FURS ! FURS ! ! FURS ! ! !

A large assortment at the most reasonable prices.

Ladies' Astrachan Jackets ; Persian Caps, Muffs and Boas ; Seal Caps, Muffs and Boas ; Mink Caps, Muffs and Boas ; Black Fur Capes

A splendid assortment of Woolen Goods at remarkably low prices for Women and Children, unsurpassed by anything in the Trade.

Flannels of every description and quality now in Stock at the BIG STORE, and we respectfully solicit an inspection of these Goods; they are special value and will excel in make and prices anything previously offered to the public in Deseronto.

The Tailoring Department is now replete with the most fashionable and varied makes of goods that can be obtained in the European and Continental Markets, and we wish to impress upon our friends, that, as the best of Trimmings only are used in the making up of Garments, we can guarantee a style and finish which will stand comparison with any House in the Trade. Mr. Stoddart, who is already well known for his superiority in making a good stylish fit, is in charge of this Department, and will be pleased to have an opportunity of exhibiting these special goods to his friends, and quote prices for same.

BOOTS and SHOES.

In this Department the BIG STORE still maintain their well known reputation for keeping only the best quality and the most fashionable Goods manufactured, their facilities for buying, and the immense quantity of Boots & Shoes disposed of, enable them to offer at more advantageous prices than can be done by other competitors who profess to sell the same class of Boots. Do not be induced to purchase inferior Goods simply because the price is low; such articles are dear at any cost. The Big Store do not impose upon their customers trashy goods, but sell only first-class articles, and this principle has won for them their well earned reputation which is so generally known and appreciated by their Customers and the Public.

THE BIG STORE is the head rendezvous for Groceries and Provisions of Sterling Quality and finest brands, Canned Goods of every description in the market being on sale, but space will not permit us to enumerate in detail the specialties obtainable, but suffice it to say that for all Provisions seasonable and of the best quality, we recommend THE BIG STORE as unsurpassable.

HARDWARE, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, VULCANISED CHIMNEYS, RUBBER GOODS PAINTS, OILS, SALT.

We must not omit the astounding fact that the sales at the BIG STORE during the month of October were the largest since the erection of this establishment, which proves beyond doubt that in their endeavors to supply their Customers with the best goods at the most reasonable prices, they have won the confidence of the public, and now beg to thank their Customers for the very liberal support hitherto accorded them, and in the future solicit a continuance of the patronage so gratuitously bestowed upon them during the past.

THE BIG STORE,

A. A. RICHARDSON,
MANAGER.

Deseronto, Nov. 5th, 1885.

NEVER FAILS TO GIVE SATISFACTION

McCOLL'S LARDINE MACHINE OIL

Our "English" Wool Oil—something new—finest in the market. Our Cylinder Oil,—600 fire test—much superior to tallow.

GIVE OUR TRAVELLER A TRIAL ORDER.

McCOLL BROS. & CO., Toronto, Ont.

THE WEDDING BELLS;

OR,

TELLING HER FORTUNE.

By the Author of "PROVED OR NOT PROVED," ETC.

CHAPTE XVIII.

AT GREYMERE.

It was about eight o'clock on a fair October evening The sun, as it set behind the hills, had left a beautiful crimson blush on the face of the sky which it had called into life by its farewell kiss. There was a soft, breeze moving among the trees, which made Clara Frith draw her wrap more closely round her as she went slowly down the path of the little garden in which she stood, and leaned over the gate leading into the road.

Before her lay the high road from the pretty little village of Graymere and the city of Winchester; behind her the background was filled in with the old farm-house and its outbuildings.

Clara had been staying at Greymere Farm for nearly two months She had left Fetherstone Hall on the day following her interview with Mr. Burke, pleading her health as an excuse for the change—in reality, only anxious to get away from the hall and its inmates.

"Let me go away for a time, mother," she had entreated, passionately; "I am fit for no society. If I stay here I shall go mad. Let me go for a time to Carrie, where I shall see no one and where I shall get my right senses again, perhaps."

And Lady Ellison was too anxious, at the intense nervous excitement the girl betrayed to oppose her wish; therefore, the next morning, before Mr. Burke had time to carry out his intention of leaving the hall, Clara, attended by Baxter, was on her way to Greymere.

Greymere Farm was the property of Robert Franklin—a substantial gentleman-farmer, and a generous, open-hearted man. He had married, somewhat late in life, a lady who had been governess to Clara Frith, and who had made him very happy. They had no children, and all the maternal love overflowing from Caroline Franklin's kind heart had been given to the girl whom she had taught, while Clara loved her deeply.

The welcome Clara received on her arrival at Greymere Farm was a very warm and tender one. Caroline asked no questions. She led the girl into a large low ceiled bedroom which had been prepared for her; and as she took her in her kind arms Clara's composure gave way, and she burst into a passion of tears on her breast. Caroline held her tenderly in silence, waited patiently until the paroxysm was over, and then made her rest on the comfortable, old-fashioned sofa, while she got her some tea, and petted her to her heart's content.

But the agitation and excitement Clara had gone through could not fail to have some effect upon her, and the next day she was prostrate with a sharp attack of low, nervous fever, which kept her in her room for a fortnight, and left her very weak.

Mrs. Franklin was too discerning not to perceive that the cause of the girl's illness was her mind, not her body; for although Clara was not delirious, she often made some remark that proved that something was troubling her deeply, and a little tender, judicious questioning soon elicited the truth, which my readers have doubtless already guessed. Clara loved Richard Burke with the whole strength of her lately-awakened heart, and she thought him guilty of the theft of Lady Ellison's jewels.

"But, my dear Clara," Mrs. Franklin said, as she sat by the sofa with Clara's emaciated hand in hers, "it is impossible. What grounds have you for such a suspicion? Do you forget that Mr. Burke is a gentleman, and Mr Fetherstone's friend? How can you deem him capable of such an action?"

"Do you think if I had not very good grounds that I should have conceived such a suspicion—a suspicion which grew into certainty as time went on?" Clara said, bitterly. "Was it likely that I should think him guilty—I who loved him with all my heart? O, Carrie! when I look back, it almost breaks my heart; and yet it is such a relief to talk it over with you."

"Then tell me all about it, dear; we may see some way out of the difficulty."

"He seemed so good, and noble, and true!" said Clara "I could not help loving him, Carrie. At first he took no notice of me; I don't think he liked me; but after a while we were friends. One night—it was that very night of the ball—he said something which made me think he cared for me, and he kissed my hands," the girl said, simply, a faint color stealing into her face, "When I went to my room I could not sleep. I was thinking of him, and how, if he loved me really, I would make him so happy that he would forget his past—it had been a sorrowful one, I think. After a time when the dancing was over and the house quiet, I got tired lying awake. I wanted to go to sleep, and I recollected that two or three turns up the passage made one sleepy. I got out of bed, slipped on my dressing gown and went out of my room."

She paused, shuddering a little at the remembrance, and her hand clasping Mrs. Franklin's gave it a strong convulsive pressure.

"I heard a sound in the passage, and I saw—I saw him come out of my mother's dressing-room, and go noiselessly across the picture gallery toward the bachelor's wing."

"And on that evidence you convict him of theft!" said Mrs. Franklin.

"But, Carrie, in the morning the jewels were gone, and no one else could have taken them."

"And you say you love Mr. Burke?" said Mrs. Franklin, quietly. "Yours must be a strange kind of love, Clara."

"But, Carrie——"

"But, my child, hundreds of thefts happen yearly without the thief being discovered," said Mrs. Franklin, gently. "The mere fact of your having seen Mr. Burke leave your mother's dressing room would not make him a thief. He may have mistaken the room."

"Impossible; his was on the other wing," said Clara, quickly.

"And, Clara, if it has not come within your experience it has within mine, that after a ball and supper gentlemen are sometimes likely to make mistakes."

"As if he would drink too much!" said Clara, indignantly.

"Is that worse than stealing, my child?" Clara colored and was silent.

"My dear little girl," Mrs. Franklin said, "if you have convicted Mr. Burke on no other evidence, you were exceedingly wrong."

"But, Carrie, when I accused him he did not deny it?"

"Did you accuse him?"

"Not in so many words! How could I? It was bad enough to believe him guilty—that almost killed me!"

"Then why did you say that he did not deny it?"

"Because, although I avoided every opportunity of seeing him," Clara said, wearily, "He managed to see me alone, and—and I told him that I knew all."

"Well?

"He turned pale, and then he said that he had sought me that day to tell me what, by some means or another, I already knew, and——"

Tears choked further utterance, and the girl hid her face in the pillows.

Mrs. Franklin was silent for a pace.

"My child, there must have been some mistake," she said, earnestly, then. "I wish I had seen Mr. Burke. I have not lost my old trick of judging countenances. Of course you have not a photograph of him?"

"No; but——"

"But what?"

"I drew his face once," Clara said, shyly. "I will shew it to you if you like."

"What!—you kept it? You did not destroy it?

Clara's face of distress was eloquent. Mrs. Franklin stooped and kissed her.

"Where is it? Can I fetch it? she said, smiling. "Clara, what a child you are still for a London belle!"

"It is in my writing-case. Will you give it to me, please?"

Mrs. Franklin gave her the writing-case. Clara unlocked it, and took out a square piece of drawing paper, which she handed to her friend in silence. It was a pencil sketch of Ted's friend, so beautifully finished that it had evidently been a labor of love with the artist. Mrs. Franklin went over to the window and examined it in silence. Clara was a good artist; the likeness was a speaking one; and as her eyes dwelt on the proud, striking features and noble lineaments, Mrs. Franklin felt with the poet:

> "I trow that countenance cannot lie
> Whose thoughts are legible in the eye"

She took it back to the sofa in silence, remarking just as she gave it into the eager little hand outstretched to receive it, that underneath was written the word "Dick," and a date.

"Well?" Clara said, eagerly,

"It is a beautiful and a noble face!" said Mrs. Franklin, gently. "You ought to be a happy girl, Clara, if that man loves you"

"O, Carrie!"

And Clara's eyes dwelt full of an undisguised tenderness on her sketch; and as Mrs. Franklin turned considerately away, she saw in the looking-glass opposite that, with the prettiest, shyest gesture of tenderness, Clara bent her head, and touched the sketch with her lips.

After that conversation Clara's health steadily improved; and although she was often depressed and low-spirited, there was no cause for anxiety about her. Mrs. Franklin said no more about Mr. Burke; but the result of her conversation with Clara had been a long letter to Lady Ellison, who was still staying at Fetherstone Hall; and although that lady's reply had somewhat surprised her, it had given her unmixed satisfaction. She kept both letters, however, to herself, only admitting her husband into her confidence.

So six long weeks slipped by, and Clara was beginning to weary a little of her quarters, kind and affectionate though her hosts were. Lady Ellison wrote frequently (Sylvia fulfilled Clara's former duties as amanuensis)—at first from Fetherstone Hall; then from her house in London, where Sylvia was staying with her on a visit, the principal object of which, she declared, was shopping for Captain Dashwood's regiment was under orders for India, and Mr. Fetherstone had at last consented to Sylvia's going out with her cousin as his wife, and this departure would be less keenly felt, for Ted was engaged, and would shortly bring home a bonnie bride of his own, to fill Sylvia's place in Fetherstone Hall.

Clara read all this with mixed pain and pleasure. She was too unselfish not to rejoice in her friend's happiness; and Ted's somewhat whimsical epistle, announcing his engagement to Gracie Allen, received a very sincere and charming congratulatory reply in return. But Clara could not help feeling pained at the ease with which they all accepted her absence, and how happy they seemed without her.

Lady Ellison's letters, written as usual by Sylvia, had lost none of their tenderness of expression; but they hinted at no loneliness without her adopted daughter; on the contrary, she wrote as if she were glad that Clara was away from her.

"How happy you must be, dear child," ran one of these epistles, "enjoying this lovely autumn in the country. I remember the time when October used to seem to me the loveliest month in all the year, with its rich russet hues, its reds and browns. London is empty and dull, and Sylvia tires herself greatly over her shopping, but she does not neglect me. I cannot praise her here, for she utterly refuses to write what I should like to say of her. But you must not think that I am dull. I am very happy—happier than I can almost realize, my darling; and I am looking forward to a pleasant Christmas with you and our dear friends, who have all promised to join us at Charnock. Meanwhile you must get strong and rosy at Greymere!

But Clara found the process of getting strong and rosy a somewhat tiring one; and as she leaned over the gate, on that October evening, her heart ached with longing for those so dear to her, ay, even for a glimpse of the man she had insulted so deeply, and whom she loved, even though she deemed him unworthy. Of him none of the letters contained any mention.

As she stood leaning on the wicket-gate, her face was sad and wistful, and the sweet brown eyes were weary and full of pain, a gentleman coming slowly down the road toward the house, watched her for a moment in silence, then went forward and addressed her.

"Is it not rather late for you, Miss Frith?" he said, in a tone of pleasant chiding.

"It is such a nice evening, Dr. Watson, and I have a shawl," she answered, giving him her hand with a smile, for during her illness she had grown to be on very pleasant terms with the village doctor.

"I am not going to scold you," he answered, smiling. "I walked down to the village to get a letter I was expecting, and at the post-office I fonud one for you. I volunteered to bring it up, and they were willing to entrust it to me."

"How very good of you, and how very confiding of them," Clara said, smiling. "I hope you are coming in?"

"Thank you, not this evening. My wife will be expecting me home to tea. Run away in now," he added, as he shook hands. "You still look far whiter than I like to see you."

When he had left her Clara turned and went back slowly up the little path, with the letter in her hand; she had not looked at it, and had received it somewhat indifferently. In the drawing-room, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin were sitting with the rector and his wife. Clara did not go in; but passing through the hall, mounted the stairs and entered her own room. It was not dark, but there was not, of course, sufficient light to read by. Clara struck a match, deliberately lighted her candles, settled herself comfortably by the table and took up her letter. The first glance at the address seemed to puzzle her, then a sudden flush of eagerness spread over her face; she tore open the envelope, spread the letter before her with trembling hands, and read as follows:

"MY OWN DEAR CHILD: Were I not so happy myself that nothing, I think, could make me happier, I should be so at the thought of the joy I know you will feel when you read this letter. There are three separate causes for this joy, Clara, and one of them this beginning will have already told you. I have recovered my eyesight—I can see. Oh! my darling, after such a long darkness, what a joy there is in the light! Five weeks ago, immediately on my arrival in London, I went to the great German oculist, who had already given me hope of recovery. I did not tell you, my child, because you had undergone so much agitation, and were so out of health, that we dared not give you any further cause for anxiety, so we kept it a secret. Herr Wittmann said that he could at once perform an operation, the result of which was not doubtful but certain. I submitted. The operation was performed on the second day after I came to town. It was completely successful; but I was not allowed to use my eyes for a month. Yesterday the last bandages were removed, and the first use I make of my new treasure is to write to you, my darling, who made the loss of sight so much less hard to bear. Was I very selfish, my Clara, to reserve the pleasure of telling you this with my own hand! Now, the greatest pleasure in store for me is the pleasure of seeing your face—the face which some one sitting beside me now, says is so sweet, and lovely, and true, and which I have not seen, except in dreams, for five long years.

"The second cause for happiness is a less important one; the recovery of my lost jewels. The thief has been discovered. He is a professional burglar of great skill and dexterity, who had got into the house through one of the windows opening on to the terrace; he wore evening-dress, and would easily pass as one of the guests. He confesses, after having taken my diamonds, to having got his great-coat from one of the servants, who offered to call his carriage. He declined saying he would walk to the inn where he had left it. The robbery was committed with such consummate skill and coolness, that one cannot help admiration mingling with one's natural repugnance. He actually took the trinkets from my room while I was in it, and moved so noiselessly that I failed to detect him. My little daughter was wrong in her suspicion, you see, and if she had confessed all, she would have spared herself much misery.

"And now, my child, I am going to tell you my last and chief cause of happiness. I am writing this in my sitting-room at Charnock, and while I write, if I lift my eyes, they fall upon the face of my son. Ah! Clara, here words fail me. I cannot speak, I cannot write; I can only feel my intense happiness. Grant has returned, strong, healthy, older, but still my own dear son. The report of his death was a false one; the circumstances of his return he will tell you himself. He is free; the unhappy woman he married died over two years ago. Clara, dear, in my wildest dreams I never pictured such happiness as this. Come, then, my darling, come to us quickly. Only Grant and I are here, and he is longing to see you to thank you for all you have been to me, and to explain much that will seem strange to you. He will not send you any message yet but this one; he does not despair of winning your affection.

"And now, my child, I have written by this post to Dr. Watson. He is only to give you this letter if he thinks you equal to the agitation and excitement, and to the fatigue of a journey to-morrow. Therefore, if you have read it you are well enough to travel, and tell our good, kind Carrie, with my love, that she is to send you to me to-morrow morning by the train leaving Greymere at 11:35. She must label you 'with great care,' for you are a very precious treasure, both to Grant and to your loving mother,

NORA ELLISON."

With an April face full of tears and smiles, Clara flew down-stairs to impart this happy news to Mrs. Franklin and her husband, who, although they sympathized thoroughly with her joy, did not seem to share her astonishment in a like degree.

Our Brave Volunteers

Endured the severe marching of the North-west campagin with admirable fortitude. The Government should have supplied them with a quantity of the celebrated Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails to remove corns painlessly, and the volunteers and everybody else should have it. Beware of substitutes. Get Putnam's Extractor and take no other.

CHAPTER XIX.

GRANT ELLISON.

The next morning, with her eyes bright with pleasurable anticipations, and her cheeks flushed with the soft rose tint of returning health, Clara made her preparations for departure. While Baxter was busy with the packing, her young lady went round the farm, bidding farewell to the various creatures with whom she had made acquaintance during her visit. Mr. Franklin smiled to see how sorry she seemed to leave them, and how she pressed her soft cheek against the pony's neck, and whispered that she would come back again soon.

"We shall not hope to see you again for some time to come," he said laughingly, as Clara slipped her hand through his arm and they went back to the house. "You will have so much to see and to do with all these gay weddings in prospect, and perhaps your own soon, that you will not have time to look us up."

"I shall not give you time to forget me," Clara said, lightly, as she ran up stairs; but something in his words touched a still tender chord, and her face lost all its brightness as she went thoughtfully into her own room.

Baxter, on her knees before a huge imperial, was folding away the pretty dresses and costumes which had made no small sensation in Greymere, and as Clara glanced at the clock she saw that it was still early. She lingered a moment watching the maid's operations, then she crossed over to the window seat, and sitting down, looked out thoughtfully over the old-fashioned garden.

In her joy at the two great pieces of news which her letter had contained, she had almost lost sight of the "centre-piece" of intelligence in Lady Ellison's letter—the recovery of the jewels, and the discovery of the culprit. In her excitement Clara hardly realized how this affected her, nor how bitterly she had wronged Mr. Burke.

Now, as she thought, it came before her strongly that, on very slight evidence, she had accused him in her own mind of a treachery base beyond conception. How grossly she had insulted him she realized now for the first time and the pretty rose-flush faded at the thought. How could she atone? She could never hope to win forgiveness, she knew that was impossible; he had loved her and she had insulted him in a manner which could surely never be obliterated from his mind. Never—never would he forgive her; never would he think kindly of her again—while she must love him, love him with all her heart and soul to her dying day. Well, she would own her fault; she would write to him and ask him to forgive her, tell him how the suspicion had almost broken her heart. Perhaps, who knows—he might forgive!

Clara glanced at her watch; it was just ten; there was time to write now—ample time for the few short lines necessary. She would write them at once; he should see that, at least, she had lost no time in asking his pardon for her insult.

She ran down stairs to the drawing-room; it was empty, for Mrs. Franklin was an eminently practical farmer's wife, and never entered her drawing-room until afternoon. Clara went to the writing table and sat down; but her pen, usually a tolerably fluent one, had taken a strong fit of shyness and unwillingness, and for some time she sat idly playing with the writing materials before she began to write. The clock striking half-past ten warned her that her time was limited she snatched up the pen and began to write. The note was a very short one; it ran thus:

"Will it be any excuse for my strange conduct to you that it cost me a far crueler suffering than anything I could do or say could inflict upon you? I was under a very terrible mistake, for which you may find it hard to forgive me. When I was wronging you most—when I was saying the hardest, bitterest things to you—then I loved you best; and for the sake of that love forgive me, and if you think of me, let it be kindly. We shall, in all probability, never meet again, and I cannot explain the mistake to you; but deeply as you must have despised me in your heart, I merited your contempt and you bore with me only too patiently. I hope you will be very happy—always."

She closed the letter, did not read it over, but fastened up the envelope, and directed it to "Richard Burke, Esq." There she did not know the address, and she slipped the letter into her pocket saying to herself that she would ask Ted for the address when she saw him in town. At the same moment Mrs. Franklin's voice called her from the hall, and she hastened to obey the summons.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute.

This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillful Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvelous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits), spermatorrhea, impotency and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, pile tumors, varicocele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalids' Guide-Book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A soft answer turneth away wrath; ergo, a man should smite his enemies with a stuffed club.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and all bilious attacks.

Joe.

> "This grave were ye meanin', stranger? Oh, there's nobody much lies here;
> It's only poor Joe, a dazed lad; been dead now better'n a year.
> He was nobody's child, this Joe, sir—orphaned the hour of his birth;
> And simple and dazed all his life, yet the harmlessest creetur' on earth.
>
> "Some say that he died broken-hearted; but that is all nonsense, you know;
> For a body could never do that as were simple and dazed like Joe.
> But I'll tell you the story, stranger, an' then you can readily see
> How easy for some folks to fancy a thing that never could be.
>
> "Do you see that grave over yonder? Well, the minister's daughter lies there;
> She was a regular beauty, an' as good as she were fair.
> She'd a nod and a kind word for Joe, sir, whenever she passed him by;
> But, bless ye, that were nothin'—she cou'dn't hurt even a fly.
>
> "It wern't very often, I reckon, that people a kind word would say,
> For Joe was simple and stupid, and allus in some-body's way.
> So I s'pose he kind o' loved her, but then that were nothin', you know;
> For there wasn't a soul in the village but loved her better than Joe.
>
> "An' when Milly took down with consumption, or some sech weakness as that,
> Joe took on kind o' foolish (there were nothin' for him to cry at),
> An' he'd range the woods over for hours, for flowers to place by her bed,
> An' Milly, somehow or other, kind o' liked his dazed ways, they said.
>
> "But when winter was come she died, sir, an' I well remember the day
> When we carried the little coffin to the old church-yard away;
> It was so bitter cold we were glad when the grave were made,
> An' when we were done an' went home, I suppose poor Joe must have stayed;——
>
> "They found him here the next mornin', lyin' close to the grave, they said,
> An' a-lookin' like he was asleep, but then of course he were dead.
> I suppose he got chilled and sleepy, and how could a body know
> How dangerous that kind o' sleep is, as never knowed nothin', like Joe?"
>
> "So they say that he died broken-hearted; but that only shows, do you see,
> How easy for some folks to fancy a thing that never could be;
> For now you have heard the story, you'll agree with me, stranger, I know,
> That a body could never do that, as were simple and dazed, like Joe!"

A Cure For Drunkenness.

The Cure of Drunkenness is a task with which the regular practitioner has been unable to cope. Nine-tenths of mankind look upon drunkenness as a social vice, which a man may overcome by force of will. Drunkenness is a bad habit we all admit, in the moderate drinker. In the confirmed drunkard it becomes disease of the nervous system. The medical treatment of this disease consists in the employment of remedies that act directly upon those portions of the nervous system which, when diseased, cause lunacy, dementia, and the drinking habit. Remedies must be employed that will cure the appetite for strong drink, steady the trembling hand, revive the lagging spirit, balance the mind, etc. The nervous system of the dram drinker being all unstrung or shattered, must be given a nutriment that will take the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevent the physical and moral prostration that often follows a sudden breaking off from the use of alcoholic drinks. Lubon's medicine may be given in tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Those of our readers who are interested in this subject, should send their address for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, on drunkenness, opium, morphine and kindred habits, which will be mailed free to any address, when stamp is inclosed for postage. Address, M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington street east, Toronto, Ont. Mention this paper.

The man who can write love letters without making an ass of himself has kept the matter very quiet.

Favoritism

is a bad thing, but Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" deserves its name. It is a certain cure for those painful maladies and weaknesses which embitter the lives of so many women. Of druggists.

The man who can smile when the Christmas bills come in must be either a millionaire or an optimist.

Imperial Cough Drops will give Positive and Instant Relief to those suffering from Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists. For sale by druggists and confectioners. R. & T. WATSON, Manufacturers, Toronto.

Flattery used to be called "soft soap," now it is called "taffy." The style was changed because the lye was so plainly visible in the former.

A lady writing to her son, warns him to beware of bilious saloons and bowl alleys.

A.P.264

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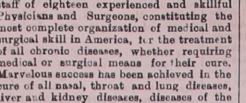

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Send for sample barrel. If it does not prove satisfactory we will pay freight both ways.

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HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORIES.

Interesting Observations of the Country by a Scientific Traveller.

Prof. Bell, M. D., LL. D., of the Geological survey, lectured on the above subject in Ottawa the other night. He began his lecture by describing the great extent and the geological characteristics of Hudson's Bay, which, he said, might rather be called Hudson's Sea, and which was the Mediterranean of North America. The different regions of country included in the Hudson's Bay territories were next described under the head of forests, prairies, plains and barren grounds. Only fifteen years ago he had made a journey through the Northwest territories, when the buffalo was still abundant and the Indians held

POSSESSION OF THE COUNTRY.

Complete revolution in the state of affairs had taken place since then. An interesting account was given of the method of conducting canoe journeys in the forest region around Hudson's Bay, and also some anecdotes illustrating the character and habits of the Indians of these districts, one of which, relating to a bear feast, was very amusing. The lecturer also explained a process by which he had surveyed thousands of miles of rivers and lakes by means of the micrometer telescope, which requires but little more time than would be necessary for the journey without the survey. Some exciting adventures were related in connection with a survey of the Albany river, after Dr. Bell and a few white men who accompanied him had been deserted by their Indians. This river was now recognized as the northern boundary of Ontario The lecturer said he wished to call attention to a great unnamed district which adjoins it immediately to the north. It was a compact almost rectangular block of country larger than all the Maratime provinces together. It measured over 300 by 350 miles and included considerably more than 100,000 square miles. It was bounded north by

HUDSON'S BAY

and south by the great Albany river, east by James' Bay and west by the District of Keewatin. It did not form part of the N. W. Territories, was far from the so-called "N. E Territory' and was not included in any of the provisional districts which have been established. In fact it is left out in the cold in all our maps. As it requires a name for convenience of description Dr. Bell proposed that since much of it belongs to the Severn district of the Hudson's Bay company, this name be extended and adopted for the whole of the district described. The lecturer gave interesting accounts of several coasting voyages in small boats which he had made around Hudson's Bay. In returning from one of these, he had sailed for over 300 miles in a schooner's jollyboat through the middle of James' Bay, far out of sight of land in the fall of the year when there is great danger from gales of wind. The

SCENERY OF THE EAST MAIN

coast was illustrated by a number of fine colored drawings. Reference was made to the supposed tragic end of the great navigator, Henry Hudson, who discovered the bay in 1609 and who was sent adrift with a few men in a boat by his mutinous crew in 1610. As this took place near the land the lecturer thought it very improbable that Hudson's party would not row ashore and live among the kind hearted Indians of these parts. During the past season (1885) Dr. Bell had visited what he believed to be the Eskimo settlement, at which a part of Hudson's crew were afterwards murdered. He next gave an account of a wonderful Marble Island on the west side of the bay, 300 miles north of Churchill. Old Fort Prince of Wales stands at the latter place and is the largest military ruin in North America unless Quebec came under this designation. It was over 300 feet square and mounted forty guns, which still lie about on the walls.

As many of our readers will be interested in what Dr. Bell said in regard to the Churchill mission, we give his remarks upon it almost in full:

The present Hudson's Bay Company's post is five miles up the river from the mouth. It occupies a sort of neutral position in regard to the natives. It is visited by the Crees from the south. the Chipewyans from the west, and the Eskimo from the north. It is therefore considered an important point for a mission by the Episcopal Bishop of Moosonee, whose diocese extends all around Hudson's Bay and is about twelve times as large as all England. He has appointed a clergyman, the Rev. M Lofthouse, to the post, and has a small church of galvanized iron which was brought out from England some years ago, but he had found it impossible to send thither the materials for a mission house until the past year, when the generous citizens of Ottawa came to the rescue. At their quest of the Rev. Mr. Pollard and the lecturer, the sawmill owners of this city, who are mostly Presbyterians, very liberally presented the lumber and placed it on the cars, while the managers of the Canada Atlantic and the Grand Trunk railways and the Hon. Mr. Pope, minister of railways, conveyed it free

FROM OTTAWA TO HALIFAX.

The Hon. Mr. McLelan and Mr. Wm. Smith, of the department of marine, allowed them to take it out on the deck of the "Alert" so that it was delivered at the far off port of Churchill after a round of about 4 000 miles without costing the Bishop a single dollar. To provide as good a house, if sent out from England would have cost him about a thousand pounds sterling, which the mission fund of his diocese could ill-afford. The hardware, glass, cooking-stove, pipes, &c., were brought with a grant of money from the mission board of the Diocese of Ontario, and six panelled doors, six windows and frames and six storm sashes were purchased in Halifax, principally with money collected by Mr. Augustus Allison of that city. The only piece of original geographical work which was done last summer on the Hudson's Bay expedition was to make a survey of a hitherto almost unknown group of Islands in the bay, about 100 miles long. He proposed for them the name of the Ottawa islands and they also gave names to the different members of the group, as original surveyors of new places had a right to do. They were called Perley, Pattee, Bronson, Weston, Booth, Gordon, Allan Gilmour, Eddy, Linsley, Hickson, Pope, McLelan, and Augustus Allison. Some of these islands are several miles across, and they are all high and bold rising from 1,000 to 2,000 feet

ABOVE THE SEA.

It is said that nothing is more permanent than geographical names. They seem to last through the ages. The name of this whole group of islands and the association of the individual members and the date, together with other circumstances put on record during the year will render it impossible to mistake the identity of the persons meant; so that those who gave the material of the Churchill Mission house or aided in its conveyance to the ground, have now standing in their honor monuments of solid rock higher than the Pyramids of Egypt.

Goodness "Wears Well."

Five or six young ladies, near relatives, began their matrimonial life about the same time. Happening to meet, one day, after having been married about ten years, they compared notes, and talked about their husbands.

A lawyer's wife spoke with pride of the brilliant success her husband had won at the bar. Another lady professed herself satisfied with the luxurious home which her husband, a large manufacturer, had provided for his family. A third, whose husband stood well on 'change and in society, said she wouldn't exchange places with any of them. She had everything she asked for, and the "best people visited her."

The conversation flowed on in this strain until one of the party exclaimed,—

"Why, Mollie, you haven't said one word about your husband! Do tell us something. We all know you were not very much in love with him when you married him."

"But I am *now*," answered promptly the lady, who had listened in silence. "You all know that William is neither brilliant nor rich, but I know that he is *good*; and the longer I live, the more I value simple goodness, especially in the man you live with.

"We are not even well-to-do. William has not added a penny to his fortune; but though we have had a hard struggle, we have enough and our home is the sunniest in the country. During our whole married life, my husband has not spoken one harsh word to me, nor has he caused me a moment's anxiety, and he has been as good as he could be all the time."

Her hearers lapsed into silence, and kept their eyes on their fancy work. The husbands of several of them were not amiable, nor were their habits such as their wives cared to speak about, even to a confidential friend.

"Molly has capped us all!" exclaimed one at last, throwing down her work. "Take it day in and day out, goodness is better than smartness to live with. We'd all of us rather wear a real diamond, even if it is a little off color, than a paste one, no matter how brilliant. William may be a little opaque, but he is good and wears well."

It Looked Squally for a While.

A young lawyer, who has been recently married to a beautiful belle, was made the victim of a malicious anonymous letter that might have resulted seriously to his domestic happiness. It seems that the young man has made an enemy of a man who has an office so near that he can at times overlook his movements. A few days ago the young man's bride received an anonymous letter saying: "As new a groom as your husband ought not to have a young lady call on him in his office, and he ought not to take her in his arms and kiss her. Wednesday, 11:15, A. M." The young wife was almost heartbroken. She cried until her eyes were red, and when her lord came home upbraided him bitterly. She showed him the letter, and as he didn't have any explanation but a denial, matters began to look very interesting around his home. He couldn't think who would tell such a falsehood about him, and he started down town in a very moody condition. As he sat in the corner of the car brooding over his trouble, an idea suddenly struck him. It had the same effect on him as if he sat down on a pin. In an instant he was running at full speed homeward, while the passengers in the car were congratulating themselves on their narrow escape from a dangerous lunatic. Bursting into his wife's room, he fairly danced with delight as he exclaimed: "Don't you remember? You were in my office Wednesday morning; you were the young woman I kissed!" Peace now reigns, but he had a close call.

A man sued a church for $20,000 because he fell down a stairway, which he took for a dark closet. He lost his suit. The jury took the ground that if a man insists upon going to church he must put up with the consequences.

THE BATTLE OF LACOLLE MILL.

An Incident of 1814—Putting to Flight a Vastly Superior Force of Yankees.

BY E. L., PORT HOPE.

The battle of Lacolle Mill is an old story, now, so old, that almost its only record is history, and in that is merely noted the fact that such a battle was fought and won by the British. No account is given there of the unflinching devotion, and heroic bravery of the noble few, who for long hours, though greatly outnumbered, kept the enemy at bay, and added one more to the many disasters which attended the American arms.

The following account of the battle was given, in substance, by an old lady, who was an eye-witness of many incidents here spoken of. She is yet an honoured resident of the township of Darlington in this county (Durham) and such may she long remain.

"Yes, I was quite young then, and though year has been added to year, rapidly, it seems to me, and though I have long passed the allotted three score years and ten, memory, at times, brings all so vividly present, that I seem to live and see over again the scenes and incidents to me so fearful at that time.

"The events of which I speak are well nigh forgotten now. If thought of or spoken of at all, it is merely as an episode unimportant in itself, not as a test of that loyalty to the Mother Country, practically shown at that and many other places along the border, in that unjust and unnatural war in which the Americans strove so determinedly the conquest of Canada.

"My earliest recollections are intimately connected with the township of Hemmingford in the County of Huntingdon, Province of Quebec, where I was born. My grandfather, an old U. E. Loyalist of the Revolutionary War, when forced to leave the United States with some others, settled in the above County near what is now the town of Hemmingford—a stirring little town now I am told—but then it consisted of little more than a name.

"In 1811, our family, which then consisted of father, mother, and six children, moved to Lacolle, a distance of about sixteen miles from Hemmingford, and settled on a farm which was situated about a mile from the celebrated Lacolle Mill.

"In 1812 the United States declared war against England, and as that part of Canada and United States territory joined, it was subject to many invasions or raids of armed men. Well, I remember the fear and consternation on all sides when it would be reported that the enemy were coming. On those occasions the Americans would usually plunder the settlers, burn some houses, then away again. So you can see we had ample reason to feel uneasy. At length this became so frequent and so terribly annoying that a company was formed called the "Waterguards," to repel these invaders.

"The war had now been in progress two years, and attempt after attempt had been made by the Americans to invade Canada, with very indifferent success. At length another invasion was determined upon by way of Lake Champlain and the Richelieu river. The chief object of this invasion was to take Montreal. Along this route, previous to this, there had been stationed small bodies of British troops and Militia and it was necessary for the Americans to drive away or capture these several detachments as they advanced.

"Among the strongest and most important of these stations was Lacolle Mill, situated near the mouth of a small stream which empties into the north end of the lake. It was important, because, situated at the foot of the lake, near the boundary, and on the principal road, it hence commanded all the approaches north. So you can see why the Americans wished to obtain possession of it. Having done so they would no doubt have held it as a base of operations in their contemplated attack on Montreal.

"The old mill—I can see it yet in my memory—the massive walls and heavy timbers; was a large stone building intended for a grist mill, but now turned into a fortress. Many of the windows had been removed and replaced with stout oak plank loopholed for muskets Altogether it was a place of considerable strength.

"For many days rumors of the intended invasion, on a larger scale than usual, had reached us—an invasion that was to drive us from our homes or else force from us the power of resistance.

"At length, early in the morning of the 30th of March, the alarm was given that the enemy was approaching. Father and a Mr. Gilfillan—grandfather of Mr. Gilfillan, teacher, of Bowmanville,—were at breakfast together. They immediately arose from the table, took their guns quite unconcerned, and went out. You can imagine the state of feelings mother and her little ones must have been in when thus left alone, father with the other men having to hurry to different points to make a stand and oppose the further advance of the enemy. Our fears were not in the least allayed when a British officer, a Captain Blake—I shall never forget his name, I assure you—with a number of Regulars came up and ordered us to leave the house, and go into the mill. Mother represented to him how impossible this was, that the snow was very deep, and by that time the enemy were likely between them and the mill and of the greater safety of remaining in the house. He rudely ordered us out, telling us to go into the woods, that he wished to use the house as a fort to make a stand against the enemy. Whether or not this was true I cannot say, for very soon after we left, a detachment of the enemy appeared in sight and they, seeing the house occupied with red coats, extended their flanks right and left, in order to surround the house, and if possible capture those within. The British soldiers did not wait for this, however, for seeing that they were greatly outnumbered left the house and ran for the woods.

"Mother, with the rest of us, by this time had got quite a distance away, but, hampered as she was with her little ones, carrying the two youngest in her arms, the rest clinging to her, and weeping, and the snow being very deep we could move only with great difficulty. The redcoats soon overtook and passed us, and I am forced to say not one offered to assist us in any way. Floundering and falling in the snow we tried to keep up with the soldiers, but they soon disappeared from our sight, having reached a dense grove of young hemlock, where trees had been felled to retard the passage of the enemy. Falling over logs and brush we at last became completely bewildered, and could go no farther. It was at this instant that mother caught sight of the enemy, with their guns raised, just in the act of firing at us. She screamed for us to lie close to the ground, but before we could comprehend and comply with her wishes, they fired, the heavy discharge seeming to raise me off my feet. I felt a sharp, burning pain in my side, and fell on my face. At the same time my poor brother was thrown beside me moaning with pain. He had been shot in the neck and foot. It is yet a matter of wonderment to me how any of us escaped, for the Americans, a large number of them, were quite near us, but none with the exception of my brother and myself were hit. Our garments were pierced in many places with bullets. It must have been a kind Providence who watched over us, for has He not said that a sparrow cannot fall without His notice?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Sixth Sense.

If learned metaphysicians differ in their estimates of spiritual truths, what can be expected of the ignorant thinker? Doubtless all untrained minds have their own systems of thought, which would prove deeply interesting could we but hear them set forth.

A gentleman who took into his service an ignorant Irish girl discovered that she cherished some peculiar ideas in regard to theology, and it became his desire to set her in the right path.

He accordingly began at first principles

"Now, Bridget," he said, "of course we agree that it is the soul that sins?"

"An' that we don't sor," returned Bridget. "It's the body what sins."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, sor, don't the blissid apostle tell us about the sins of the body? It's our wicked ould bodies as sins, sor. The soul can't sin; that kapes a-flutterin' in our insides, sor, an' tellin' of us to do right."

"But, Bridget, when one sins, he *wills* it, doesn't he?"

"Yes, sor."

"Well, what is the will?"

"Oh," said Bridget, with a toss of her head. "I don't exactly know, sor. *One of the sinses,* I suppose!"

A lady who has for a considerable time been teaching her little four-year-old child the elements of mental arithmetic, was astonished by his suddenly coming into the house yesterday and propounding this problem: "Mamma," said he, "if you had four canary birds and each bird had a red feather in its tail, how many birds would you have?"

Terrible Effects of the Extension of the Elective System—First Freshman: "Say, old man, don't we want a bookcase?" Second Freshman: "No; hang the luxuries! We need a wine closet and some glasses."

SOBER MOMENTS.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong.

As under a hot iron creases disappear, so does the weight of adversity press out of a man his pride and vanity.

Reason is the washtub in which the intellectual wash the undershirt of doubt and cotton socks of incredulity.

It argues a poor opinion of ourselves when we cannot admit any other class of merit beside our own, or any rival in that class.

Happiness always seems to be like a traveler passing by, staying, perhaps, a little while here and a little while there, but having no abiding-place.

Men too often take the color of the branch on which they sit, like the frogs in Ceylon. They get subdued like the dyer's hand to the hue of that on which they work.

When all is done, human life, at the greatest and best, is like a forward child that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep; then the care is over.

The Bible has laid the works of the old philosophers upon the shelf forever, and the fishermen of Galilee are now teaching morality and religion to the queens, kings and intellectual giants of the world.

We must cultivate ourselves to the highest possible point, and we should do this—first, by gathering in knowledge that we may fill the barn; then by acquiring discrimination, that we may winnow the heap, and lastly, by a firm retentiveness of mind, by which we may lay up the winnowed grain in the storehouse.

The best antidote against evils of all kinds, against the evil thoughts that haunt the soul, against the needless perplexities which distract the conscience, is to keep hold of the good we have. Impure thoughts will not stand against pure words and prayers and deeds. Little doubts will not avail against great certainties. Fix your affections on things above, and then you will less and less be troubled by the cares, the temptations, the troubles of things on earth.—*Dean Stanley.*

Seek to make life henceforth a consecrated thing; that so, when the sunset is nearing, with its murky vapors and lowering skies, the very clouds of sorrow may be fringed with golden light. Thus will the song in the house of your pilgrimage be always the truest harmony. It will be composed of no jarring, discordant notes; but with all its varied tones will form one sustained, life long melody; dropped for a moment in death, only to be resumed with the angels, and blended with the everlasting cadences of your Father's house.—*J. R. Macduff.*

Whence comes the powerful impression that is made upon us by the tomb. Are a few grains of dust deserving of our veneration? Certainly not; we respect the ashes of our ancestors for this reason only—because a secret voice whispers to us that all is not extinguished in them. It is this that confers a sacred character on the funeral ceremony among all the nations of the globe; all are alike persuaded that the sleep, even of the tomb, is not everlasting, and that death is but a glorious transfiguration.—[*Chateaubriand.*

And thus does life go on, until death accomplishes the catastrophe in silence, takes the worn frame within his hand, and, as if it were a dried-up scroll, crumbles it in his grasp to ashes. The monuments of kingdoms too shall disappear. Still the globe shall move; still the stars shall burn; still the sun shall paint its colors on the day, and its colors on the year. What then is the individual, or what even is the race in the sublime recurrings of time? Years, centuries, cycles are nothing to these. The sun that measures out the ages of our planet is not a second-hand on the great dial of the universe.—*Henry Giles.*

What we want, above all things, in this age is heartiness and holy simplicity; men who justify the holy impulse of grace in their hearts, and do not keep it back by artificial clogs of prudence and false fear, or the sham pretenses of fastidiousness and artificial delicacy. These are they whom God will make His witnesses in all ages. They dare to be holy, dare just as readily to be singular. What God puts in them, that they accept; and when He puts a song, they sing it. They know Christ inwardly, and therefore stand for him outwardly. They endure hardships. They fight a fight. And these are the souls, my brethren, who will stand before God accepted.—*Horace Bushnell.*

A LIVELY PLACE.

The Rapid Developments of the Nippissing District.

A gentleman who recently visited North Bay says that the Northern railway is expected to be finished to that place next month. In referring to that growing town he says that a fine colonization road is being built northward and this will also help the village. He also reports that the criminal business in his district, which by the way is 150 miles long and stretches back to the boundary, is not alarming. Two courts were held in Mattawa and Sturgeon Falls; another will be placed in North Bay shortly. At the last court in Mattawa Mr. Doran, the stipendiary magistrate, disposed of 88 cases. The magistrate arranges school sections and revises the school and township rolls. The settlers are taking up land quite rapidly. One year ago a township just surveyed had one settler. Now it has many and only the other day he received a petition from nineteen heads of families to establish a school. Mr. Doran has two other such petitions in hand. The Indians have a magnificent reserve a few miles from North Bay, on which there are only a few struggling red men, supported by the government. It seems too bad that such fine land be locked up so. The settlers going in are principally men of small means, many of whom labored on the railway when it was being built. Some land is free grant, more of it sold at 50 cents per acre, and to be paid in instalments subject to settlement and pine timber dues. Mining land is sold at $1 per acre, and actual settlement is not required. There is copper and iron ore near Camisqueming Lake. At present there is good hunting. The snow is about as deep as at Ottawa. The lumbering shanties are in operation and this year it is expected that more logs will be taken out than for a long time.

Wealthy editors are about as scarce as bald-headed Indians.

A BUSINESS VIEW.

Aunty: Do you say your prayers in the morning too, Johnny?
Johnny, scornfully: Of course I don't. Anybody can take care of himself in the day time.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GREEN POINT.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Mr. Walter Roblin, who has been very low with erysipelas, is apprently recovering.

Mr. James Wood, a life long resident of the high shore, is in his 84th year, quite feeble and apparently sinking, with old age.

The residence of Mr. Thomas N. Roblin was the scene on Monday evening of a large gathering, mostly young people. A pleasant night was spent in tripping the "light fantastic."

Mr. Herman Cole, who has been suffering with an affliction of the eyes all winter, is a great sufferer with but little hopes of recovery. Mr. Cole is in his 82nd year. Mrs. Cole is also afflicted but able to get around the house.

Mr. H. Carman, started for Deseronto on Friday last; in crossing the channel his horse slipped through the ice. Assistance was soon on hand and old sorrel on her feet, and Mr. C. on his way to market, where he apologized to the clerk for getting on the market so late. You will do "said the clerk" for an excuse.

The Sophiasburgh Council met on Monday, 18th inst., in the Township Hall, Demorestville. There were present Reeve, S. N. Smith, Dep. Reeve, S. J. Cotter; Councillors, A. Vandusen, A. Gorsline and D. B. Coolidge. This being the first meeting of the new council the following township officers were appointed: Clerk, J. B. Barton; Sprague; Collector, G. M. Assessor, J. A. Gorsline, and other officers of a subordinate character.

On Friday evening last about 40 of the neighbors met at the residence of Mr. John Shortt, where they were cordially received by Mr. & Mrs. Vandusen and made comfortable. The evening was spent very pleasantly; a sumptuous tea was served, and after tea various games, music and singing were the order of the entertainment; all expressed themselves well pleased with the entertainment. The only thing serious was two young men falling in love with one of our ladies with auburn hair. As near as your correspondent can learn the boys before retiring came to a settlement by flipping coppers; Mr. E. Robinson, of Marvin, being the lucky man. If Mr. W. Fralick should take to the woods don't send Mr. E. Robinson after him.

SHANNONVILLE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

The Methodist Tea Meeting held in the Masonic Hall on the evening of the 20th, was an encouraging success. The ladies of the congregation were most liberal in their supply of edibles. After tea an entertainment was given, consisting of songs, and recitations, which were enjoyed by the audience. The most pleasing feature of the evening was the presentation of a beautiful Silver Butter Dish to Miss Nettie Clark, organist of the M. C. from the members of the same, as a slight token of their appreciation of her services. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. G. Leech, of Belleville, D. O. Crossley, of Deseronto, and W. H. Peak, resident minister.

The Council will meet on Tuesday the 2nd of February. Mr. Chas. Simpkins will act in the Clerk's place.

The small-pox outbreak at Egale Hill has caused some little excitement in the village. It is hoped that the epidemic will not spread through the township.

READ.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Miss Clancy of Toronto who has been on a visit for the last few weeks at Mrs. Denis Hanley's left for Belleville on Tuesday on her return home.

Professor Denyes after an absence of two weeks presided at the organ in St. Charles last Sunday. The singing of the choir was remarkably good. Mrs. John Brennan's voice was heard to good advantage the notes ringing out clear and strong showing her to be an accomplished vocalist.

Our respected friend Mr. Dillon who has been visiting his friends in Richmond and the east has returned home.

Many amusing incidents occured during the recent snow-storm and drift. One young lady disappeared in a snowbank but was soon dug out by active and willing hands.

Mr. Edward McNeil, formerly of Prince Edward County but now of Olga, Dakota, is visiting his friends in this part of the county. He has sold his fine farm in Prince Edward and intends returning to Dakota next month.

Mr. John Malone and Mr. Michael Callaghan, who have lately returned from Dakota on a visit were married in Belleville last week to two sisters the Misses Sullivan daughters of the late Mr. Timothy Sullivan of the 9th con. We wish our young friends every happiness. The happy couples are visiting their many friends around here and intend shortly returning to Dakota.

The wedding bells are happily again ringing here. One of our well known and popular bachelors has forsaken single life and joined the noble army of benedicts. It affords us much pleasure to announce this week that Mr. Patrick McKinney on Monday last led to the hymeneal altar Miss Maggie Candon the lovely and accomplished daughter of Mr. Martin Candon of the 8th con. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father McCarthy. The bride looked the picture of loveliness and was dressed tastefully and fashionably. Being a novice in millinery and dressmaking I dare not venture to give you a discription of the bridal costume. The bride was attended by her sisters Miss Sarah Anne Candon who was also handsomely and fashionably dressed. Mr. Edward O'Reilly acted as best man on the occasion and discharged his delicate duties nobly. After the wedding ceremony the bridal party left for the residence of the bride's father where the wedding festivities took place and everything went merry as a marriage bell. We wish the newly married couple every happiness and trust that they may have a prosperous voyage through the sea of life, and may they live to celebrate their golden wedding. Mr. & Mrs. McKinney intend living at Read. Mrs. McKinney is a general favorite and will no doubt prove quite an acquisition to this neighborhood. We trust that many of our bachelors will now follow our friend Pat's good example. It will afford us great pleasure to chronicle such events and the Reverend gentleman on the hill will only be too glad to tie the nuptial knot. Come boys hurry up for you know delays are dangerous and send in your drafts on the Bank of Cupid before it gets too late.

The reported out break of small-pox in the Indian woods has caused a good deal of alarm and excitement. The Board of Health for this township took immediate action in the matter. The board consists of the Reeve, Deputy Reeve West, the clerk, Dr. Hudson, of Roslin and Dr. McLaren, of Shannonville, Dr. Redner, of Lonsdale, being health officers. The board will meet again next Tuesday to consider what further steps if any may be necessary. It is asked that all persons who have not been vaccinated, should be at once and that is to be rigidly enforced through the township. Three tents have been erected on Eagle Hill and guards placed so as to cut off all Communication.

The township council will meet next Tuesday for the purpose of appointing pathmasters, pound keepers, &c. All persons interested in these matters will please take note and govern themselves acordingly. The council will be glad to hear any suggestions which any person may have to offer in connection with these matters.

The weather has been very cold and stormy, but on Tuesday the weather turned very mild.

The contractor for the building of Mr. Kennedys barn on the 4th con. was Mr. Michael Gaffney, not Mr. Peter Gaffney as stated in our last issue.

Extensive alterations are about being made in the interior of St. Charles Church. Two new galleries are to be erected in the wings. This will give much larger seating capacity to the building many being at present without pews. The committee will shortly meet and give out the contract.

HAY BAY.

From Our Own Correspondent.

News scare and times dull on account of the recent snow, which left the roads impassable until they were shovelled out.

Mr. Willard Woodcock and sister are visiting their sister Mrs. Visser at Berwick, in the County of Stormont.

Mr. A. W. Hawley and wife are visiting friends in Kingston.

Miss Davy, of Bath, is visiting Mrs. A. R. Hermance, of Gosport.

A couple of cases of scarlet fever are reported on the east side of the bay.

Mr. Gilbert Casey, of Adolphustown, died on the 14th and was buried on the 16th; the funeral was largely attended.

The boys of the bay had some excellent skating for about a month in the forepart of the winter and all improved their time.

Through the negligence of the trustees our school is not likely to start until the 1st of April.

On account of the blocked roads the mail failed to reach Bradolph and Macdonald on Saturday of last week, but was forwarded on Monday.

TYENDINAGA RESERVE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Small-pox is not spreading any further.

On Friday last Joseph Maracle while engaged in loading wood in his woods, accidentally fell and lodged on a small stump, fracturing one rib. Dr. Newton was called to attend the fracture, and reports nothing serious.

On Friday eve last a fandango social assembled at the residence of Mrs. Hill; many were present and report a good time. Owing to small-pox in existence the majority of the people on the Reserve claim it advisable to close fandango socials as well as the churches and schools, which were all closed throughout the reserve.

Chief S. Loft has been on the sick list for the last three week; he is now on the mend, though slowly.

Mr. Mitchell Benedict, of Cornwall Island, made a pleasant visit among his friends on the reserve, and returned to his home on Saturday last.

Mr. Tim Farnham, road constructor, is busy drawing gravel banking along Deseronto and Marysville road, for the convenience of spreading it on the said road at an early season next summer. That's right Tim, we have no objection.

Mr. Wm. Maracle, of New Port, Ont., is visiting many friends on the reserve. He is a pleasant old man to chat with.

Owing to dissatisfaction in the distribution of the money granted for the purpose of building fences on the reserve, work is stopped until satisfaction exists. Chiefs Culbertson and Johnson were appointed a delegation to interview the Superintendent General of Indian affairs on the matter; all are waiting patiently for a good accomplishment.

Owing to the tremendous snow storm last week there is a blockade of the roads in this section and the highway commissioner would be thanked highly if he would see that the roads were open again for traffic.

Dr. Ahwannaleakhaz of Grand River, accompanied by his wife and son, are the guest of Mr. David Smith. The doctor informs us that after their departure from the reserve they are going to Kansas City, Kas., where he will open an office for his future practice. The doctor has been successful with his patients, and we wish him success in the future.

A SLEIGH load of people returning from surprise party in the vicinity of Empey Hill, came to grief through the upsetting of the sleigh during the blinding snow storm on Saturday morning last. Two women and a baby started to take refuge in the Deseront Junction Station, and after many mishaps, of which slipping into the cattle guard at the crossing was not the least, they arrived at the office, where they were hospitably entertained by Conductor Coughlin, who was waiting there with his train for No. 4 Express. Highbulls not quickly reached this refuge the probability is that the baby would have frozen to death the morning being unusually cold.

DO NOT allow the swine to make their beds on the manure heap. The heat which develops there by the process of fermentation is not wholesome for them nor conducive to the making of good, wholesome pork. For the sows which are with pig this excessive heat is very injurious, and often a cause of a loss of the whole litter of pigs. They may be allowed to root in the manure heap during the day, and even encouraged to do so by scattering of a little grain among the manure, but they should have their bed of dry straw, and they will soon learn to prefer it to any other place, if it is only dry and sheltered from winds.

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